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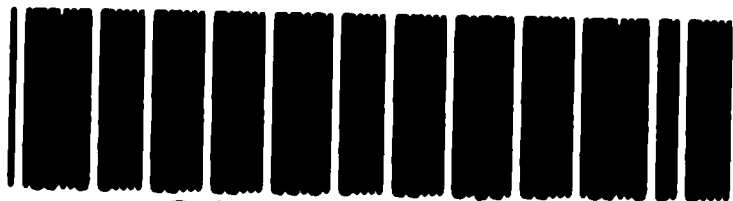




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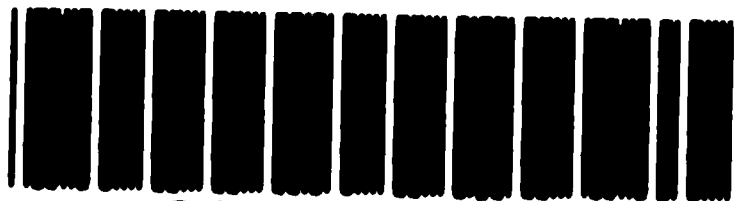




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ANECDOTES
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY,

AND

Episodes in Ancestral Story.

BY

J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE,"

"HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ANECDOTES
OF
THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

WITH talents of no mean order, with personal attractions that charmed every eye, and with accomplishments, captivating, even after the influence of beauty had ceased to exert itself, the celebrated lady, the heroine of the extraordinary episode in real life we are about to recount, lived a memorable example of the inefficacy of wealth or grandeur to secure happiness. Many supposed facts, the offspring of invention, have been detailed concerning her. These we entirely reject. What our narrative may lose in copiousness, it will gain in authenticity—if unadorned by the brilliancy of fiction, it will be still more attractive, from the impress of truth.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH, as she herself strangely enough boasted in her defence, “was born of an ancient, not ignoble family—the women distinguished for their virtue, the men for their valour—descended, in an honourable and uninterrupted line, for three centuries

and a half. Sir John Chudleigh, the last male heir, lost his life at the siege of Ostend, at eighteen years of age, gloriously preferring to die with his colours in his bosom, rather than accept of quarter from a gallant French officer, who, in compassion to his youth, three times offered him his life for that ensign, which was shot through his heart."

She was the only daughter of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, of Chelsea Hospital (second son of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart., of Ashton, in Devon), and was born in the year 1720. The early part of her life was spent in the country; but about the year 1740, she came to London, and, in 1743, obtained, through the influence of Mr. Pulteney, the appointment of Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales. Her wit and beauty soon attracted many admirers, and gained for her, it is said, a serious offer of marriage from the Duke of Hamilton. But, in the summer of 1744, while his Grace was on the Continent, Miss Chudleigh contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Hervey, which began by the mere accident of an interview at Winchester races. He was then a boy of eighteen years of age, of small fortune, the younger son of a noble family. He held the commission of lieutenant of the Cornwall, part of Sir John Davers's squadron, then lying at Portsmouth, and destined for the West Indies.

At this period, Miss Chudleigh, with her aunt, Mrs. Hanmer, happened to be on a visit at Lainston, the house of her cousin, Mr. Merrill. For a young person circumstanced as she was, the attentions of Mr. Hervey were not unacceptable. The prudence of the aunt probably suggested, that Mr. Hervey might be no disadvantageous match for her niece, and all her endeavours were exerted to accomplish the object. Hamilton's letters were intercepted and destroyed, and the

ill-fated young lady led to believe that she was entirely forgotten. In this state of feeling she became an easy prey. The young officer was invited to Lainston, and carried the ladies to see his ship at Portsmouth. In the August following, he made a second visit, during which the marriage was contracted.

The circumstances of the parties were such as rendered it impossible, or improvident in a degree next to impossible, that such a marriage should be celebrated solemnly, or publicly announced to the world. The fortune of both was insufficient to maintain them in that station to which the husband's birth and his wife's ambition had pretensions. The income of her place would have ceased; and the displeasure of the noble relatives of Mr. Hervey rendered it ruinous on his part to avow the connexion. The consequence was, a determination on both sides to keep the marriage secret. It became necessary, for that purpose, to celebrate it with the utmost privacy; and, accordingly, no other witnesses attended but such as had been apprised of the circumstances, and were thought necessary to establish the fact, in case it should ever be disputed.

Lainston is a small parish, the value of the living being but fifteen pounds a year; Mr. Merrill's the only house in it, with the parish-church at the end of his garden. On the 4th of August, 1744, Mr. Amis, the then rector, was appointed to be at the church alone, late at night. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh went out, as if to walk in the garden, followed by Mrs. Hanmer, her servant, Mr. Merrill, and a friend of his, Mr. Mountenay, which last carried a taper to read the service by. They found Mr. Amis in the church, according to his appointment, and there the service was celebrated, Mr. Mountenay holding the taper in his hat. The ceremony being performed,

Mrs. Hanmer's maid was dispatched to see that the coast was clear, and the party returned to the house without being observed by any of the servants. The marriage was thus concluded. Mr. Hervey stayed two or three days longer, after which he was obliged to return to his ship, which had received sailing orders.

The lady resumed her station of maid of honour to the Princess Dowager, and Mr. Hervey proceeded in the November following to the West Indies, where he remained until August, 1746. In the August of that year he set sail for England, and reaching home in about two months after, resorted to his wife, who then lived, under the name of Miss Chudleigh, in Conduit-street. She received him as her husband, and entertained him accordingly, as far as consisted with their plan of keeping the marriage secret. In the latter end of November, Mr. Hervey departed for the Mediterranean, but came back in the month of January, 1747, and remained in England until the following May. Meanwhile the lady continued to reside in Conduit-street, and he to visit her as usual, till some differences arose between them, which terminated in a downright quarrel, after which they never saw each other more.

The fruit of their intercourse was a son, born at Chelsea some time in 1747, who afterwards died. The secrecy which was observed relative to the marriage, occasioned this additional witness to be concealed with equal care; Lord Thurlow observed on the lady's trial, that it made but an awkward part of the family and establishment of a maid of honour.

Various causes have been assigned for the discord which had arisen between the husband and wife. The long absence of the one, and the gaiety of the other, had given cause for suspicions, which could not tend much to establish domestic felicity. The Duke of

Hamilton has generally been supposed a favoured admirer. The vivacity and indiscretion of the lady were at least equal to her beauty; and it was soon after the final parting, that, setting decency and decorum at defiance, Miss Chudleigh appeared at a masquerade in the character of Iphigenia, almost in the unadorned simplicity of primitive nature.

At this period, however, she was highly distinguished for the graces of her person. Mr. Walpole thus commemorates her:—

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
How many mortals yet remain,
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part!
Our sister Muses must describe
Chudleigh, or name her of the tribe.

For a series of years she indulged in hours of dissipation, revelling in scenes which, we apprehend, would not then bear the light, or could now be described, until at length the silent hand of Time began to exert its secret but slow influence. With the departure of youth, the sordid passions took possession of her bosom, and, after twelve years' absence from her husband, the infirm state of Lord Bristol's health seemed to open the prospect of a rich succession and a title. It was therefore thought, in 1759, worth while, as nothing better had then offered, to be Countess of Bristol, and for that purpose to adjust the proofs of her marriage.

Mr. Amis, the minister who performed the ceremony, was at Winchester, in a declining state of health. Miss Chudleigh appointed her cousin, Mr. Merrill, to meet her there on the 12th of February, 1759, and, by six in the morning, she arrived at the Blue Boar Inn, opposite Mr. Amis's house. She sent for his wife, and communicated her business, which was to get a certificate from Mr.

Amis of her marriage with Mr. Hervey. Mrs. Amis invited her to her house, and acquainted her husband with the occasion of her coming. He was ill in bed, and desired her to come up. But nothing was done in the business of the certificate till the arrival of Mr. Merrill, who brought a sheet of stamped paper to write it upon. They were still at a loss about a form, and sent for one Spearing, an attorney. Spearing thought that the merely making a certificate, and delivering it out in the manner proposed, was not the best way of establishing the evidence which might be wanted. He therefore proposed that a cheque-book, as he called it, should be bought, and the marriage registered, in the usual form, in the presence of the lady. Accordingly, his advice was taken, the book was bought, and the marriage registered. She was then in great spirits, thanked Mr. Amis, and told him it might be one hundred thousand pounds in her way. She sealed up the register, and left it with Mrs. Amis, in charge, upon her husband's death, to deliver it to Mr. Merrill. This event happened in a few weeks, and the register was handed over to his clerical successor. It happened, however, that the Earl of Bristol recovered; and the register was forgotten until it was sought for another purpose.

In a short time after, the connexion between her and the Duke of Kingston was formed. To ascertain the exact time is hardly material. From Lord Chesterfield's Letters we find, in 1765, she was in Germany; and his opinion of her may be learnt from the following extracts:—

“As for the lady, if you should be very sharp set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you, if she pleases.” (Letter-356.) “Your guest, Miss Chudleigh, is another problem which I cannot solve. She has no more wanted the waters of Carls-

badt than you did. It is to show the Duke of Kingston he cannot live without her! A dangerous experiment, which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it, but what, I neither know nor care; you did very well to show her civilities, *cela ne gate jamais rien.*" (Letter 357.) "Is the fair, or, at least, the fat Miss Chudleigh, with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of Courts, to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester Fields." (Letter 365.)

Time, which had brought to view events as strange, in a short time exhibited another of the caprices of fortune. Mr. Hervey by this time had turned his thoughts to a more agreeable connexion. He, therefore, actually entered into a correspondence with his wife, for the purpose of setting aside a match so burdensome and hateful to both. The scheme he proposed was rather indelicate: not that afterwards executed, which could not sustain the eye of justice a moment; but a simpler method, founded in the truth of the case, that of obtaining a separation by sentence, *a mensâ et thoro propter adulterium*, which might serve as the foundation of an Act of Parliament for an absolute divorce. He sent her a message to this effect, in terms sufficiently peremptory and rough, by the only person then living who was present at the marriage. He bade her tell her mistress that he wanted a divorce; that he should call upon her (the servant) to prove the marriage, and that the lady must supply such other evidence as was necessary.

This might have answered Hervey's purpose well enough; but the lady's required more reserve and management, and such a proceeding might have disappointed it. She therefore spurned at that part of the proposal, and refused, in terms of high resentment. She took the proper

steps to prevent his proceeding without notice to her, and in Michaelmas Session instituted a suit of jactitation of marriage, in the common way, which, by connivance and artifice, went through the necessary forms; and on the 10th of February, 1769, she obtained a sentence, which it was thought would be a sufficient bar to any claims of her husband for the future. In consequence of this sentence she was, on the 8th of March, 1769, married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to the Duke of Kingston.*

With this nobleman she lived until the 23rd of September, 1773, when his Grace died at Bath, after a short illness. During the time of their marriage he had made three wills, and each succeeding one more favourable to her than the other. By the last he gave the lady the possession of his estates for life, and devised the remainder to his nephew Charles Medows, Esq., and his heirs. This will was deposited in the custody of the Duke of Newcastle. At the opening of it, Mr. Medows, who had married the Duke of Kingston's sister, was requested to attend. He retired with displeasure and disappointment. Resentment took place of all other feelings, and revenge was determined on. Both the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the country were resorted to, and the Dowager, partly from motives

* Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, was the representative of one of the oldest and most opulent families in the kingdom. His immediate ancestor, Robert, first Earl of Kingston, espoused with the most devoted zeal the cause of royalty during the great Civil War, and is said to have brought no fewer than four thousand men to the standard of the King. He bore the popular designation of "the good Earl of Kingston," and was universally esteemed among the cavalier commanders. The Duke referred to in the text died without issue in 1773: his extensive estates eventually devolved on his nephew, Charles Medows, Esq., who assumed by sign manual, in 1788, the surname of Pierrepont, and was created Earl Manvers.

of health, and partly from fear, left the kingdom, to which she was, at length, compelled to return, to avoid an outlawry. An indictment had been preferred at the Old Bailey, where she did not like to appear; but the death of the Earl of Bristol, on the 18th of March, 1775, gave her, in all events, the privilege of peerage.

While matters were depending in this uncertain state, an unexpected enemy to her ladyship's repose started up in the person of Mr. Foote, the Dramatist, who, eager to catch the flying topics of the day, produced, in 1775, a comedy called "A Trip to Calais," in which he introduced a character called Lady Kitty Crocodile, evidently intended for the Duchess of Kingston. This she was soon informed of, and had interest to obtain a prohibition to its representation. The letters which passed on the occasion are too curious to be omitted. The first, from Mr. Foote to Lord Hertford, was in the following terms:—

To Lord Hertford.

"My Lord,—I did intend troubling your lordship with an earlier address, but the day before I received your prohibitory mandate, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Mountstuart, to whose interposition I find I am indebted for your first commands, relative to the 'Trip to Calais,' by Mr. Chetwynd, and your final rejection of it by Colonel Keen.

"Lord Mountstuart has, I presume, told your lordship, that he read with me those scenes to which your lordship objected, that he found them collected from general nature, and applicable to none but those, who, through consciousness, were compelled to a self-application. To such minds, my lord, the 'Whole Duty of Man,' next to the Sacred Writings, is the severest satire that ever was wrote; and to the same mark if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air: for by what

touches no man, no man will be mended. Lord Mountstuart desired that I would suffer him to take the play with him, and let him leave it with the Duchess of Kingston: he had my consent, my lord, and at the same time an assurance, that I was willing to make any alteration that her grace would suggest. Her grace saw the play, and in consequence I saw her grace: with the result of that interview, I shall not, at this time, trouble your lordship. It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that her grace could not discern, which your lordship, I dare say, will readily believe, a single trait in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile that resembled herself.

“After this representation, your lordship will, I doubt not, permit me to enjoy the fruits of my labour; nor will you think it reasonable, because a capricious individual has taken it into her head that I have pinned her ruffles away, that I should be punished by a poinard stuck deep in my heart: your lordship has too much candour and justice to be the instrument of so violent and ill-directed a blow.

“Your lordship’s determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future, as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face Folly again. Between the Muse and the Magistrate there is a mutual confederacy; what the last cannot punish, the first often corrects; but when she finds herself not only deserted by her ancient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat. Adieu, then, my lord, to the stage! *Valeat res ludicra*; to which I hope, I may with justice add *plaudite*, as during my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours, as

upon all occasions I have exerted my little powers (as indeed I thought it my duty) in exposing follies, how much soever the favourites of the day; and pernicious prejudices, however protected and popular. This, my lord, has been done, if those may be believed who have the best right to know, sometimes with success; let me add too, that in doing this I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew that I proceeded upon principles; that I disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station; and that I never received reward or protection from any other hands than their own.

“ I have the honour to be, &c.

“ SAMUEL FOOTE.”

“ N.B.—In a few days will be published, the scenes objected to by the Lord Chamberlain. With a dedication to the Duchess of Kingston.”

The letter was soon succeeded by the following, which tended very little to produce peace :

To her Grace the Duchess of Kingston.

“ Madam,—A Member of the Privy Council and a friend of your grace’s; HE HAS begged me not to mention his name, but I suppose your grace will easily guess him, HAS just left me; HE HAS explained to me what I did not conceive, that the publication of the scenes in the ‘Trip to Calais’ at this juncture, with the dedication and preface, might be of infinite ill consequence to your affairs.

“ I really, madam, wish you no ill, and should be sorry to do you an injury.

"I therefore GIVE UP to that consideration what neither your grace's offers, nor the threats of your agents could obtain. The scenes shall not be published, nor shall anything appear at my theatre, or from me, that can hurt you,—

"PROVIDED the attacks made on me in the NEWS paper does not make it necessary for me to act in defence of myself.

"Your Grace will therefore see the necessity for giving proper directions.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Grace's most devoted servant,

"SAMUEL FOOTE."

"North End, Sun., Aug. 13, 1775."

This letter, ungrammatical and ill-spelt, received the following answer:—

To Mr. Foote.

"I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall sacrifice a moment to answer it.

"A Member of your Privy Council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet.

"I know too well what is due to my own dignity, to enter into a compromise with an extortionable assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits the needy convenience of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and, if I sheathe it until I make you

crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then there is no spirit in an injured woman, nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon.

“To a man, my sex alone would have screened me from attack—but I am writing to the descendant of a merry-andrew,* and prostitute the term of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote.

“Clothed in my innocence, as in a coat of mail, I am proof against a host of foes, and, conscious of never having intentionally offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember, that though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

“There is something, however, in your pity at which my nature revolts. To make me an offer of pity, at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a Cupid with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chant a stave to your requiem.

“E. KINGSTON.”

“Kingston House, Sunday, Aug. 13.

“P.S.—You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it.”

To this Mr. Foote wrote the following, in reply:—

* Mr. Foote was descended in the female line from one Harnass, a merry-andrew, who exhibited at Totness, in Devonshire, and afterwards figured in the character of a mountebank at Plymouth: this same merry-andrew's daughter married a Justice Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall.

To the Duchess of Kingston,

“Madam, — Though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I can’t help thinking but it would have been prudent in your grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found that I had voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

“Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston House, by your grace’s appointment, that, instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the ‘Trip to Calais,’ with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

“But why, madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intention. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life which have excited the curiosity of the Grand Inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for wearing; may it hold out to keep you warm the next winter.

“The progenitors your grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood: a merry-andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction. Prostitutes and players, too, must live by pleasing the public: not but your grace may have heard of ladies, who, by private practice, have accumulated amazing great fortunes. If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connexion, your grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate, and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you. My mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart., who represented the county of Hereford; her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable, till your grace condescended to stain them: she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and, what will surprise your grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off. But where will your grace get the Cupid to bring me the lip-salve? That family, I am afraid, has long quitted your service.

“Pray, madam, is not J———n the name of your female confidential secretary? and is not she generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your words?

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.

I fancy your grace last took the hint when you resided at Rome; you heard then, I suppose, of a certain John, who was once elected a pope, and, in humble imitation, have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The

scheme is new in this country, and has doubtless its particular pleasures. That you may never want the benefit of the clergy, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of,

Your grace's most devoted and obliged

humble servant,

"SAMUEL FOOTE."

The acrimony of each party was raised so high, that Mr. Foote at length threatened to have a Grub-street half-sheet cried about the streets, which ran in the following terms, and probably occasioned a cessation of hostilities. The general authenticity of it was testified by many persons who heard Mr. Foote repeat it, and the humour of it deserves to redeem it from oblivion:—

"A full, true, and particular account of the life and surprising adventures of the notified Bet Cheatley, Duchess of Knightsbridge, showing as how she came up to town a poor distressed girl, and how, by the recommendation of a mighty great patriot,* to whom she used to read story-books, she was taken into a great house in Lister-square, out of compassion and charity, and how she ~~was~~ ruined by Wolly, a Scotch boy, who took her into a strange land, and then forsak'd her; how Billy the Boatswain fall'd in love with her, married her, and left her under the care of a surgeon and poticary. And how Bet afterwards took to company keeping, wearing fine clothes, and told her comroques she had them from her mother, a poor distrest widow woman in the country. And how she met with the great squire Pepper-pint, a mighty rich and great gentleman; and how she spread her net, and the squire fell into her snare; and how she

* The late Earl of Bath.

gave Billy the Boatswain twenty guineas to deny his marriage, and then persuaded Squire Pepper-pint to wed her, make a will, and wrong all his kindred, by which she came into a *mort* of his money; and how all the squire's rich relations rose up in a body, and wanted Bet to give back her ill-got possessions; and how then Bet fled over the raging seas, for fear of being nabbed, and clapped up in Newgate; and how she changed her religion, and took to *papish* ways; and how she afterwards came back again for fear of being *outlawried*; and how she had a horrible quarrel with Billy the Boatswain; and how she came to Westminster-hall, all the lawyers flocked about her, in hopes of her custom. The whole being a most excellent *warning-piece* against Sabbath-breaking and disobedience to our parents.

As 'twill always be found, that for such evil deeds,
A certain, though it's a slow punishment surely succeeds.
Therefore young men and maidens take warning by she,
Keep the Sabbath, and obedient to your parents be."

A more important transaction was now to take place; the indictment for bigamy remained to be decided. The trial commenced on the 15th April, 1776; and Westminster-hall was thronged with a regal and aristocratic audience. Queen Charlotte was present with the young Prince of Wales, and four other of her children; the crowd of peeresses, foreign ambassadors, and people of consequence was immense. About ten o'clock, the Lords came from the House of Peers into the court erected for the trial, in the usual order (Lord Bathurst, the chancellor, being high steward), and the proceedings began with the ordinary formalities. The Attorney-General Thurlow stated the case in an able address; and, after an investigation which lasted five days, and a speech from the prisoner in reply to the evidence, their lordships found the Duchess guilty, one peer, the Duke of

of the encircling brilliants fell out, and, to have it replaced, a jeweller was sent for. When he came, he looked first at the ring, then at Dr. Schomberg; and, on being asked when he could do what was necessary, the jeweller answered, "I hope you will not be offended, sir; but it is not really worth your while to have anything done; the middle stone is a composition, and the whole did not cost more in Paris than six-and-thirty shillings." "Is that the case?" said the doctor; "then I will soon dispose of it." He first trampled the bauble under his feet, and then threw it out of the window.

The will of his Grace of Kingston receiving every confirmation which the courts of justice could give, to dissipate, rather than expend, the income of his estates, appeared to be the leading rule of the Duchess's life. A house which she had purchased at Calais was not sufficient for the purpose; a mansion at Montmartre, near Paris, was therefore fixed on, and the purchase of it negotiated in as short a time as the Duchess could desire. There were only a few obstacles to enjoyment, which were not considered until the purchase was completed. The house was in so ruinous a condition, as to be in momentary danger of falling. The land was more like the field of the slothful than the vineyard of the industrious. These evils were not perceived by the duchess till she was in possession of her wishes. A lawsuit with the owner of the estate was the consequence of the agreement. The Duchess went to Petersburg, and returned to France before it was finished. The manner in which this suit was adjudicated, proved the ultimate cause of her death.

Besides this purchase, another was made by the Duchess, the scale of which was truly grand. The brother of the then French monarch was the owner of a

domain according in every respect with his dignity. This was the territory of St. Assize, at a pleasant distance from Paris, abounding in game of different species, and rich in all the luxuriant embellishments of nature. The mansion was fit for the brother of a king; it contained three hundred beds. The value of such an estate was too considerable to be expected in one payment; she therefore agreed to discharge the whole of the sum demanded, which was fifty-five thousand pounds, by instalments. The purchase, on the part of the Duchess, was a good one. It afforded not only game, but rabbits in plenty; and, finding them to be of superior quality and flavour, the duchess, during the first week of her possession, had as many killed and sold as brought her three hundred guineas. At Petersburg she had been a distiller of brandy, and now, at Paris, she turned rabbit merchant.

Such was her situation, when, one day, while she was at dinner, her servants received the intelligence that judgment respecting the house near Paris had been awarded against her. The sudden communication of the news produced an agitation of her whole frame. She flew into a violent passion, and burst an internal blood-vessel; even this, however, she appeared to have surmounted, until a few days afterwards, when, preparing to rise from her bed, a servant who had long been with her endeavoured to dissuade her from it. The duchess addressed her thus:—

“I am not very well, but I will rise.”

On a remonstrance being attempted, she said—

“At your peril, disobey me; I will get up and walk about the room; ring for the secretary to assist me.”

She was obeyed, dressed, and the secretary entered the chamber. The duchess then walked about, complained of thirst, and said—

“I could drink a glass of my fine Madeira, and eat a slice of toasted bread. I shall be quite well afterwards; but let it be a large glass of wine.”

The attendant reluctantly brought, and the duchess drank, the wine. She then said—

“I am perfectly recovered—I knew the Madeira would do me good. My heart feels oddly. I will have another glass.”

The servant here observed, that such a quantity of wine in the morning might intoxicate rather than benefit. The duchess persisted in her orders, and, the second glass of Madeira being produced, she drank that also, and pronounced herself to be charmingly indeed. She then walked a little about the room, and afterwards said—

“I will lie down on the couch; I can sleep, and after that I shall be entirely recovered.”

She seated herself on the couch, a female having hold of each hand. In this situation she soon appeared to have fallen into a sound sleep, until the women felt her hands colder than ordinary, and the duchess was found to have expired as the wearied labourer sinks into the arms of rest. Thus died, on the 28th of August, 1788, at the age of sixty-eight, the celebrated Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston.

To use Mr. Pope's words, she may be said to have been fair to no purpose, artful to no end, and, though not without lovers in her youth, yet certainly in her old age without a friend. Neither her sex, her rank, her riches, nor at last her reverend age, seems to have been sufficient to ward off contempt and neglect.

TRADITIONS OF HERALDRY.

MUCH curious traditional and historical information is associated with the origin and assumption of armorial bearings. The singular cognizances used as crests, the peculiar charges on the shield, and the pointed allusive mottoes recall, in many instances, the achievements of some renowned ancestor, and perpetuate, in others, some remarkable event or illustrious alliance. The cross, the crescent, and the escallop, are the symbols of the Crusaders; the red and the white roses commemorate the wars of York and Lancaster; and the crown and the oak-tree indicate the loyalty of those to whom King Charles II. owed his preservation. We will instance a few of the arms, crests, and mottoes, the derivation of which may be traced to some interesting exploit or well-founded tradition:—

In the reign of Kenneth III., about the year 980, the Danes, having invaded Scotland, were encountered by that Prince near Longcarty, in Perthshire: the Scots at first gave way, and fled through a narrow pass, where they were stopped by a countryman of great strength and courage, and his two sons, with no other weapons than the yokes of their ploughs: upbraiding the fugitives for their cowardice, he succeeded in rallying them; the

battle was renewed, and the Danes totally discomfited. It is said that, after the victory was achieved, the old man lying on the ground, wounded and fatigued, cried: "HAY! HAY!" which word became the surname of his posterity. Tradition further relates that the king, as a reward for the signal service rendered, gave the aged husbandman as much land in the Carse of Gowrie as a falcon should fly over before it settled; and that the bird being accordingly let off, passed over an extent of ground six miles in length, afterwards called ERROL, finally alighting on a stone, still named Falkinstone. The same authority also asserts that Kenneth assigned three shields or escutcheons for the arms of the family, to intimate that the father and his two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland. For ever after, even unto the present day, the great northern house of Hay, ennobled under the titles of ERROL, TWEEDDALE, and KINNOUL, bears for *Arms*, "Arg., three escutcheons gu.;" for *Crest*, "a falcon rising ppr.," and for *Motto*, "Serva jugum."

There is an instance recorded of four Esquires taking the arms of Lord AUDLEY. When the battle of Poitiers was over, Edward the Black Prince embraced him, and said: "Sir James, both I myself, and all others, acknowledge you, in the business of this day, to have been the best doer in arms; wherefore, with intent to furnish you the better to pursue the wars, I retain you for ever my Knight, with five hundred marks yearly revenue, which I shall assign you out of my inheritance in England." This was, then, a great estate, and Lord Audley (whom St. Palaye calls d'Endelée) was well pleased, for he knew the value of so generous a donation; yet he divided it amongst his four Squires,

DELVES, DUTTON, HAWKESTONE, and FOULTHURST, and, at the same time, gave them permission to bear his own achievement (which was *gules, a fret or*) in consideration of the good services they had that day done him. They, accordingly, assumed his arms, but bore them with some difference from his; for Dutton bore *gules, a fret argent*, as we see in the arms of Dutton, Lord Sherborn; and Foulthurst bore *gules, fretty argent*. When Edward found how he had rewarded his four Squires, who had never left him once during the battle, he not only confirmed the grant to them, but settled on the noble Knight a further pension of six hundred marks. This was confirmed to him by the King, for the term of his life, and for a twelvemonth after his death, to be received out of the Stannaries in Cornwall, and out of the Prince's lands in that county.

The CHENEYS possess the following traditional account of the origin of their crest:—Sir John Cheney, of Sherland, an eminent soldier under the banner of the Earl Richmond, at Bosworth, personally encountering King Richard, was felled to the ground by the monarch, had his crest struck off, and his head laid bare: for some time, it is said, he remained stunned; but recovering after awhile, he cut the skull and horns off the hide of an ox which chanced to be near, and fixed them upon his head, to supply the loss of the upper part of his helmet; he then returned to the field of battle, and did such signal service, that Henry, on being proclaimed King, assigned Cheney for crest, the “bull's scalp,” which his descendants still bear. Whatever may be the credence given to this story, certain it is that Sir John Cheney was most instrumental in the successful issue of

Richmond's cause, and was created, by the Tudor monarch, Baron Cheney, and made a Knight of the Garter.

The HEYMANS of Somerfield, co. Kent, extinct baronets, and the HAYMANS of Somersetshire, and of Youghal, in Ireland,* being all of the same lineage, anciently bore for arms, "or, three chevronnels gules." These are the armorial bearings of the seigneurs of Crève-cœur-en-Ange, in Normandy, from whom they claim descent, through Crève-cœur, as his name is written in the battle Abbey Roll, one of William's knights at the invasion of England. But their present ensigns are — "Argent, on a chevron engrailed azure, between three martlets sable, as many cinque-foils pierced or;" and an old family tale preserves the circumstance that caused the change:

Haimon de Crève-cœur was lord of Chatham, in the reign of the heroic Lion-heart, and held, among his subordinate demesnes, those of Farleigh, Teston, and Ledes, and a manor called Bleane, from which he was sometimes called Sir Hamo del Blen. Accompanied by his three sons, his only ones, he joined the expedition to Palestine; and at Acre, Joppa, and Ascalon, signalized himself by his deeds of desperate valour. But the last of those terrible fields cost him his sons, who successively perished while defending the English banner. Wearied and grief-worn, he availed himself of the truce that was now made with the Soldan, and returned to England, bringing with him a little grandson, in whom his hopes

* The latter family is now represented by George Hayman, Esq., of Holford, near Bridgwater, and Matthew Hayman, Esq., of South Abbey, Youghal, co. Cork, a magistrate for that shire.

of posterity centered. He brought him up with all the tenderness of grandsire love, and the boy grew the pride and admiration of all who knew him. The old man, on his death-bed, gave him all his broad lands, castles, and seignories, only stipulating that he should bear the same arms he had himself adopted, after the death of his sons. These were as follow:—the metal was changed from or to argent, to denote his humiliation; the chevron was retained, but instead of appearing in its triple form, was but once inscribed, to paint his isolation; in each quarter and at the base he put a martlet, one for each son—to signify that, like those birds of passage, they had spread their wings and flown away from him to a better country. And with the same deep moral—for men love to dally with their heart's grief, until they soothe it into quietude—he adopted, instead of the loved war-cry or defiant boast, the humble words for his motto, “*Cœlum non solum*”—“Heaven, not earth”—as showing the country of his hopes. But that he might not wholly shut up in silence the enemy and the field that had robbed him of his sons, he took for his crest, “A demi-Moor, full-faced, wreathed about the temples, holding in the dexter hand a rose slipped and leaved, all proper.”

Such is the tradition respecting the armorial bearings of the Haymans, “A very ancient family,” as one of themselves wrote, half a century ago, “that came to England with the Norman conqueror in 1066, several of whom were in Parliament, and held places of honour and trust under the crown.” We do not wonder at the romance of the story; for their blazon is evidently that of a pilgrim knight. The interpretation, too, is in itself so ingenious as to challenge our attention, if not win our credence.

The WALLER crest has a very honourable origin. Sir Richard Waller, of Groombridge, in Kent, a gallant participator in the glory of Azincourt, took prisoner, on that memorable occasion, Charles, Duke of Orleans, whom he brought to England, and held in "honourable restraint," at his mansion of Groombridge, during the lengthened period of twenty-four years, and until the Prince was ransomed for 400,000 crowns. In accordance with the chivalric notions of the time, the captor and the captive lived together on terms of the strictest friendship, and so great was the regard entertained for the English knight by his royal prisoner, that the latter rebuilt, at his own expense, the seat of the Wallers, and was a munificent benefactor to the parish church of Speldhurst, where his arms remain in stone-work over the porch. In memory of this episode in the life of Sir Richard Waller, the family crest, "a walnut tree fructed ppr.," received the addition of a shield appended to one of the lower boughs, and charged with the arms of France—viz., "az. three fleurs-de-lis or, differenced with a label of three points."

In the reign of Malcolm II., from 1004 to 1034, Scotland was still harassed by her foes; and the valour of the people of Moray and of the neighbouring counties was severely but gloriously tried. The decisive battle of Mortlach compelled the invaders to abandon the possessions they had occupied; they afterwards invaded Angus, and were cut to pieces. In these battles, a young warrior is said to have distinguished himself, and to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the family of KERTH, which, under the title of Earl Marischal, long bore sway in Buchan. The story is, that his valour contributed to put the Danes to

the rout, when he pursued after them, and slew their King, named Camus. Another officer coming up, disputed the glory of the action, and the contest continued until Malcolm arrived. The matter was decided by single combat, and Keith proved victorious, his opponent confessing, before his death, the injustice of his own conduct. Malcolm, dipping his fingers in the blood, marked the shield of the conqueror with three bloody strokes, which became the armorial bearing of the family.

The motto given to them was: "*Veritas vincit*"—"Truth overcomes."

An old tradition in the family of BAIRD, records that William the Lion, while hunting in one of the southwest counties, happening to wander from his attendants, was alarmed at the approach of a wild boar, and called out for assistance, whereupon a gentleman of the name of Baird, who had followed the king, came up, and had the good fortune to slay the object of the monarch's alarm. For this signal service William conferred upon his deliverer large grants of land, and assigned him for armorial bearing, "a boar passant," with the motto "*Dominus fecit*," which arms are to be seen upon an ancient monument of the Bairs of Auchmedden, in the churchyard of Banff.

The DUDLEYS, of Clapton, in Northamptonshire, who descended from the marriage of Dudley of Clapton, with Agnes Hotot, bore for crest, "on a ducal coronet or, a woman's head with a helmet thereon, hair dishevelled, and throat latch loose, ppr.;" and the occasion of its first adoption is thus recorded in a manuscript written in 1390, by a monk, who was parson of Clapton:—

“The father of Agnes Hotot, the great heiress who married Dudley, having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, the competitors agreed to meet on the debateable ground, and decide the affair by combat. Hotot, on the day appointed, was laid up with the gout, but his daughter Agnes, rather than the land should be lost, armed herself cap-a-pie, and mounting her father’s steed, went and encountered Ringsdale, whom, after a stubborn contest, she unhorsed; and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat latch, lifted up her helmet, and let down her hair about her shoulders, thus discovering her sex. In commemoration of this exploit, the crest of the female head was ever afterwards used.”

The Offaley FITZGERALDS, now represented by the Duke of Leinster, derive their crest of “a monkey,” from the following tradition:—

Thomas Fitzgerald (whose son John became first Earl of Kildare), was only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell at the battle of Callan. He was then residing with his nurse at Tralee, and his attendants, rushing out at the first astonishment excited by the intelligence, left the child alone in its cradle, when a baboon, kept in the family, took him up and carried him to the top of the steeple of the neighbouring abbey; whence, after conveying him round the battlements, and exhibiting him to the appalled spectators, he brought the infant safely back to its cradle.

The Mullet, or Star, of five points, borne in the first quarter of the unsullied shield of DE VERE, has a pious and poetic origin.

“In the year of our Lord 1098,” (we quote from

Leland,) “Corborant, Admiral to the Soudan of Percea, was fought with at Antioche, and discomfited by the Christians. The night cumming on yn the chace of this bataile, and waxing dark, the Christianes being four miles from Antioche, God, willing the saufté of their army, shewed a white star or molette of five pointes on the Christen host; which to every mannes sighte did lighte and arrest upon the standard of Albry de Vere, there shyning excessively.”

The knight thus distinguished by Divine favour, in the latter end of his days assumed the cowl, and died a monk. He was ancestor of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose last male descendant, Aubrey de Vere, twentieth earl, died in 1702.

ST. JOHN of Bolingbroke took his two stars from the Crusade; his arms are argent two estoiles, or, on a chief gules.

Kynge Richarde with gud entente,
 Toe yat citie of Jafes wente;
 On morne he sent aftur Sir Robert Sakeville,
 Sir William Waterville,
 Sir Hubart and Sir Robart of Turnham,
 Sir Bertram Brandes and John de St. John.

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

Fuller styles the PILKINGTONS “a right ancient family,” and relates that they were gentlemen of repute in the shire of Lancaster, before the Conquest, at which period the chief of the house being sought after by the Norman soldiery, was fain to disguise himself as a thrasher in a barn: from this circumstance, partly alluding to the head of the flail falling sometimes on the one, and sometimes on the other side, and occasionally on himself, he took for motto “Now thus! now thus!” and his descendants have since carried as their crest “A husbandman ppr.”

SIR JOHN SCOTT, of Thirlestaine, flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestaine, Gamescleuch, &c., lying upon the river Ettricke, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of the Yarrow. It appears that when James had assembled his nobility and their feudal followers at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this Baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the tressure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; and for motto, "Ready, aye, ready."

The arms that were granted, *temp.* Queen Elizabeth, to the great sea captain, Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and are still borne by his representative, Sir Trayton Drake, Bart., of Nutwell Court, county Devon, are "sable, a fess wavy between the two pole-stars argent." The crest also refers to the maritime services of the famous circumnavigator. It is "a ship under reef, drawn round a terrestrial globe, by a hand out of the clouds, with an escroll inscribed 'Auxilio divino.' "

"Such was the worth" (saith Guillim) "of this most generous and renowned knight, Sir Francis Drake, as that his merits do require that his coat armour should be expressed in that selected manner of blazoning that is fitting to noble personages, in respect of his noble courage and high attempts atchieved, whereby he merited to be reckoned the honour of our nation and of the naval profession."

The most important achievement of Drake's eventful career was his celebrated voyage round the world, accomplished within three years, and to this the blazonry

of the armorial bearings alludes. On Drake's return, in 1581, Queen Elizabeth went on board his ship, the *Golden Hind*, and conferred upon the gallant and enterprising seaman the honour of knighthood, ordering at the same time the preservation of the vessel, that it might remain a monument of Sir Francis's and his country's glory. It is observed by Camden, that on the occasion of her Majesty's visit, there was such a concourse of people, that the wooden bridge over which they passed, broke, and upwards of one hundred persons fell into the river; by which accident, however, nobody was hurt; as if, he adds, the ship had been built under some lucky constellation. The application of the heraldic ensigns is well explained in the verses, made at the period of the royal visit, by the scholars of Winchester College, and nailed to the mainmast of the ship:—

Plus ultra, Herculeis, inscribas, Drace, Columnis,
 Et magno, dicas, Hercule major ero.
 Drace, pererrati quem novit terminus orbis,
 Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque Polus;
 Si taceant homines, facient te sidera notum.
 Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.

Drake's ship remained for many years an object of public admiration at Deptford, but her timbers falling at length in decay, it was found necessary to break her up, when a chair, made out of her planks, was presented by John Davies, Esq. to the University of Oxford, upon which the poet Cowley wrote the following lines:—

To this great ship, which round the world has run,
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun;
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,
 Without presumption, so deserved a name);
 By knowledge once, and transformation now,
 In her new shape, this sacred port allow.

Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate
A happier station, or more blest estate.
For lo ! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford, and to him in Heaven.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied James Lord Douglas to the Holy Land, with the heart of the deceased monarch for interment. From this circumstance, the DOUGLASES bear in their arms a crowned heart, and Sir Simon changed his name to LOCKHEART (as it was, until lately, spelt), and for part of his arms, got a heart within a lock, with the motto, "Corda serrata pando." In the possession of the Lockhart family, is that singular piece of antiquity called the "Lee penny," upon which is founded Sir Walter Scott's romance of "The Talisman." The account given of it is, that Simon Locard, during his stay in the Holy Land, took prisoner a Saracen chief, whose wife came to ransom him, and on the counting out of the money or jewels, this (which is a stone or composition of a dark red colour, and triangular shape, set on a silver coin) fell ; she hastily snatched it up, which Simon observing, insisted upon having it, and procured it before giving up his prisoner. More of this singular relic, and its alleged properties and virtues, may be found in Sir Walter Scott's preface to the "Talisman."

The arms and crests of the MACKENZIES were assumed in consequence of Kenneth, their ancestor having rescued Alexander II., King of Scotland, from a wounded stag which had attacked him. The animal, becoming furious from the pain, ran in upon the King, and threw him down, and would have killed him upon the spot, had it not been for the prompt assistance of Kenneth Fitzgerald, who happened to be in sight,

and running up, despatched the deer. In gratitude for this assistance, the King gave him a grant of the castle and estate of Ellan Donnan, and thus laid the foundation of the family and clan, Mackenneth, or Mackenzie, so called from the name of their ancestor, who was an Irishman by birth. The crest is a stag's head and horns. It is a curious circumstance, that the last Lord Seaforth's life should have been endangered in the same manner as that in which the first of the family saved the King's. Lord Seaforth was attacked by a hart, in the parks of Braan Castle, but being a powerful man, and possessed of great strength of arm, he closed on the animal, and seized him by the horns, pressing his breast against the deer's forehead. A long and desperate struggle ensued, till he was relieved by a gamekeeper, who was attracted to the spot by the bellowing of the hart. His lordship was much bruised, but not materially injured. The late Mr. West painted the rescue of Alexander. The figures are portraits, in full size, of persons on the Seaforth estate, his lordship being one of the number.

The HAMILTONS are said to be descended from Sir William de Hamelden, one of the younger sons of Robert de Bellomont, 3rd Earl of Leicester, which Sir William de Hameldon's son, Sir Gilbert Hamilton, having expressed himself, at the court of Edward II., in admiration of King Robert Bruce, received a blow from John de Spencer, which led the following day to a encounter, wherein Spencer fell; subsequently, Hamilton fled into Scotland, but being closely pursued, he and his servant changed clothes with two woodcutters, and taking their saws, were in the act of cutting through an oak tree when his pursuers passed by. Perceiving his servant notice them, Sir Gilbert hastily cried out to him,

“ Through !” which word, with the oak, and saw through it, he took for his crest, in commemoration of his deliverance. This detail is, however, liable to many objections. Sir William Dugdale, in his account of the Earls of Leicester, is totally silent as to the descent of the Hamiltons from Robert, 3rd Earl.

Sir JOHN PELHAM, ancestor of the Earls of Chichester, the Dukes of Newcastle, and the Lords Yarborough, shared in the glory of Poitiers, and had the honour of participating, personally, in the capture of the French King, JOHN; for which exploit he had, as a badge of distinction, the BUCKLE of a belt, which was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal-manual, and at others, on each side of a cage, being an emblem of the captivity of the French monarch. Collins thus refers to the story: “ Froissart gives an account, that with the King were taken, beside his son Philip, the Earl of Tankerville, Sir Jaques of Bourbon, the Earls of Ponthieu and Eue, with divers other noblemen, who, being chased to Poitiers, the town shut their gates against them, not suffering any to enter; so that divers were slain, and every Englishman had four, five, or six prisoners; and the press being great to take the King, such as knew him cried, “ *Sir*, yield, or you are dead: whereupon, as the chronicle relates, he yielded himself to Sir Dennis Morbeck, a knight of Artois, in the English service, and being afterwards forced from him, more than ten knights and esquires challenged the taking of the King. Among these, Sir Roger la Warr, and the before-mentioned John de Pelham, were most concerned; and in the memory of so signal an action, and the King surrendering his sword to them, Sir Roger la Warr, Lord la Warr, had the crampet or chape of his sword, for a badge of that honour; and John de Pelham (afterwards

knighted) had the buckle of a belt as a mark of the same honour, which was sometimes used by his descendants as a seal-manual; and at others, the said buckle on each side a cage, being an emblem of the captivity of the said King of France, and was therefore borne for a crest, as in those times was customary. The buckles, &c., were likewise used by his descendants as in their great seals, as is evident from several of them appendant to old deeds."

The crest of "the eagle feeding an infant in its cradle," borne by the STANLEYS, Earls of Derby, is derived from the family of Lathom, of Lathom, co. Lancaster, the heiress of which, Isabel, daughter of Sir Thomas Lathom, of Lathom, and Knowsley, married Sir John Stanley, K.G., Lord Deputy of Ireland. Tradition narrates, that one of the Lathoms, having abandoned and exposed an illegitimate son in the nest of an eagle, in the wood of Terlestowe, near his castle, afterwards discovered that the bird, instead of devouring the infant, had supplied it with food, and preserved its life. This miraculous circumstance, continues the legend, so touched the father's feelings, that he repented of his cruel intention, and taking home the child, made him his heir. Thus is popularly traced the origin of the singular crest of the house of Stanley: but the story is so improbable, that we can afford it slight credence. Mr. Ormerod, of Sedbury, the able historian of Cheshire, himself nearly connected with a branch of the Lathoms, has written an interesting paper on the "Stanley Legend," in the "Collectanea Topogr. et Geneal."

The family of NEWTON, of Bars Court, in Gloucestershire, bear for their crest, on a force, argent and blue, a king of the Moors, armed in mail, crowned, or, kneeling and delivering up his sword; in allusion to their

maternal ancestor Sir Ancel Gorney's taking a Moorish king prisoner at the surrender of Acon, in the reign of Richard I. Acon is called Ptolemais.

In memory of the royal alliance of their ancestor, Sir John Lyon, with Lady Jane Stewart, daughter of King Robert II., the EARLS of STRATHMORE bear for crest, "a lady habited as a princess, and coupé below the girdle, inclosed within an arch of laurel, and holding in her right hand the royal thistle, all ppr.," and ever since the marriage of Lady Jane Seymour with Henry VIII., the Dukes of Somerset have quartered with their paternal arms, "Or, on a pile gu. between six fleurs az. three lions of England," a coat of augmentation originally granted by the bluff monarch.

The tenure of the lands of Pennycuick, in Midlothian, enjoins that the possessor attend once a year in the forest of Drumsleich, near Edinburgh, to give a blast of a horn at the king's hunting; and from this custom the Clerkes of Pennycuick bear for *crest*, "a demi-huntsman habited vert, winding a horn, ppr.;" and for *motto*, the words "Free for a blast." The GROSVENOR crest of "the talbot" has reference to the ancient office—that of *Grosveneur*, or great huntsman to the Dukes of Normandy, which was formerly held by the family: and "the sword erect" of the DYMOKES, is the symbol of their dignified service as champions to the sovereigns of England.

Of the honourable augmentations granted by Charles II., to the devoted partisans whose loyalty protected him after the fatal issue of the battle of Worcester, we may mention those of Lane, Carlos, and Penderell. The first named family received the addi-

tional crest of "a demi-horse salient arg. spotted dark grey, bridled ppr., sustaining with his fore-feet a regal crown, or," allusive to the assistance rendered to the fallen monarch by Jane Lane of Bentley, whose servant the king personated, by riding before her on horseback in his flight to Somerset. To the Penderells, the humble but no less faithful protectors of the fugitive prince, was assigned for arms, "Arg. on a mount, an oak tree ppr.; over all a fesse sa., charged with three regal crowns ppr.;" and identical bearings, differing in tincture only, were given to Colonel Carlos. The pension of 100 marks, granted at the same time to Richard Penderell, still continues to be paid to his representative, and several members of the family, in various conditions of life, have been connected for some generations with the county of Sussex. "One of them, (says Mr. Lower, in his admirable work, 'Curiosities of Heraldry,') a few years since, kept an inn at Lewes, bearing the sign of the *Royal Oak*."

These few examples will show the connexion of the arms of many of our most distinguished families with the achievements and events of former times. Mottoes equally refer in many instances to ancestral exploit:—

"CAEN CRESSIE CALAIS," the motto of the RADCLYFFES, commemorates the services of Sir John Radcliffe, Knt. of Ordsall, at the sieges of Caen and Calais, and at the battle of Cressy; and "BOULOGNE and CADIZ," that of the HEYGATES, alludes to the fact, that an ancestor, Thomas Heygate, was Provost-Marshal-General at Boulogne and Cadiz.

"GRIP FAST," the device of the LESLIES, has remained unchanged since the time of Margaret, Queen of Scot-

land, by whom it was given to Bartholomew Leslie, the founder of the family, under the following circumstances:—In crossing a river, swollen by floods, the queen was thrown from her horse, and in danger of being drowned, when the knight, plunging into the stream, seized hold of the royal girdle, and, as he brought her with difficulty towards the bank, she frequently exclaimed, “Grip fast,” words which she desired her preserver to retain for his motto in remembrance of this circumstance.

The traditional origin of “Lamh derg eirin” (the Red Hand of Ireland), the motto of the O’NEILLS, is this: In an ancient expedition of some adventurers to Ireland, their leader declared, that whoever first touched the shore should possess the territory which he reached. O’Neill, ancestor of the Princes of Ulster, bent upon obtaining the reward, and seeing another boat likely to land, cut his hand off and threw it upon the coast.

Many mottoes are allusive either to a portion of the heraldic bearings, or to the family surname. “Leoni non sagittis fido,” *I trust to the lion, not to the arrows*, is that of the EGERTONS, whose shield exhibits a lion between three pheons; and the MARTINS use these singular words, “He who looks at Martin’s ape, Martin’s ape shall look at him!” having reference to their crest, of “an ape observing himself in a looking-glass.” The ARRONS of Kippo, a branch of Aiton of that ilk, adopted for motto, “Et decerptæ dabunt odorem,” an elegant allusion to their crest, of “a rose bough, ppr.,” and of their being an offshoot of the parent stem. ANGUISH, of Norfolk, has for crest, “a snake nowed, between two branches of fern, ppr.,” and for motto, “anguis in herbâ.” Of the mottoes which refer to the family

name we could cite an infinity of examples—the following will suffice:—

“Vernon semper viret,” *Vernon always flourishes*, or *Spring does not always flourish*, the motto of the Vernons, is alluded to by Diana Vernon, in “Rob Roy:” “Like the solemn vice, iniquity, we moralize two meanings in one word.”

The De Veres, a race of illustrious nobles, in whom were combined the distinguishing marks of chivalry required by Chaucer—

Truth, honour, freedom, and courtesie—

bore the appropriate legend: “Vero nihil verius.” The D'Oyleys use “~~Do~~ no þll, quoth ~~Do~~þle.” The CURZONS, “Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde.” The FANES, “Ne vile fano.” The DAKYNS, “Strike Dakyns, the devil's in the hempe.” The MAUDES or Montalts, “De monte alto.” The Cavendishes, “Cavendo tutus.” The Fortescues, “Forte scutum salus ducum.” The Caves, “Cave;” and the Bellasises, “Bonne et belle assez.”

In Scotland, the attachment and friendship of kindred families and clans were confirmed by many ties. It has been an uniform practice in the families of the Campbells of Melford, Duntroun, and Dunstaffnage, that when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the two other lairds, one of whom supported the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner, friendship took place of the nearest consanguinity, for even the eldest sons of the deceased were not permitted to interfere with the arrangement. The first progenitors of these families were three sons of the family of Argyle, who took this method of preserving

the friendship, and securing the support of their posterity to one another. In a manner something similar, the family of Breadalbane had their bonds of union and friendship, simple in themselves, but sufficient to secure the support of those whom they were intended to unite. The motto of the armorial bearings of the family is, "Follow me." This significant call was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, laird of Glenorchy, who was a Knight Templar of Rhodes, and is still known in the Highlands by the designation of "Caillain Du na Roidh, Black Colin of Rhodes."

Several cadets of the family adopted mottoes analogous to that of this chivalrous Knight, and when the chief called "Follow me," he found a ready compliance from Campbell of Glenfalloch, a son of Glenorchy, who says, "Thus far;" that is, to his heart's blood, the crest being a dagger piercing a heart; from Achline, who says, "With heart and hand;" from Achallader, who says, "With courage;" and from Balcardine, who cries, "Paratus sum:" Glenlyon, more cautious, says, "Quæ recta sequor." A neighbouring knight and baron, Menzies of Menzies, and Fleming of Moness, in token of friendship, say, "Will God, I shall," and "The deed will show."

The generality of mottoes, however, are expressive of some sentiment of piety, hope, or determination, and may, in many instances, be elegantly paraphrased and explained by quotations from the poets. How admirably does Shakspeare express the meaning of the Corbets' motto of "Deus pascit Corvos:"

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

And again, no translation of the motto of the family of Cobbe, of Newbridge, "*Moriens cano*," (allusive to the swan in the arms,) could be more appropriate than these words of the bard of Avon :

He makes a swan-like end, fading in music.

While referring to this poetic illustration of the motto, we cannot refrain from adding a few examples:—

"*Per callem collem*," the motto of Collins of Berterton, means, literally, "by the path, the hill," and is well explained by two lines of Shakspeare's :

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.

"*Non revertar inultus*,"—"I will not return unrevenged"—borne by the Earl of Lisburne, is finely paraphrased by Byron :

For time at last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

"*Esperance en Dieu*"—"Hope in God"—is the motto of the Duke of Northumberland :

Now esperance ! Percy ! and set on.—SHAKESPEARE.

This legend of the Percys has been elegantly referred to by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*: "At one time, the Percy was the provincial monarch of unmeasured lands, the lord of impregnable fortresses, and the chief of countless vassals—the next, the tenant of a prison, from which there was seldom any other escape

than death. These vicissitudes of fortune taught the instability of all human greatness, and that the only sure trust is 'Esperance en Dieu.' "

" *Ante omnia sylvæ*," borrowed from Virgil's second Eclogue, by Forster of Walthamstow, is poetically paraphrased by Dryden :

The gods to live in woods have left the skies :
And godlike Paris in the Idæan grove,
To Priam's wealth preferr'd *Ænoni's* love.
In cities which she built let Pallas reign :
Tow'rs are for gods, but forests for the swain.

" *Servate fidem cineri*"—"Keep the promise made to the ashes of your forefathers"—the legend of the family of Harvey, recals Byron's well-known lines :

That fame and that memory, still will we cherish ;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown ;
Like you he will live, or like you he will perish ;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own !

" *Memoria pii æterna*"—"The memory of the pious man is eternal"—the motto of Lord Sudeley, may be elegantly rendered by two lines of Montgomery's :

The memory of the just
Lives in everlasting fame.

" *Lux mea Christus*," borne by Newman, of Thornbury-park, county Gloucester, is not less appropriately translated by Moore :

Thou art, O Christ ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see.

" *Est concordia fratrum*" has been adopted by William Brown, Esq., M.P. for South Lancashire, the

eminent merchant of Liverpool, as symbolic of the fraternal concord, to which may be ascribed the commercial greatness of himself and his brothers, who are amongst the most influential merchants of America:

When friendship, love, and truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others.—MONTGOMERY.

“Sine maculâ” is the expressive motto of the Mackenzies of Scatwell, Baronets.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
SHAKESPEARE.

“Stemmata quid faciunt?”—“What profit pedigrees?” borne by the late Sir Samuel R. Meyrick, of Goodrich-court, Co. Hereford, reminds us of Pope’s famous lines:

What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards?

“Tout vient de Dieu”—“All comes from God”—has long been the heraldic legend of the Lords Clinton:

There’s nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.—MOORE.

We might extend these examples to an indefinite length, far beyond the limit of our space, or the reader’s patience, but the few selections we have given will suffice to show the poetic allusion of the generality of mottoes.

This brief chapter on the brightest relic of the middle ages, we cannot better conclude than in the words of an accomplished modern writer on the subject—the Rev. J. A. Montague. “Heraldry was a part of the great feudal system of Europe, than which, for the time in which it was instituted, nothing could be more beautiful. It was the outward sign of that spirit of chivalry, whose humanizing influence conduced so rapidly to the extinction of the last traces of barbarism, and which had such a beneficial effect upon the warfare of the time. Amongst our ancestors, little given to study of any kind, a knowledge of heraldry was considered indispensable. It was the index to a lengthened chronicle of doughty deeds. The escutcheon of a Mortimer or a Bohun was, for their eyes, as a blast of a trumpet to their ears; stirring them up to deeds of chevisance and fame. If, then, the achievements of our ancestors, both in war and peace (of which heraldry is in many instances the record) are still to hold an honoured place in our remembrance, then ought we not to condemn a science which they honoured and considered of so much importance.”

LORD MOHUN.

It would seem that society takes a much greater degree of interest in its rogues and knaves, than it does in its more orderly members. Thus a vagrant, who poaches upon the soldier's manor, and kills without being duly qualified, is sure to be an especial favourite with the public. The fact is indubitable; the world likes to talk of the peace-breaker, and not of the peace-maker; and hence people like Lord Mohun, the subject of our present sketch, are actually embalmed by their vices—just as wood, or any other perishable material, is preserved from decay by being duly saturated with the poison of corrosive sublimate.

Charles, Lord Mohun, flourished at the beginning of the last century, and for a short time previous to it, in an age when order was much less firmly established than it is with us in the present day. He was descended, both on the paternal and maternal side, from a long line of illustrious ancestors; for, according to the Heralds' books, his father was the representative of the Mohuns, of Boconnoc, in Cornwall—a derivative branch of the baronial house of Mohun, of Dunster; while his mother, Lady Philippa Annesley, was the daughter of Arthur, Earl of Anglesey, who had been not a little distinguished in his day, both as a statesman and a political writer. In the great civil war, the family fought on the side of

royalism; Sir John Mohun, the then head of the house, rendering the King essential service in the west of England, where he held a high command, till the banner of Charles was beaten down by the superior talents, or the better fortune of his republican adversaries. But all the loyalty and chivalrous zeal of Sir John have failed to make him so generally recollected as his lawless descendant, who was twice tried for his life upon a charge of murder, and, what with many will hardly lessen his guilt, each time the alleged offence resulted from intoxication. Instead, however, of following the tedious and intricate forms of a public pleading, we shall reduce the whole to a plain, continuous narrative of events, such as they may be gathered from the testimony of witnesses, and the speeches of the contending counsel. And here we may be allowed to observe, that, although some pseudo-philosophers have professed themselves mightily shocked at counsel arguing one thing while they believe another, yet, in reality, this is a very idle objection; every question has two sides, and before an accused can be fairly condemned or acquitted, it is essential, to the discovery of truth, that both of these sides should be placed in the clearest light; the private belief or non-belief of the orator is no more important than the conviction of any other individual.

At the time of our narrative, the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle, then a widow, was in high favour, not only with the public, but more particularly with the gay and gallant, who, in those days, seemed to consider that actresses were fair game, and that morality—if, indeed, such a thing existed anywhere—had no business whatever upon the stage. It may be, that the actresses themselves gave some encouragement to these opinions by the freedom of their manners; the little estimation in which their profession was held by the graver, and,

perhaps, not more virtuous, portions of society, was not calculated to teach them self-respect; while, at the same time, from their exposed situation they were more open to scrutiny than those who were hidden from view in the shadow of private life. A figure had need be perfect that stands upon a pedestal, where it not only invites judgment, but where its slightest defects become perceptible.

It was generally believed, that this lady favoured the addresses of a Mr. Mountford, himself an actor, and, to the boot of that, a married man. This, however, did not prevent her from being followed by other admirers, amongst whom was a Captain Richard Hill. So infatuated was this gentleman with her charms, that he actually proposed to marry her; and, upon being rejected, was filled with all the indignation of a man who has received a personal insult, which he is bound in honour to revenge. Above all, his wrath was excited against Mountford, whose success he openly declared he would punish, by taking away his life. The publicity of his threatenings in this respect would, in the present day, have made most people doubtful whether he really intended to carry them into effect; but we shall judge falsely of those comparatively lawless times, if we applied to them any such mode of reasoning. The Captain was fully bent upon destroying his rival, at whatever hazard, and not less determined to carry off his mistress by force, since she was not to be obtained on easier terms. The evidence given by Mr. Powell, at the trial of Lord Mohun before the House of Peers, went decisively to this point, and it does not appear to have been contradicted. According to him, we find the Captain, upon more than one occasion, avowing his passion for Mrs. Bracegirdle, drinking her health, and swearing that he would be revenged on Mountford, who, he felt assured,

was the only obstacle between himself and his desires. As these conversations were renewed at different times and places, they assumed a yet fiercer, and more defined character. At a supper, where, besides themselves, Lord Mohun and Col. Tredenham, another of their acquaintance, were present, the Captain whispered into Powell's ear, "I am resolved to have the blood of Mountford." Powell, who was a friend to both parties, took the alarm at this declaration, and protested that he would inform Mountford of it, who, he doubted not, would give him such satisfaction as one gentleman was entitled to demand of another. This, for the time, put an end to the conversation, which, it is supposed, was unheard by Lord Mohun, who, at the moment, was talking earnestly to the Colonel.

It would seem as if the way in which Powell received the Captain's last communication had disinclined the latter from taking him any farther into his confidence, as, from this time forward, he sought and found a less scrupulous ally in his friend, Lord Mohun. There was no hesitation in this man of iron nerves and turbulent passions, who had the courage to dare attempt anything his headstrong will or his love of pleasure might prompt him to. All those restraints which more or less exercise an influence on most men, even in the pursuit of their favourite objects, found no place in his bosom, and the virtues he did not possess himself he was by no means disposed to allow to others; or, if he did admit their existence, it was only to laugh at them, as the evidences of inferior spirit and contracted understanding. Yet with this almost total absence of all that could make a man estimable, he had yet a sort of canine fidelity in his friendships; at least it so appeared in regard to Hill, in whose case he certainly verified the old adage of "Like to like," for he stood by him faithfully through

the whole business, and had no regrets at last, but what proceeded from anxiety for his companion.

Under the auspices of so congenial an associate, Hill seriously set about the requisite preparations for carrying out his final purpose, which they agreed should be on the same night. With this view, their first care was to order a coach to be in waiting for them at nine o'clock in Drury-lane, near the playhouse; but, not to attract particular attention, with two horses only, while a reserve of four more was to be ready at the stables, to carry them all on to Totteridge. That they expected a serious resistance was evident, for they not only provided themselves with fire-arms, but, by large bribes, engaged a party of soldiers to assist them in their enterprise.

On the day preceding the night fixed for the attempt, the confederates dined together at a tavern in Covent-garden, and it may excite some surprise, that, while the whole of the conversation which then took place between them was repeated by the counsel against Lord Mohun on his trial, proving thereby the presence of others, still not a syllable reached, in timely warning, the parties most interested. Yet it was of a nature to excite considerable attention; they discussed their scheme without reserve, his lordship observing, with singular *naïveté*, that the affair would cost at least fifty pounds; to which Hill replied, "If the villain resist, I will stab him"—a declaration that, so far from startling Lord Mohun, was received by him with a ready promise to stand by his friend. Yet still it was plain that Hill, in his mad anxiety for the attainment of his object, was not quite satisfied. At parting, he again urged upon his lordship that if he were not at the playhouse by six o'clock, the thing could not be effected; and again his lordship pledged himself to be there at the time appointed. Upon this understanding they separated at an early hour.

Lord Mohun was as good as his word, finding, it is probable, something in such a scheme too congenial to his own taste for adventures to be neglected. It so happened, however, that Mrs. Bracegirdle did not play that night, but, by some means, the confederates got intelligence that she intended supping with a Mr. Page, in Princes-street, close by, and thither, accordingly, they repaired, planting themselves, with the soldiers, over against the house of Lord Craven. Hours passed—nine o'clock came—and still no signs of her for whom they were watching. They began to think that, either from design or from want of better knowledge, their informant had misled them, and ordered the coachman to drive to Howard-street, where the object of their pursuit lodged, at the house of a Mrs. Browne. Howard-street, it should be observed, is a cross-way leading from Arundel-street through Norfolk-street to Surrey-street; hence it was impossible for Mountford, who lived in the second of these thoroughfares, to pass to his own dwelling without being seen by those who watched in the place first mentioned. Here, however, they did not remain long, their suspicions being excited by the appearance of several persons, who, by the manner of their walking up and down near the lady's lodgings, seemed as if set for spies upon them. Whether this was really so, or only the result of their own imagination, it made them conclude they had been deceived, under which impression they went back to Drury-lane, and resumed their former station. But in these doubts they had done less than justice to their informant, for Mrs. Bracegirdle had really supped at the house of Mr. Page, who about ten o'clock set out to escort her home, being accompanied by her mother, as well as her brother, so that, to all appearance, she had no want of sufficient protection. On coming up Drury-lane, they were surprised to see a

crowd about a coach that stood before Lord Craven's house, with the steps down, and Lord Mohun seated inside, with several cases of pistols near him. Before they had time to inquire into the meaning of all this, two of the soldiers rushed forward, forced her from Page, and would have dragged her into the coach, but for her mother's clinging about her neck, in spite of some rough handling by the ruffians. Upon thus meeting with a more successful resistance than he had anticipated, Hill himself struck both at the old lady and Page with his drawn sword; but strangers, who had been summoned to the spot by hearing Page's cries for help, now interfered so effectually, that he found himself obliged to abandon this part of his scheme for the present. Surprising as it must seem, Lord Mohun does not appear to have made or meddled in the business, remaining in the coach, and preserving amidst all his weapons a sort of armed neutrality; and yet more surprising is it, after what had passed, that Hill should not only insist upon seeing the lady home, but should be allowed to do so. Taking her under one arm, and her mother under the other, he coolly escorted them to their lodgings, as if they had been the best friends possible, followed by the soldiers and by Lord Mohun, who, before they had got out of Drury-lane, descended from his citadel in the coach, like the leader of a baffled garrison. A more singular night-scene than this, in the heart of a well-ordered city, could hardly be imagined, and, if exhibited upon the stage, would most assuredly be set down as too monstrous even for the improbabilities of fiction.

Upon reaching Howard-street, the soldiers were dismissed, as being no longer requisite, now that it was found impossible to carry out the original plan of a forcible abduction. This, however, by no means implied that the interference of Page was forgotten or for-

given. Just as he was about to part, Hill pulled him by the sleeve, and intimated a desire to speak with him in private ; but he, who does not appear at any time to have been over and above fond of warlike measures, replied, that “ another time would do ; to-morrow would serve ; ” and no sooner was Mrs. Bracegirdle safe within the house, than his friends, acting upon that hint, pulled him after her, and closed the door upon his pugnacious adversary. Instead of having his ardour cooled by this rebuff, the Captain only became more wroth than ever with Mountford, whom he considered as the original author of all his troubles ; and, in conjunction with his ally, he continued pacing up and down the street with his drawn sword for two mortal hours. Those within the house, being greatly alarmed at this protracted siege, to which they could see no near end, dispatched a flag of truce, in the person of Mrs. Browne, the landlady, to demand the cause of such hostile appearances. To this they replied with the utmost frankness, that they stayed to be revenged upon Mr. Mountford ; and many other ambassadors having been sent out upon the same errand, invariably returned with the like answer. As a proof that the besiegers had no idea of beating a speedy retreat, they sent for a couple of bottles of wine, and were passing the time agreeably enough, when the watch came up, and asked what they were doing in the streets at such an hour of the night, with drawn swords and uncorked bottles. These inquiries were cut short at once by Lord Mohun’s saying, “ I am a peer of the realm ; touch me if you dare ! ” a reply that so staggered the honest Dogberries, they slunk off without farther question. They had, however, observed the waiter who brought the wine, and recognising him for one belonging to a certain tavern in Surrey-street, they followed him thither, in the hope of gaining from him

the explanation they did not dare to ask from a nobleman.

Very little of what passed in the street escaped the vigilance of the besieged garrison, if we may so call them, for they kept up a close watch both at window and at keyhole. Abandoned, as it was now full certain they were, to their own resources, they dispatched certain of their party to the lodging of Mrs. Mountford, that they might inform her of everything, and entreat her to communicate it to her husband. But fate held the cards against them at this eventful moment; though many messengers were sent out for the purpose, not one of them had the good fortune to light upon Mountford, who had been supping out; and having thus missed the intended warning, at last made his appearance on the very ground where his enemies lay in wait for him. It was now twelve o'clock. Lord Mohun was the first to meet and salute the unhappy man, when the latter could not help expressing his surprise at finding his lordship there at such an hour.

"I suppose you have been sent for?" was the brief reply.

Upon Mountford's denying this, and protesting that chance alone had brought him there, his lordship observed—"You know all about the lady, I imagine?"

But Mountford, either from ignorance, or of purpose, misunderstood the allusion, and replied—"I hope my wife has given you no offence?"

"You mistake me," said Lord Mohun; "it is Mrs. Bracegirdle I mean."

"Mrs. Bracegirdle is no concern of mine," replied Mountford; "but I hope your lordship does not countenance any ill action of Mr. Hill."

The conversation was interrupted by the impatient Captain, who suddenly started forward, and exclaiming,

“ This is no longer the time for such discourses !” struck Mountford with his left hand, and immediately after ran him through, before he had time to unsheathe his weapon. It does not, however, appear that the wounded man dropped at once upon receiving the wound ; he had still, for a moment, sufficient strength left to draw his sword, though not to use it, when, exhausted by the effort, he sank upon the ground. A cry of murder arose, Hill fled, and the watch, with their usual foresight and expedition, came up at the very moment when their presence was least likely to be useful. Mountford was carried to his own lodgings, where he died, about one o’clock in the afternoon of the same day, for it was some time after midnight when the affair took place.

Upon being tried by his peers, Lord Mohun was acquitted by sixty-nine voices, and found guilty by fourteen. On the one hand, the words of the dying man exculpated him from any share in the murder ; on the other, it is clear, from the uncontradicted testimony of more than one witness, that he was fully cognisant of Hill’s intentions, and that, with such foreknowledge, he did not hesitate to encourage him by his presence through the whole affair. If, too, we are to believe the speech of the Attorney General, his first question, when he surrendered himself, was—“ Has Mr. Hill escaped ?” and upon being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, “ I am glad of it ! I should not care if I were hanged for him !” his only regret being that Hill should have so little money about him. He confessed, moreover, to the watch, that he had changed coats with his friend, the object, of course, being to throw out his pursuers as much as possible, even by this slight disguise.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

A single adventure of this kind might, one would

imagine, have been sufficient to satisfy the ambition of any moderate-minded man, besides which, the being tried for life—even when the jury is composed of peers, and the locality is the House of Lords—must leave behind it a creak in the neck, that, by its occasional twinges, ought amply to supply the place of conscience. In fact, it is not easy to conceive how the road to the gallows can be made pleasant. But no such considerations appear to have troubled the brain of Lord Mohun. He continued the same wild, rollicking life, as if there had been no such thing in the world as hemp, and had the good fortune to kill two more opponents, without being disagreeably enlightened on this subject. Fray succeeded to fray, and revel followed revel—

As if increase of appetite did grow
By that it fed on :

And many a plodding statesman, many a gallant soldier, were less renowned in their day, so far as popular talk gives renown, than this hero of a thousand midnight broils. But, as our ancestors discovered long ago, the pitcher that goes often to the well is pretty sure of being broken in the end,—and his lordship was destined, in his own person, to give conclusive, if not respectable testimony to their wisdom, and the truth of the saying, in which it has been handed down to us.

What has been already said in the course of the preceding anecdote will have served to show how little the restraint of law and morals availed in that age with a very large portion of society. It can hardly be expected, therefore, that when this canker spread itself so widely through the ranks of private life, it should not affect men in their political relations. Everything seemed to be deemed fair, or at least excusable, that enhanced the ends of party, and if either of the two factions quarrelled

with any vice, it was only when that vice was practised for the benefit of its rival. The corruption of manners may indeed be said to have been almost universal, and this, if rightly considered, will serve to qualify the wonder that must else be excited by the barbarous and bloody affair in which Lord Mohun met with earthly retribution.

The Duke of Hamilton, an eminent member of the Tory party, being appointed ambassador to the court of France, the Whigs took the alarm; they well knew his talents, and suspected him of favouring the Pretender, the great subject of party jealousy in those days; and, it must be admitted, not without reason, since whatever might be the justice or injustice of his claims, if they once came to trial, they could neither be defeated, nor confirmed, but at the expense of much bloodshed and misery to the nation. With what persons in particular such a scheme originated we are not told, but it was fully believed at the time, and has not since been contradicted, that some of the more unscrupulous of the Whigs resolved to get rid of the new ambassador. With this view they cast their eyes upon Lord Mohun, who had long laboured under the repute of being at once the tool and bully of the party, and who, from having been for some time engaged in a tedious lawsuit with the duke, seemed more particularly adapted for the business. Situated as he was in reference to his Grace, it would not be difficult for one so willing to find a pretext for quarrel such as could hardly be denied, without subjecting the refuser to the charge of cowardice.

The ball was opened by Lord Mohun, who, having wrought himself up to the proper pitch by wine, took a public opportunity of insulting the Duke, in the hope of making him the challenger. His grace, however, had

too much contempt for the known character of the man to enter idly into a dispute with him, and relied upon his own reputation with the world to bear him out in neglecting to notice such an affront, committed under the influence of intoxication. Baffled by this unexpected forbearance, Lord Mohun resolved to unite in himself the somewhat incongruous character of aggressor and challenger. The second he selected for this occasion—and he could hardly have made a fitter choice, considering the object in view—was a Major-general Macartney. So tenacious of his purpose was this fire-eating emissary, that he called thrice in the same day at the Duke's house, in Saint James's Square, before he could deliver himself of the message entrusted to him. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he was fortunate enough to obtain an interview; when it was finally agreed that a meeting should take place at an early hour the next day, at the Ring, in Hyde Park—which was then the usual spot for settling these so-called affairs of honour. Having thus arranged the preliminaries to his satisfaction, he returned to his worthy principal, when they spent the night in a bagnio, as a fitting preparation for the work they had in hand. It has been said by Dean Swift, that Lord Mohun, on this last night of his debaucheries, “was observed to be seized with fear and trembling.” Fear and trembling were not much in the way of so reckless a desperado, nor did his subsequent conduct show anything of the kind; still it may have been so; certainly it would not have been the first time that a daring spirit quailed for the moment, and was cast down by a mysterious, and to us unintelligible sense of impending fate; it is even possible, that some qualms of awakening conscience for his previous misdeeds may have mingled with, and heightened, this apprehension of the future, for the most

hardened evil-doer is not totally exempt from such revulsions; but, for all that, no great faith is to be put in Swift, who, from a violent Whig had become as violent a Tory, and was by nature, no less than by practice, a confirmed libeller. Some sympathy is sure to be excited by the villain, who, in the language of ruffianism, dies game, and we should be sorry that our hero should lose even this last feeling of interest in his fate, by its being supposed that he died a coward.

At the period in question Hyde Park was somewhat more extensive than it is at present, and was, besides, much lonelier in appearance, except in the busy hours of fashion, from the absence of continuous streets in its immediate vicinity; small patches of open ground here and there amongst the buildings, gave an idea of greater remoteness to it; and Harrow Road was then literally what its name implies, a *road*, and not a street as it is now, although retaining its older designation.

The Duke and his second, Colonel Hamilton, of the foot guards, were the first in the field.

“How grey and cold London looks this morning,” observed the Duke; “and yet the sky is almost cloudless.”

“All the want of the London smoke,” replied Hamilton; “London is nothing without its smoke.”

It will, no doubt, greatly shock the professed admirers of green fields—who, by-the-bye, seldom venture there while the morning dew is on them—to be told, that there can be anything pleasant to the eye in the smoke of London; and yet the Colonel was quite right; the capital at an early hour is by no means the same pleasant-looking place that it is when every chimney is smoking cheerily, and giving its separate evidence to the life that is stirring in the house below. The disbeliever in this seeming paradox has only to leave his bed just before

daybreak, to be feelingly convinced of the fact. The dull, patchy, lifeless masses of brick and mortar, with the wharfs now silent, and conspicuous from filth and ugliness, will make him fancy he has got into a city of the dead; and if he have any quicksilver at all in his veins, may inspire him with an irresistible desire for knocking at the doors of the tombs about him, if it were only to see whether he cannot call up something like life in this immense dreary churchyard.

Now, if London at daybreak presents so chilling an aspect to one who is abroad solely from some vague notions of the beauty of early rising, or because he has a journey of business or pleasure before him, it will scarcely seem very agreeable to gentlemen who are walking abroad thus early, with a fair chance of never walking home again. But these natural throbbings, and all the other thoughts suggested by external circumstances, were quickly dispelled by the appearance of the adverse party on the ground. There was little on this occasion of the usual greetings and courtesies,—the remains, probably, of the old chivalrous spirit, which honoured a brave enemy as inferior only to a friend. Each party had come to the ground with a fierce determination to take life or lose life, though they had been led to this result by very different feelings. The Duke was indignant at being dragged into so unworthy a contest with a person he despised, and who, in his estimation, was no better than an assassin, that had received from a faction the price of his blood beforehand. Lord Mohun had probably no worse or better feeling than that which actuates the soldier on the battle-field, when, having sold his sword, he considers himself bound, for the sake of honour as well as profit, to kill the enemy who fights under other colours, and wears a different uniform from his own.

No sooner had the second party reached the ground, than the Duke, unable to conceal his feelings, turned sharply round on Macartney, and said, "I am well assured, sir, that all this is by your contrivance, and, therefore, you shall have your share in the dance; my friend here, Colonel Hamilton, will entertain you."

"I wish for no better partner," replied Macartney; "the Colonel may command me."

Little more passed between them, and the fight began with infinite fury, each being too intent upon doing mischief to his opponent to look sufficiently to his own defence. Macartney had the misfortune to be speedily disarmed, though not before he had wounded his adversary in the right leg; but, luckily for him, at this very moment the attention of the Colonel was drawn off to the condition of his friend, and, flinging both the swords to a distance, he hastened to his assistance.

The combat, indeed, had been carried on between the principals with uncommon ferocity, the loud and angry clashing of the steel having called to the spot the few stragglers that were abroad in the Park at so early an hour. In a very short time the Duke was wounded in both legs, which he returned with interest, piercing his antagonist through the groin, through the arm, and in sundry other parts of his body. The blood flowed freely on both sides, their swords, their faces, and even the grass about them being reddened with it; but rage lent them that almost supernatural strength which is so often seen in madmen. If they had thought little enough before of attending to their self-defence, they now seemed to have abandoned the idea altogether. Each at the same time made a desperate lunge at the other; the Duke's weapon passed right through his adversary up to the very hilt, and the latter, shortening his sword, plunged it into the upper part of the Duke's left

breast, the wound running downwards into his body, when his grace fell upon him. It was now that the Colonel came to his aid, and raised him in his arms. Such a blow, it is probable, would have been fatal of itself, but Macartney had by this time picked up one of the swords, and stabbing the Duke to the heart, over Hamilton's shoulder, immediately fled, and made his escape to Holland. Such, at least, was the tale of the day, widely disseminated, and generally believed by one party, although it was no less strenuously denied by the other. Proclamations were issued, and rewards offered, to an unusual amount, for the apprehension of the murderer, the affair assuming all the interest of a public question. Nay, it was roundly asserted by the Tories that the Whig faction had gone so far as to place hired assassins about the Park, to make sure of their victim if he had escaped the open ferocity of Lord Mohun, or the yet more perilous treachery of Macartney.

When the Duke fell, the spectators of this bloody tragedy, who do not appear to have interfered in any shape, then came forward to bear him to the Cake House, that a surgeon might be called in and his wounds looked to; but the blow had been struck too home; before they could raise him from the grass he expired.

Such is one of the many accounts that have been given of this bloody affair, for the traditions of the day are anything but uniform or consistent. According to some, Lord Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed the wounded man to the heart while leaning on his shoulder, and unable to stand without support; others said that a servant of Lord Mohun's played the part that was attributed by the more credible accounts to Macartney. This intricate knot is by no means rendered easier of untying by the verdict of the jury, who,

some years after, upon the trial of Macartney for this offence in the King's Bench, found him only guilty of manslaughter.

Lord Mohun himself died of his wounds upon the spot, and with him the Barony of Mohun, of Okehampton, became extinct; but the estate of Gawsworth, in Cheshire, which he had inherited from the Gerards, vested by will in his widow, and eventually passed to her second daughter, Anne Griffith, wife of the Right Honourable William Stanhope, by whose representative, Charles, Earl of Harrington, it is now enjoyed. His lordship was twice married, his first wife being Charlotte Mainwaring niece to Charles Gerald, Earl of Macclesfield; his second was Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Thomas Lawrence, and widow of Colonel Griffith. He had no issue by either.

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF HERTFORD.

FRANCES, third Countess of Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford, was daughter of Thomas Howard, Viscount Bindon, and widow of Henry Prannel, citizen of London. Of her ladyship, Arthur Wilson gives the following very amusing history:—

“This lady was one of the greatest, both for birth and beauty, in her time; but at first she went a step backwards, as it were, to fetch a career, to make her mount the higher. Her extraction was high, fit for her great mind; yet she descended so low as to marry one Prannel, a vintner’s son, in London, having a good estate, who, dying, left her childless—a young and beautiful widow; upon whom, Sir George Rodney, a gentleman in the west, suitable to her for person and fortune, fixing his love, had good hopes from her to reap the fruits of it. But Edward, Earl of Hertford, being entangled by her fair eyes, and she having a tang of her grandfather’s ambition, left Rodney, and married the Earl. Rodney, having drunk in too much affection, and not being able with his reason to digest it, summoned up his scattered spirits to a most desperate attempt; and coming to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, where the Earl and Countess were then resident, to act it, he retired to an inn in the town, shut himself up in a chamber, and wrote a large paper of well-composed

verses to the Countess, in his own blood (strange kind of composedness), wherein he bewails and laments his own unhappiness; and when he had sent them to her, as a sad catastrophe to all his miseries, he ran himself upon his sword, and so ended that life which he thought death to enjoy; leaving the Countess to a strict remembrance of her inconstancy, and himself a desperate and sad spectacle of frailty:* but she easily past this over, and so wrought upon the goodnature of the Earl, her husband, that he settled above five thousand pounds a year jointure upon her for life. In his time, she was often courted by the Duke of Lennox, who presented many a fair suppliant; sometimes in a blue coat, with a basket-hilt sword, making his addresses in such odd disguises; yet she carried a fair fame during the Earl's time. After his decease, Lennox and Richmond, with

* Sir George Rodney appears to have been that Sir George Rodney, of Stoke Rodney, in Somersetshire, who was son of Maurice Rodney, Esq., who died 1588, and great grandson of Sir John Rodney, Knight. In Collinson's History of Somersetshire, iii. 604, it is said that he married, in his father's lifetime, Anne, daughter of Matthew Smith, of Long Ashton, Esq., with whom he had a fortune of 2000*l.*, and from his father a settlement of the Manors of Rodney Stoke, Bäckwell, Dinder, Lamyat, Lovington, Twyverton, Saltford, Wintford, and Hallatrow. But, as he died without issue, the estate devolved on Sir John Rodney, son of George, second son of Sir John Rodney by Anne, daughter of Sir James Crofts. His son and heir, Sir Edward, left a daughter and co-heir, married to Sir Thomas Brydges, of Keinsham. But Sir Edward had a younger brother, George, who married the famous Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, of Cannons, and widow of William Cecil, Lord Roos; which George was a poet, and died 1669, and is supposed to have been great grandfather of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.

The poetical epistle, written with his blood, supposed to have been addressed by Sir George Rodney to the Countess of Hertford, with the Countess's answer, and Sir George's verses to her before he killed himself, are printed in the "Topographer," i. 398—405, from a MS. in the British Museum.

the great title of Duchess, gave period to her honour, which could not arrive at her mind, she having the most glorious and transcendent heights in speculation : for, finding the King a widower, she vowed, after so great a prince as Richmond, never to be blown with kisses, nor eat at the table of a subject ; and this vow must be spread abroad, that the King may take notice of the bravery of her spirit ; but this bait would not catch the old King, so that she missed her aim ; and, to make good her resolution, she speciously observed her vow to the last.

“ When she was Countess of Hertford, and found admirers about her, she would often discourse of her two grandfathers, the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham ; recounting the time since one of her grandfathers did this, the other did that : but if the Earl her husband came in presence, she would quickly desist ; for, when he found her in these exaltations, to take her down he would say, ‘ Frank, Frank, how long is it since thou wert married to Prannel ? ’ which would damp the wings of her spirit, and make her look after her feet, as well as gaudy plumes.

“ One little vanity of this great Duchess, with your patience, may yet crowd in this story. She was a woman greedy of fame, and loved to keep great state with little cost ; for, being much visited by all the great ones, she had a formality of officers and gentlemen that gave attendance, and this advantage—that none ever ate with her ; yet all the tables in the hall were spread, as if there had been meat and men to furnish ; but before eating time the house being voided, the linen returned into their folds again, and all her people grazed on some few dishes. Yet, where her actions came into Fame’s fingering, her gifts were suitable to the greatness of her mind. For the Queen of Bohemia, to the christening of

which child she was a witness, had some taste of them ; and being blown up by admiration for this bounty, either by her own design to magnify her merit, or by others in mockery, to magnify her vanity, huge inventories of massy plate went up and down from hand to hand, that she had given that Queen, and most believed it ; yet they were but paper presents, those inventions had a *non est inventus* at the Hague ; they saw the shell, the inventory, but never found the cornel, the plate. Such difference there is betwixt solid worth and airy paper greatness. And it is hoped, these slight intermixtures will be no great transgression, because long, serious things, do dull the fancy."

There is a print of this lady, copied from that by Pass, in Harding's Biographical Mirror, ii. p. 116 ; and there are portraits of her in Lord Orford's gallery, at Strawberry Hall ; at the Earl of Stamford's, at Dunham Massey ; and a third, in weeds, with the Duke's picture at her breast, at Longleat. The Duchess died in 1639.

THE RAID OF THE CLOUGH.

BEFORE the present extraordinary means of locomotion were invented—when roads were mere lanes and canals were unknown—in many parts of England the lands were much subdivided, and almost every manor had its resident lord, its gabled mansion, and its peculiar rights and customs. Generation passed away after generation, and all was the same. Few changes were made; the great world was at a distance, and each valley formed, as it were, a world within itself, from which the hardy proprietors seldom strayed, living the kings of their own narrow domains, with little inclination to try other scenes, or mingle with other men. But the increase of commerce, the rapid demand for the products of the earth above and below the surface, soon opened veins of communication over the land, and many of the old families of the country were either driven from the homes of their ancestors by the encroachments of trade, or taught to despise them by the acquisition of wealth and influence. The old state of things long survived, however, in those eastern parts of the county of Lancaster, which, bordering on Yorkshire, present a long succession of wild, bleak hills and lovely valleys, stretching for many miles from north to south, till they join the romantic mountains of the Derbyshire Peak. In this district were settled many families dating their

origin from times before the Conquest, and so remote were they from the great political arena, that they were rarely found, except on great occasions, siding very decisively with political parties, or emerging from their retreats in such formidable array as to invite plunder and confiscation. Hence many of those manors descended from father to son for a series of generations, and it was only, as we have before stated, when the mineral treasures of the district were discovered, that some of the old families began to disappear, the estates to be subdivided, and the wild and peculiar features of the country to be lost. Alas! to visit those valleys now, and to hear of what they once were, would draw strongly upon traditional credulity were it not that, favoured spots yet remain, picturesque and romantic beyond description. All the beautiful combinations of wood and water, rock, hill, and dale, are still to be found, but the defiling hand of commerce has, in too many instances, made hideous what was once passing beautiful, and steam-engines, with their lofty chimneys, murky coal-pits, immense factories, and dirty habitations, deform or destroy the ancient character of the country. The extensive forests are no more; the deer and other beasts of chase that inhabited them, and afforded never-failing sport to a hardy and healthy population, are extinct; a squalid-looking race of human beings now throng each black and miserable location; the loyal yeoman of ancient days is now replaced by the pale-visaged Chartist; dissent rears its head where dissent was unknown, and the very wealth of the district has proved its ruin by enriching the few and demoralizing the many. Streams in which Diana and her nymphs might have bathed, now run thick and discoloured, fouled with the scum of dye-houses, and reeking with the boiling refuse of steam-engines and factories. And

such is the sacrifice we offer to the god of this world! Politics, religion, the moral and physical state of the people, the beauties of nature—all must bow to their Mammon. Ancient feelings, manly and loyal, are there only now regarded as *prejudices*; and the traditional lore which once threw a double charm over the beauties of nature, and drew closer the attachment to soil, is, in a great measure, extinct, engulfed in new and more sordid feelings, and thrown by and disregarded in the great struggle for that wealth which is too often wrung from the utter demoralization of the people. Changed, however, as things now are, in no country was tradition, at one period, more fostered than in the district alluded to; and there was scarcely a glen, a brook, an ancient mansion, that had not its appropriate legend, exaggerated, doubtless, but, in many cases, having its foundation in some interesting fact. To one of these, but now almost forgotten, the heading of this article refers, and the scene in which it was transacted, spite of the actual inroads of manufactures, still possesses much of its pristine character and beauty. The simple facts were related in conversation by that accomplished gentleman and learned antiquarian, Dr. Whittaker, of “The Holme,” than whom no one more dearly cherished every relic of antiquity, and every wild legend attached to these, his native hills. The more ancient possessors of the lands may be distinguished as having either given their own names to the manors they possess, or derived their names from them, such as the Townleys, of Townley; the Barcrofts, of Barcroft; the Ormerods, of Ormerod; the Marsdens, of Marsden; the Hopwoods, of Hopwood; the Asheworthes, of Asheworthe; the Bamfords, of Bamford; with many others too numerous to detail: each and all of these deriving their names and possessions from very

remote antiquity, probably long before the Conquest. In some cases the old manor-houses still retain the site of the ancient Saxon fortalice; and, at Townley, it is believed that the original building is at present incorporated with the magnificent mansion which now adorns one of the loveliest vales in the county of Lancaster. Besides these, were many other ancient stocks, derived from remote ages, the properties being, in some cases, still in the possession of their descendants. We may instance the Ashtons, of Middleton; the Towneleys, of Belfield; the Holts, of Stubbyngs, afterwards of Castleton; the Chadwicks, of Hely; the Shuttleworths, of Gawthorpe; the Crossleys, of Scaitcliffe; the Whittakers, of the Holme; and many others; names still known in the district, and the families who bear them, in some few cases, still possessing and residing upon the estates of their forefathers. The "Raid of the Clough," (by which is meant, in the dialect of that country, the inroad of the narrow valley), of the details of which but little is known, is pretty significant of the state of society in earlier times. The feud in question was between the Radclyffes, of the Tower, on the one side, and the Asheworthes and the Bamfords on the other, the estates of the two latter adjoining, and the families being united for many generations by mutual interests and frequent intermarriages.

Catherine Ashton, the fair daughter of Sir Ralph Ashton, of Middleton Hall, and to whose hand John Radclyffe and Robert Asheworthe equally aspired, was the cause of the dispute. With the former this young lady had been educated—for Sir Ralph was his guardian—whereas, on the other hand, she had been rescued from a watery grave by the latter, while accompanying her father on a hunting expedition in the great forest of Pendle. Of this feat Radclyffe was naturally

jealous, and the more so, perhaps, as his rival in love was also his only successful competitor in the vigorous and manly exercises so much affected by the youths of those days. Thus, while the former meditated revenge, the other quietly prepared to resist any aggression by arranging with his dependents and neighbours how to act in case of any outrage; for Radclyffe was richer, more powerful in retainers, and less scrupulous, probably, than his antagonist in the use of means to accomplish his ends. No long time elapsed, fortunately, ere this feud was brought to desirable termination.

The old Hall of Asheworthe, of which a picturesque portion still remains, was situated on a verdant knoll, rising abruptly from near the confluence of two rapid streams, the glens which they watered running on either side up into the hills. The form of the house was quadrangular and gabled, the upper story framed with massive beams of oak, and, rising high from the roof, were many curiously twisted and columnar chimneys. Quaint terraces and formal stews, or fish-ponds, and broad flights of steps with grotesque groups of cut hollies and other evergreens, gave an appropriate character to this ancient edifice; while, sheltering it to the north and east, were many rows of old gigantic yews, which had a curiously sombre effect on the surrounding landscape. At the foot of this knoll, and at the confluence of the two streams we have mentioned, was formerly a thick grove of tall and aged ash trees, in the centre of which was a clear space of half an acre, verdant and level, and affording a favourite resort for the cattle; and, probably, in remoter times, for the numerous herds of deer that frequented the district. It was at this spot, says tradition, that Radclyffe waylaid his rival one summer's evening, and a fierce encounter was the result: but the former, finding that the odds

were against him, signalled a party of his men, who were close by, and who at once rushed forward to the rescue. Young Asheworthe, perceiving his danger, but nothing daunted, retreated rapidly to the rocky margin of the brook, and, scaling a precipice that overhung it, blew with his horn a blast so loud and long, that it awakened all the echoes of the neighbouring cloughs. To this call the hardy inhabitants of the valleys soon responded. The Bamfords, too, joined the fray, and Radclyffe and his men might have rued the issue of their adventure had not a strange occurrence at once separated the combatants, and prevented the further effusion of blood. The young brother of Catherine Ashton had overheard Radclyffe's design, he communicated it to his sister, and she, with a body of her father's retainers, hastened to interpose her good offices between the hostile parties. This, however, was no easy matter to accomplish; till, addressing them both, she declared that the first who struck another blow would be considered by her as the enemy of her father's house. A parley ensued, and it was agreed that the rivals should withdraw, on condition that Catherine would make her election, and the unsuccessful rival should then bind himself, by a solemn oath, to keep the peace hereafter and for ever.

The choice fell, finally, on Robert Asheworthe, and so the tradition ends.

Still flow those streams over their dark, rocky beds; still breaks forth, in bold advance, from the side of the narrow glen, the rock from whence Asheworthe blew his horn; still do the old gables of Bamford Hall rear their peaks above the trees at the southern extremity of the vale, and "the Clough" still retains much of its primitive wildness and seclusion; but the ancient manor-house of the Asheworthes has now lost its former con-

sequence: its halls are dilapidated and deserted; the lineal representatives of the family, though still flourishing, have migrated to a more southern clime; of the gigantic yews but few remain, and the grove of ash has totally disappeared. The tradition itself, which we have so rapidly and carelessly sketched, has almost passed into oblivion; it may, perchance, yet live in the memory of some local antiquary, or of some ancient gossip of the Clough. As a little record, however, introducing other matter, it may not be uninteresting, and it is merely with this view that it has been introduced into our present work.

THE KING OF KIPPEN.

JOHN BUCHANAN, of Auchmar and Arnpryor, was termed King of Kippen, from the following circumstance. James V., a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at Stirling, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Arnpryor's house, with necessaries for the use of the King's family. Buchanan having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load was for his Majesty's use; to which Arnpryor seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable that he

should share with his neighbour king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that way.

The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Arnpryor spoke it, to some of the king's servants, it came at length to the ears of his Majesty, who, shortly afterwards, with a few attendants, went to visit his neighbour king, who was in the meantime at dinner. King James having sent a servant to demand access, was denied the same by a tall fellow, with a battle-axe, who stood porter at the gate, saying, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the King, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His Majesty, finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master, that the "Good Man of Ballageigh" desired to speak with the King of Kippen.

The porter telling Arnpryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the King, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provisions he found carrying on that road as he had occasion for; and, seeing he made the first visit, desired Arnpryor in a few days to return him a second at Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the King, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived.

THE PENDERELLS.

THE following extract from a manuscript tract, formerly in the possession of Anstis, Garter King at Arms, makes interesting reference to the escape of Charles II., after Worcester's fatal battle :—

“ ‘The simple rustic, who serves his sovereign in the time of need to the utmost extent of his ability, is as deserving of our commendation, as the victorious leader of thousands,’—was a saying of King Charles II. to Richard Penderell, at the time when he was introduced to his Majesty after the Restoration. ‘Friend Richard,’ rejoined the King, ‘I am glad to see thee; thou wert my preserver and conductor—the bright star that showed me to my Bethlehem, for which kindness I will engrave thy memory on the tablet of a grateful heart.’ Then turning to the lords about him, the King said, ‘My lords, I pray you, respect this good man, for my sake.’ After this kind treatment, becoming his Majesty’s greatness, he very merrily said, ‘Master Richard, be bold, and tell these lords what passed amongst us, when I quitted the oak at Boscobel, to reach the pit Leasow.’ ‘Your Majesty must well remember,’ replied Richard, ‘that night, when brother Humphry brought his old mill-horse from White Ladies, not accoutred with kingly gear, but with a pitiful old saddle, and a worse bridle; not attended with royal guards, but with half-a-dozen

raw and undisciplined rustics, who had little else but good will to defend your Majesty with. It was then your Majesty mounted, and as we journeyed towards Moseley,* you did most heartily complain of the jade you rode on, and said it was the dullest creature you ever met with; to which my brother Humphry replied, ‘My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?’ At which your Majesty grew somewhat lighter, and commended brother Humphry’s wit.’ In like manner, did this poor peasant entertain Charles and his courtiers, until his Majesty thought proper to dismiss him, but not without settling a sufficient pension on him for life, on which he lived, in the vicinity of the court, until the 8th of February, 1671 (twenty years after the fatal battle of Worcester), when he died, much lamented by his Majesty, and other great personages, whom he had protected from savage barbarity, and fanatical persecution. His Royal Master, to perpetuate the memory of this faithful man, out of his princely munificence, caused a fair monument to be raised over him in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, near about the east end of the church.”

The Penderells were small farmers, holding under the great family of Giffard, of Chillington; and in their preservation of the King, their fidelity—so strong, indeed, as almost to have become a proverb—was rather towards their beloved chief the Giffard, than the Stuart.

* Moseley was the seat of Thomas Whitgreave, Esq., a gentleman of devoted loyalty, to whom the King was deeply indebted for his preservation. After the Restoration, Mr. Whitgreave received a patent of an annuity of 200*l.*; and his descendant, the present representative of the ancient family of Whitgreave, GEORGE THOMAS WHITGREAVE, Esq., of Moseley Court, has been granted an honourable augmentation to his arms, in consideration of his ancestor’s eminent services.

They were dependents and followers of the former ; and at the bidding of their liege lord, would have secreted, and guarded, and guided old Noll himself, with as much courage, perseverance, and zeal, as they showed to the worn and wearied monarch. At the time of Charles's escape, there were six brothers of the Penderells. Of these, Richard, styled in consequence, "Trusty Dick Penderell," had the honour of being the King's preserver. The first night after his Majesty's flight from Worcester, the royal wanderer took shelter at White Ladies, a house rented by the Penderells of the Giffards, about twenty miles distant from the field of battle. Here Charles rested till daybreak, when, having put on a leathern doublet and a green jerkin, and having cut his hair close, he accompanied Richard Penderell to a wood in the vicinity, where he remained without food or drink the whole day, and afterwards returned to another house belonging to William Penderell, whence he proceeded to Boscobel forest, so celebrated for his Majesty's preservation in the oak.

After the Restoration, a pension of £100 a year was settled on the Penderells, and remains, we believe, regularly paid to the present time.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

Now with a vestal lustre glows the vale,
 Thine, sacred Friendship, permanent as pure ;
 In vain the stern authorities assail,
 In vain Persuasion spreads her silken lure :
 High born, and high endowed, the peerless twain
 Pant for coy Nature's charms, 'mid silent dale and plain.

Through Eleanora, and her Sarah's mind,
 Early true genius, taste, and fancy flow'd,
 Through all the graceful arts their powers combined,
 And her last polish brilliant life bestow'd,
 The lavish promises in Youth's soft morn,
 Pride, pomp, love, and their friends, the sweet enthusiasts scorn.

THE celebrity of the Miss Gunnings, whom we have in a former page described, was achieved in the circle of fashion ; the ladies of Llangollen became, in their day, no less remarkable ; but their sphere was a remote vale in Wales, and their course of life one of secluded contentment. Heedless of the gay prospect that shone so brilliantly before them, reckless of its allurements, and wisely preferring the calm joys of retirement, the devoted friends, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, took up their abode in the Vale of Llangollen, and there passed the even tenour of their lives. Lady Eleanor was sister of John, Earl of Ormonde ; and Miss Ponsonby, daughter of Chambre Brabazon Ponsonby, Esq., grand-

son of the first Lord Bessborough. Their ages and tastes coincided; they were from childhood attached companions, and both loved the quietude and occupations of the country. It was about the year 1779, when the elder had scarcely passed her twenty-second year, that they first planned their romantic seclusion, and first made an effort to accomplish their object. On that occasion, however, the influence of their relations diverted them from their scheme, and restored them to their respective homes. Yet still the prospect remained the one cherished hope of their hearts; the society in which they moved had no attraction for them; a country valley, secluded from the cares and turmoil of the world, seemed, to their fanciful imaginations, the only scene of true happiness:—

To them the deep recess of dusky groves
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Were luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast.

Many and brilliant were the offers of marriage which the daughter of the House of Ormonde received and rejected. Her thoughts seemed ever bent on the realization of the rural felicity her mind had pictured. At length, the enthusiastic friends matured their plans, and suddenly disappeared from their family mansions, taking with them a small sum of money. The place of their retreat, in the lovely Vale of Llangollen, they communicated to a female servant only, and for many years they remained unknown to their neighbours by any other appellation than that of “The Ladies of the Vale.” Thus secluded full half a century, time glided happily on; they frequently asserted, that though they had not once forsaken their vale for thirty hours successively

since they entered it, yet neither the long summer's day nor winter's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, ever inspired one weary sensation—one wish of returning to that world they had first abandoned in the bloom of youth and pride of beauty. At length, death stole upon them, and their gentle spirits were wafted to that distant country where peace and happiness are everlasting. We annex a very interesting description by Miss Seward, of "the fairy palace" of the Ladies of Llangollen:—

"I resume my pen," says the poetess of Lichfield, "to speak to you of that enchanting unique, in conduct and situation, of which you have heard so much, though, as yet, without distinct description. You will guess that I mean the celebrated ladies of Llangollen Vale, their mansion, and their bowers.

"By their own invitation, I drank tea with them thrice during the nine days of my visit to Dinbren; and, by their kind introduction, partook of a rural dinner, given by their friend, Mrs. Ormsby, amid the ruins of Valle-crucis, an ancient abbey, distant a mile and a half from their villa. Our party was large enough to fill three chaises and two phaetons.

"After dinner, our whole party returned to drink tea and coffee in that retreat which breathes all the witchery of genius, taste, and sentiment. You remember Mr. Hayley's poetic compliment to the sweet miniature painter, Miers:

' His magic pencil, in its narrow space,
Pours the full portion of uninjured grace.'

So may it be said of the talents and exertion which converted a cottage, in two acres and a half of turnip ground, to a fairy palace, amid the bowers of Calypso.

“ It consists of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanliness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the finished elegance of the gay, the lightsome little dining-room, as that contrasts the gloomy, yet superior grace of the library, into which it opens.

“ The room is fitted up in the Gothic style, the door and large sash-windows of that form, and the latter of painted glass, ‘shedding the dim, religious light.’ Candles are seldom admitted into this department. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptic arch of the Gothic door. This lantern is of cut glass, variously coloured, enclosing two lamps, with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney-piece, and these supply the place of the here always chastised daylight, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves the thrice lovely solitude.

“ A large Æolian harp is fixed in one of the windows, and when the weather permits them to be opened, it breathes its deep tones to the gale, swelling and softening as that rises and falls.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine,
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn, airs divine,
And let them down again into the soul!

This saloon of the Minervas contains the finest editions, superbly bound, of the best authors, in prose and verse, which the English, Italian, and French languages boast, contained in neat wire cases: over them, the portraits, in miniature, and some in larger ovals, of the favoured

friends of these celebrated votaries to that sentiment which exalted the characters of Theseus and Perithous, of David and Jonathan.

“ Between the picture of Lady Bradford and the chimney-piece, hangs a beautiful entablature, presented to the ladies of Llangollen Vale, by Madame Sillery, late Madame Genlis. It has convex miniatures of herself and of her pupil Pamela; between them, pyramidally placed, a garland of flowers, copied from a nosegay gathered by Lady Eleanor, in her bowers, and presented to Madame Sillery.

“ The kitchen-garden is neatness itself. Neither there, nor in the whole precincts, can a single weed be discovered. The fruit-trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce; the garden-house and its implements arranged in the exactest order.

“ Nor is the dairy-house, for one cow, the least curiously elegant object of this magic domain. A short, steep declivity, shadowed over with tall shrubs, conducts us to the cool and clean repository. The white and shining utensils that contain the milk, and cream, and butter, are pure ‘as snows thrice bolted in the northern blast.’ In the midst, a little machine, answering the purpose of a churn, enables the ladies to manufacture half a pound of butter for their own breakfast, with an apparatus which finishes the whole process without manual operation.

“ The wavy and shaded gravel walk which encircles this Elysium is enriched with various shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and everything in grace and beauty, and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it, we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep, hollow glen. In its tangled bottom, a frothing brook leaps and clamours

over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies the knoll, and a semilunar seat beneath its boughs admits four people. A board nailed to the elm has this inscription—

O cara Selva ! e Fiumicello amato !

“ It has a fine effect to enter the little Gothic library, as I first entered it, at the dusk hour. The prismatic lantern diffused a light gloomily glaring. It was assisted by the paler flames of the petit lamps on the chimney-piece, while, through the opened windows, we had a darkling view of the lawn on which they look, the concave shrubbery of tall cypress, yews, laurels, and lilacs ; of the woody amphitheatre on the opposite hill, that seems to rise immediately behind the shrubbery ; and of the grey barren mountain, which, then just visible, forms the back-ground. The evening star had risen above the mountain ; the airy harp loudly rung to the breeze, and completed the magic of the scene.

“ You will expect that I say something of the enchantresses themselves, beneath whose plastic wand these peculiar graces arose. Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the *embonpoint* as to plumpness ; her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable ; enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless in her fund of historic and traditionary knowledge, and of everything passing in the present eventful period. She has uncommon strength and fidelity of memory ; and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, is very awakened, and she expresses all she feels with an ingenious ardour at which the cold-spirited beings stare. I am informed that both these ladies read and speak

most of the modern languages. Of the Italian poets, especially of Dante, they are warm admirers.

“ Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner:—

Her voice, like lovers watch'd, is kind and low.

A face rather long than round, a complexion clear, but without bloom, with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We see, through their veil of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor, exist, with equal powers, in this her charming friend.

“ Such are these extraordinary women, who, in the bosom of their deep retirement, are sought by the first characters of the age, both as to rank and talents. To preserve that retirement from too frequent invasion, they are obliged to be somewhat coy as to accessibility.”

LADY HOLLAND AND THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE late Lord Holland strenuously resisted the bill passed for the detention of Napoleon; and, until death released the prisoner, he never ceased to deprecate what he deemed the unwarrantable conduct of the British government and its agents towards the fallen chief. While his lordship was vehemently denouncing in the senate the pettiness of the treatment to which the ex-Emperor was doomed, Lady Holland was silently occupying herself in ministering to his relief. Books, journals, and many other of those apparently trifling articles of domestic comfort were unsparingly forwarded by her ladyship to St. Helena. Nor was ingratitude in this instance to be registered amongst the many sins which have been attributed by his adversaries to the Imperial exile. The magnificent box, with the invaluable antique gem which enriched its lid, that Pius VI. consigned to the victor's possession on the signing of the treaty of Tolentino, was by him, under the happier influence of grateful feeling, again conveyed, with this inscription in his own hand-writing:

L'Empereur Napoleon à Lady
Holland, temoignage de
Satisfaction, et d'estime.

ord Holland illustrated the memorial in the following Latin and English verses :

Hanc iterum egregiæ pietatis præmia gemmam,
Victori intacta misit ab urbe Pius ;
Hanc tibi dat meritam Dux, excaptus, et exsul,
Quod sola es casus ausa levare suos.

This gem, twice destined to reward
The deeds of generous pity,
Braschi gave him whose conquering sword
Spared Rome's imperial city.

He exiled, fallen, the prey, the jest
Of mean unmanly foes,
Grants it to you, oh ! just bequest,
Who felt and soothed his woes.

THE GENTLE LOCHIEL.

Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.

AT the time of Queen Anne's death, the aristocracy of England, who have at all times virtually been its rulers, were divided into two parties—the one bent upon bringing back the Stuarts and high-church principles, while the other was no less determined to exclude the old dynasty. So far as the nobles themselves were concerned, the two factions were pretty equal in wealth and numbers, or, if anything, the Jacobites had the advantage, but this was more than made up to the Whigs, by the mass of the people throwing themselves into their side of the scales, and thus giving them an overwhelming preponderance. It was not that the English nation had, or could have, any personal regard for George I., a foreign prince, who could not even speak a syllable of their language, but he was a Protestant, and Protestantism was supposed to be a natural adjunct of political freedom, while the Catholic faith was by the many considered as being incompatible with the liberty of the subject. True it was, that such had been the religion of their forefathers, and equally true was it, that high and low

were then, as now, always ready to vouch for the wisdom of the olden times; but in this special instance their wisdom, it would seem, had been no better than folly, and was therefore not only to be eschewed, but to be put down at whatever expense of blood or treasure.

Aided by this popular feeling, the Whigs, upon the death of Queen Anne, baffled all the efforts of James to regain his lost throne, and brought over George I. in triumph from Hanover, stoutly maintaining all the while the somewhat inconsistent maxim, that the king could do no wrong. The defeated faction, however, were by no means disposed to submit in quietness to the domination of their successful rivals. In this point the High-churchmen made common cause with the English Roman-catholics; yet even their zeal, when at its utmost, fell infinitely below that of the Highland chiefs and their clans, to whom strife and bloodshed seemed to be the natural state of things, and who, if not in arms against the government, would most assuredly have been fighting with each other. They had, moreover, the same wild ideas of fidelity to the sovereign that their clans evinced towards themselves, besides which they were yet further blinded by some fanciful notions of again erecting Scotland into an independent kingdom, of which James was to be the ruler. The wisdom of their conduct in thus wrapping the whole nation in fear and bloodshed, for a scheme so hopeless, may indeed be doubted; but unless morality be merely conventional, meaning one thing to-day and another to-morrow, it is impossible to deny them the praise of loyalty to their king, and fidelity to their religion. The question assumes a very different shape when we come to consider, as we must presently, the conduct of the exile, who prompted them to such undertakings.

Amongst these untameable adherents of James Stuart,

none held a more distinguished position than the Camerons of Lochiel. At the date of our present narrative, their chieftain, John Cameron, was an exile in France, whither he had fled for refuge on the disbanding of the Jacobite army, a short time after the battle of Sherriff Muir. With a prudent regard to the chance of forfeiture, not uncommon among the Highland chiefs, he had made over the guidance of his estate, ere he went out, to his son, Donald—the “Gentle Lochiel,” as he was afterwards called—and thus escaped one of the penalties of unsuccessful rebellion, in not entailing utter ruin upon his descendants, which must have been the case but for this precaution. Donald therefore became virtually, though not in name, the head of his clan while his father yet lived, and being equally moderate and sagacious, and one who, “if he loved his king well, loved his country still better,” there seemed a fair chance of his not involving the clan by any ill-timed outbreak in favour of the Stuarts. This was now the rather to be expected, as he had reached the middle period of life, a time when the reign of the passions usually ceases, and that of reason begins; he was moreover a happy husband, having been married some years before to a daughter of Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was said to be full worthy of his affection. In addition to this, superstition—and what Highlander was ever insensible to superstition?—held out every inducement to him to remain quiet. There was an ancient prophecy, that no Lochiel, who was fair, could ever prosper; and, as Donald laboured under this misfortune, after a long succession of dark complexioned ancestors, it was clearly the wisest thing he could do not to tempt fortune, as she had thus pronounced against him beforehand.

Weighty as were these considerations, they were in

some measure counterbalanced by others of scarcely less importance. It was a favourite notion with his clan, as indeed it was of all Highlanders, that the whole of Scotland was their lawful inheritance, of which they had been despoiled by a medley of Danes, Saxons, Normans, and English; hence they argued that any deeds of violence they might commit upon the actual holders of the land, were no more than a well deserved smiting of the Philistines, a just retaliation upon the robbers who had possessed themselves of their country by fraud and force, and who, but for such interruptions, would come, at last, to think it really was their own. According to this creed, whatever they could snatch from the Lowlands was, in truth, no more than a compulsory restitution, and any opportunity of obtaining such upon a larger scale than usual, was a thing to be desired. It required all the influence of Donald with his clan to keep turbulent spirits of this kind within the necessary limits; even the usual authority of a chieftain, great as it was, might have failed to do so, had he been less gifted than he appears to have been with the qualities that fit a man for the command of his fellow creatures; but with these he was pre-eminently endowed; his education abroad had made him better acquainted with men and manners than was the case with many of the Highland chieftains, and being possessed of superior intelligence, in addition to the more common qualities of courage and daring, he came to be idolized by all around him as the good and great Lochiel.

A yet more dangerous temptation for Donald than the wishes of his clan was to be found in the favour of the royal exile, and the constant exhortations of his own uncle, Allan Cameron, who attended the Chevalier during his residence at Albano. Still, for years, his prudence overmatched any natural longings he might

have to raise once more the banner of the Stuarts, it appearing to him utterly useless to renew the strife, unless strongly supported by the French government. Thus, although, in 1740, he was one of the seven who signed the offer of their services, conveyed to Rome by Drummond, of Bochaldy, yet, when the French court drew back, as it did after the disaster of Dunkirk, he united with those who sent over Murray to persuade Charles into abandoning his attempt upon England, till a more favourable opportunity. Unwelcome as this advice sounded to the Prince's ear, he had no choice but to follow it, since those who gave the counsel had the means, as it seemed they did not want the will, of making non-compliance with it fatal.

Four years and upwards passed in this state of enforced quiet, when, in 1745, the Prince's weariness of exile and desire to recover a throne, overcame all prudent considerations, either for himself, or for those faithful adherents, who, if the attempt failed, must forfeit their estates, and become houseless wanderers, even supposing they had the good fortune to save their lives. Again, in the intense spirit of selfishness—we are not here arguing the question of right—Charles Edward landed in Scotland, with the avowed intention of plunging the land into all the horrors of civil war, and exposing his best and dearest friends to the most fearful hazards, for the mere chance of placing his family upon a throne. The chivalry of the attempt has found many admirers—but what courage on the part of the individual can make amends for the misery of thousands? On the present occasion, moreover, the reckless selfishness of the adventurer was rendered yet more striking by the reluctance of all he summoned to embark in so hopeless an undertaking; it was only by playing upon their prejudices and feelings that he could persuade any

of the Highland chiefs to join in an enterprise which every man of common sense knew beforehand must be fatal.

It could hardly be supposed that such a step would be taken without one so trusted as Lochiel having early intimation of it; and yet few could have been more grieved, and even surprised, than he was, on receiving a letter from Charles, written at Borodale, in which the Prince announced his landing, and desired the immediate attendance of his faithful adherent. At the moment when this note arrived, Lochiel's second brother, the unfortunate Dr. Cameron, happened to be with him, and upon hearing the contents, strongly dissuaded him from visiting Charles in person, unless he had finally resolved to take up arms for the restoration of the Stuarts.

"Were the thing probable, or even possible," replied Donald, "no one would be more ready than myself to peril all for the cause of our unhappy Sovereign; but coming, as he now does, without any aid in men, money, or arms, from abroad, the attempt could only end in utter ruin to all concerned."

"If that be your opinion," said the Doctor, "and I must frankly own it is mine also, you had better let me take your answer, and abide where you are."

"Why so?" exclaimed Lochiel.

"Simply because, if you trust yourself with the Prince, he will make you adopt any course he pleases, and I am not made of such pliable materials."

"If you do not compliment *me*, you are at least willing to do full credit to *yourself*," replied Lochiel.

"There is neither compliment nor credit intended in either case," said the Doctor. "It is your heart, not your head, I distrust, and *that* only where the Prince is concerned."

After some further dispute on this topic, the chief at length consented that his brother should take a letter from him to Charles, stating how utterly hopeless he deemed any enterprise must be, under existing circumstances, upon the throne of England. But the Prince was not so easily to be driven from his purposes; arguing, much as the Doctor had done, upon the probable results of a personal interview, he sent a second message to Lochiel, by Macdonald, of Scothouse, commanding, as a prince, and entreating, as a friend, his immediate attendance. To a request so worded the chief felt there could be no fitting reply except by prompt obedience, and forthwith he set out for Borodale, with a mind resolved, as he imagined, not to take up arms, on any persuasion, as things then stood. On his way, it chanced that he called at the house of his younger brother, John Cameron, of Fassefern, who, in ignorance of all that had occurred, demanded what brought him from home at so early an hour. Upon being told that Charles Edward had come, and earnestly desired an interview with Lochiel, he saw the whole affair precisely in the same light the Doctor had done, and would even then have persuaded him to turn back.

"Archibald is right," he said; "if once the Prince sets eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases; and what may please him in this instance may—nay, must be—ruin to yourself and your whole clan."

"It is strange," replied Lochiel, "that both you and Archibald should esteem so lightly of me; you seem to think that I am no better than the thistle-down, which every gust blows about as it chooses."

"Not so, Donald; I would rather liken you to the good knight, who, as minstrels tell us, had but one vulnerable part in all his body; with him, if I recollect

aright, it was the heel; with you it is something less substantial—your loyalty.”

“Not a jot less substantial,” retorted Donald, and both cheek and eye began to kindle; “it is as much a part of me as the arm of my body—nay, more so—for the arm might be cut off, and Lochiel would still, in the eyes of all men, be the same that he is now; but, take from him his loyalty, and what would he then be?”

It seldom happens that argument produces any other effect upon a man than to confirm him in his notions, just as the wind in the fable only made the traveller hold the faster by his cloak the more it endeavoured to tear it from him. The present instance proved no exception to a rule so general; neither convinced nor convincing, Donald Cameron hastened from his brother to seek the Prince, by whom he was received with all the cordiality of an old and dear friend. In part, this might be the expression of a genuine feeling, for well had the Camerons deserved of the exile family, but, no doubt, something also was assumed for the purpose of winning over so important an ally. It was generally understood at the time, and Charles was quite aware of it, that not one of the various clans would rise till Lochiel set them example.

After the first warm greetings were past, the Prince began by saying that he had been induced by the promises of his faithful friends—himself among the number—to leave the ease and security of foreign courts for the perils of civil warfare. “And, my dear Lochiel,” he added, in conclusion, “I would not have you think that I have been influenced solely by the desire to gain my own rights, or to avenge my own wrongs; not the least of the incentives to this enterprise has been the hope that my success might serve those true friends who

have suffered so much in the cause of loyalty and true religion."

The manner in which Charles uttered these words was still more insinuating than the words themselves, and it was with considerable hesitation that Lochie. ventured to remind him that the promises of the clans had been conditional upon his bringing over certain aids in men, arms, and money from the French Court. These stipulations had not been fulfilled, and hence it was the general opinion of the best and wisest friends of the Stuarts that the Prince should return without delay to the Continent, and reserve both himself and his friends for a more favourable opportunity.

Charles had listened with much impatience to representations so subversive of all his projects, and scarcely gave the chieftain time to finish before he broke in with the indignant exclamation—"A more favourable opportunity! And when may we hope for one more favourable than that which now offers itself? The British troops are, for the most part, abroad, whence they are not likely to return in a hurry, while they have such an enemy to deal with as Marshal Saxe; I will answer for his giving them little leisure to think of what is passing here; and as to the regiments now in Scotland, they are weak in numbers, and still weaker from their material, being newly-raised levies, that would not stand for a single hour against my brave Highlanders. The first advantage gained—and who doubts of our gaining it, if we are only true to ourselves?—would be the signal for a general rising of those friends who now hold back from fear, or prudence—call it what you will;—but the cry of victory would be a tocsin-bell to rouse half England—ay, and its sound would not fail of being heard at Paris."

Though considerably shaken by these specious argu-

ments, Lochiel still remained true to his first resolves, and endeavoured by every means in his power to persuade the Prince to see the matter in the same light that he did. But Charles had his full share of the family obstinacy, which neither reason nor experience had been able to subdue, even at the most important moments. All that could be urged in opposition to his wishes was perfectly unavailing; and the firmness of the chieftain only made him change the mode of his attack.

“And is this,” he exclaimed, “the counsel of the high-spirited Cameron?—of him, who, my royal father always told me, was the truest and most devoted of his subjects? Others, he would often say, may fail you in the hour of need, but Lochiel never; his faith is as bright as his own claymore, and as little to be shaken as his native rocks. But be it so. And now, mark my answer: I will not return to France; be the friends who adhere to their Prince few or many, with them will I raise King James’s standard, and proclaim, sword in hand, to all Britain, that Charles Stuart is come to claim the throne of his ancestors. Lochiel, if he pleases, may sit at home in safety, and learn the news of his Prince’s triumph, or—what is more probable, thus abandoned—of his defeat and death, from some wandering packman. If the line which records Lochiel’s desertion should not read well on his epitaph, it will, at least, defer the necessity for such a memorial; and there are many who think, that life without fame is better than fame without life.”

Donald coloured up to the brows at this taunt, and compressed his lips firmly, as one who feared to trust himself with a reply. The Prince, seeing that he had gone quite as far as prudence warranted, dexterously changed his tone to one of the greatest cordiality and

frankness, as if he repented the having been led away by a momentary impulse.

“Come, come, my good Lochiel,” he said; “let us not be angry with each other because we cannot agree upon a point that, after all, may be more doubtful than I, with my enthusiastic feelings, could imagine. Or, if we must dispute, let it be in private; for no one should be able to say he had witnessed anything save kindness between a Cameron and Charles Edward. Oblige me by retiring for a few moments with me into the next room.”

Heartily did Lochiel now regret that he had not followed the counsel of his brothers; but he had gone too far to recede, and could not well do otherwise than comply with the Prince’s request, though he already began to doubt the continuance of his own resolution.

After the lapse of nearly an hour, Charles and Lochiel returned, the face of the former radiant with smiles of triumph, while the latter looked dispirited, and by no means satisfied either with himself or others.

“Gentlemen,” said the Prince, addressing those who had been anxiously waiting for the result of their long conference, “I am happy to inform you, that our good friend, Lochiel, has yielded to my solicitations, and will join us in our gallant enterprise. Let this be made known to our Highland adherents without delay; such good news cannot be too soon, or too generally spread among them.”

This declaration was a matter of surprise to all, and it may be of regret to some who would gladly have found, in Lochiel’s continued refusal to join the cause, a sufficient excuse for their own withdrawing from so perilous an enterprise. It even led to reports that were not very favourable to the chieftain’s character, for it was said at the time, and has been believed by many in our day,

that he was only prevailed upon to embark in the affair by Charles giving him security for the full value of his estate, in the event of failure. As an apology for this self-seeking it has been pleaded—first, that he did but hold the property for his father, who was yet living, though in exile; and, secondly, that he did no more than was done by another chief, Cluny Macpherson, junior, who in like manner stipulated that he should be guaranteed from loss, before he would raise his vassals. To these apologies it would be quite sufficient if we replied, that what is essentially mean in itself cannot be ennobled by the example of others, and that, in point of fact, the estate was as much his own as if the exile had been numbered with the dead. But there is no need either of excuse or refutation—the tale carries with it its own conviction, though resting on what might otherwise seem good authority, the assertion—namely, of Alexander, the younger of Glengarry, and the word of the Viscountess Dowager of Strathallan. Where was the fugitive, Charles Edward, who himself lived upon the hardly-extracted bounty of foreign courts, to find an indemnification for the yearly loss of thousands?

Lochiel now returned to Achnacarry, to make the requisite preparations for the intended rising, sorrow at his heart, but with a full determination of doing his best for the cause in which he had so unwittingly embarked. Through these details it would be useless to follow him, since in the present day they would have little interest for any one, and we rather come at once to the moment when the chieftain, at the head of seven hundred gallant and well-armed clansmen, marched to join Charles in the vale of Glenfinnan. Welcome as his appearance would have been to the Prince under any circumstances—for he had already been expecting him during the

last two hours—it was now doubly welcome, bringing, as he did, the fruits of past victory, and the omens of future triumph. A party of Camerons, assisted by the Macdonalds of Keppoch, had opened the war by a successful attack upon Captain John Scott, at High Bridge, eight miles from Fort William, and the prisoners taken in that affair had been delivered over to Lochiel, and were now marching, unarmed, in his ranks. Here, too, they were joined by his kinswoman, the celebrated Jenny Cameron, daughter of Cameron of Glendessery, who, however, had few of those qualities which a romancer would choose for his heroines, being a widow, at least forty years old, according to the most favourable accounts, and close upon fifty if less friendly chroniclers were to be believed. Still more strange will it sound to English ears, that her father, although thus highly allied, and possessed of an estate worth a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, had been a cattle-dealer; but the occupation conveyed nothing derogatory to the mind of a Highlander, and was often resorted to by men of the best families, when their income proved unequal to their necessities. Upon his death the estate devolved upon a grandson, and, the young man being of weak intellect, the care both of himself and of his land fell to Jenny Cameron. Hence it was that she now appeared in the field for Charles, as the representative of her nephew, and brought with her two hundred and fifty of his clansmen, well armed and drilled for the occasion. The costume of the lady was as little in accordance with the modern notion upon such a subject as her present warlike occupation, being a sea-green riding-habit, with a red lappet, laced with gold; in her velvet cap she wore a scarlet feather; her jet-black hair was tied behind in loose curls; for a whip she carried a naked sword; and, to complete all, she was mounted on a bay gelding,

trapped with green furniture, that, like her habit, was richly embroidered with gold. Some of her biographers have described her as having a pleasant countenance, fine eyes, and a handsome figure, though these are rather unusual accompaniments for the ripe age of fifty.

Charles rode out of the lines to welcome this Highland Amazon, and conducted her to a tent with much ceremony. But it seems that her appearance had been intended more for show than for any actual service, for she left the camp the moment the rough game of war began in reality. And this was soon the case. In two days the Jacobites left Glenfinnan, to commence the siege of Edinburgh, which might have resisted them long enough to endanger their whole enterprise, had it not been surprised, and without bloodshed, by a simple stratagem of Lochiel's. The Town Council, anxious to gain time to collect their wits and look about them, had sent forth a deputation to wait upon Lord George Murray, then at Gray's Mill, for the purpose of soliciting his kind offices with the Prince, in order that they might obtain a brief respite from the visitation of shells and balls, with which their good city had been threatened. Unfortunately for their mission, these worthy deputies, being either unused to exercise on horseback, or for the sake of greater dignity, chose to ride in a hackney-coach, a lumbering vehicle, which required the Netherbow port to be opened quite wide to allow of its exit. Through this gate, then, the ponderous machine rolled at a pace suited to its own weight and size, as well as the habits of its inmates, not one of whom seemed to be troubled with the slightest suspicion that the same opening which let them out might let others in. Lochiel and his Highlanders were more alert. They quietly but rapidly found their way into the city before there was time to close the gates, and thus Edinburgh was won by the

Jacobites almost without a blow. For this feat of arms the chieftain was rewarded with the government of the city as long as the Prince remained there, an office which he is allowed by all to have discharged to the satisfaction of both parties.

The star of Charles Edward was now at its zenith. For the first time after the lapse of so many years the Scottish capital again witnessed the splendours of a court, which was crowded from morning till night by a gay and numerous resort; some brought thither by duty, and more, perhaps, attracted by the novelty of the scene, and a wish to share in such unusual festivities. Nor was there any want of the fairer and gentler part of the creation to temper by their graces the brilliance of this half court-like, half military array; some of the noblest of the Highland ladies flocked to the spot to see the Prince, whom they idolized as the descendant of their ancient kings, and to join once again their fathers, brothers, and husbands, ere they went forth to a battle, whence it was quite certain that many of them would never return. To the excitement of the day succeeded the revels of the evening, when balls, and parties of various kinds, were given with all the splendour the Scottish capital could supply; so that in this case, peace and war, the lamb and the lion, might in truth be said to be lying down together.

At length, the trumpet called the revellers to a rougher kind of sport. The battles of Falkirk and Preston Pans were fought and won, Lochiel having been slightly wounded in the first of these combats. Other skirmishes, of more or less importance, followed; till at length, the eventful day drew nigh, when the battle of Culloden was to decide which of the two claimants should sit upon the throne of Great Britain. But we

are somewhat anticipating events, and must for a little while retrace our steps.

On the eve of the great day, Lochiel, who had been sent with General Stapleton to besiege Fort William, rejoined the Prince's army, which he found encamped among the furze and trees of Culloden Wood, for the luxury of a tent was a thing unknown to the Highlanders. Their young leader, however, was accommodated in a way more suited to his habits, beneath the roof of Culloden House, where, for the last time in his eventful career, he might with reason indulge in visions of triumph and sovereign power, though on the eve of being crushed beyond all chance of repetition.

At an early hour the next morning, his whole force was arrayed on Drumossie Moor, in expectation of the enemy, under the Duke of Cumberland. But mid-day came, and, there being still no appearance of the tardy adversary, Charles proposed to his generals that they should march at once, and instead of waiting for the attack, fall upon the Duke that very evening—a bold suggestion, which might, perhaps, have given another religion and another dynasty to Great Britain. It has, however, been often remarked, that, where many sit in council, it is not the boldest measures that find the readiest acceptance. Neither Lord George Murray nor Lochiel approved of this plan, the latter giving as a reason for deferring to fight till the next day, that they would, by such time, have a reinforcement of at least fifteen hundred men, and after some argument, this consideration prevailed. The army, in consequence, re-entered their old quarters between five and six o'clock the next morning, fatigued and hungry, and with that want of confidence in themselves which is so frequently the companion of retrograde movements. All

this time, too—so badly were they informed of the enemy's movements—Cumberland was within two hours' march of them, and by eight o'clock the alarm was given at Culloden House that he was actually close at hand with the whole of his army. Upon this intelligence, the Jacobite forces were hastily drawn up in two lines, Lochiel's regiment being placed on the left of the front, next to the Athol brigade, while the troops that were worse armed, or less to be relied upon, were stationed behind. This, which was the usual order of battle amongst the Highlanders, was perfectly well known to the Duke, and he made his preparations accordingly; for, though scarce a match for the French generals, he was a much better tactician than any of those now opposed to him. The directions given in his orderly book, a few months previously, show that he thoroughly understood the enemy he had to deal with.

“The manner of the Highlanders' way of fighting, which there is nothing so easy to resist, if officers and men are not prepossessed with the lies and accounts which are told of them. They commonly form their front rank of what they call their best men, or true Highlanders, the number of which being always but few, when they form in battalions they commonly form four deep, and these Highlanders form the front of the four, the rest being Lowlanders and arrant scum. When these battalions come within a large musket-shot, or threescore yards, this front rank gives their fire, and immediately throws down their firelocks, and come down in a cluster with their swords and targets, making a noise, and endeavouring to pierce the body or battalions before them. Becoming twelve or fourteen deep by the time they come up to the people, they attack. The sure way to demolish them is, at three deep, to fire by ranks diagonally to the centre where

they come, the rear rank first, and even that rank not to fire till they are within ten or twelve paces ; but if the fire is given at a distance, you probably will be broke, for you never get time to load a second cartridge ; and if you give way, you may give your foot for dead, for they, being without a firelock, or any load, no man with his arms, accoutrements, &c., can escape them, and they give no quarter ; but if you will but observe the above directions, they are the most despicable enemy that are."

The attack commenced in the manner here predicted, by the Camerons and four other clans rushing on sword in hand ; but the English, reserving their fire till the assailants were close upon them, then poured it in with such deadly effect, that most of the chieftains were either killed or wounded. Lochiel himself had both his ankles shattered by grape-shot, and was carried off the field by his brothers. Everything seemed to go down before this dreadful fire, and the simple tactics of the Highlanders being thus defeated in the onset, they had no means of recovering themselves. Still they contested the ground for some time with much courage, though with inferior skill, nor was it without considerable loss to themselves that the English finally drove them from the field. One regiment in particular — that called Burrell's regiment — had only two men left standing when the fight was over.

The romance of history, so far, at least, as Lochiel was concerned, now begins ; and a sad history it was for him, poor fellow ! who had played too conspicuous a part to be overlooked in the fearful reckoning that was now exacted by the victors. Mercy was not an attribute of Cumberland's—scarcely, indeed, of the time in which he lived—and so hot was the pursuit, that Lochiel, finding his own lands afforded no safe place of refuge,

caused himself to be carried to the Braes of Bannoch. Here he remained safe indeed, but suffering severely from his wounds, for which he was unable to obtain any medical relief till late in June, when his stanch friend, Clunie Macpherson, brought from Edinburgh Sir Stewart Threipland.

It would have been natural to suppose, that as Donald had entered into the Prince's schemes with reluctance, he should withdraw himself from the farther prosecution of them, now that he found his worst fears realized. The very contrary was the case. Without money—at times, almost without food—and with his wounds yet unhealed, he was earnestly endeavouring to re-knit the broken web of rebellion; while his enemies, foiled in their thirst for personal revenge, by not being able to discover his retreat, let loose their fury upon the poor inhabitants of Lochaber, and destroyed his house at Achnacorrie. Here they chanced to light upon a portrait, which henceforth they adopted as a guide in their pursuit of the original. But either the artist had failed to produce a correct copy of his features, or the soldiers who used it were but indifferent judges of a likeness, for they seized upon Macpherson, of Urie, whom they chanced to fall in with, assuring him, with many oaths, more candid than polite, “that he was Lochiel, and a damned rebel!” To this Urie replied, that he was neither damned, nor a rebel, nor yet Lochiel; and as he failed to convince his captors of their error, they took him before the Duke of Cumberland, at Fort Augustus, when the mistake was discovered. The time, however, that it had lasted, afforded a respite highly favourable to the chief himself. Finding his pursuers so close upon his track, and that Lochaber was no longer a safe retreat for him, he removed to Badenoch, one of the wildest parts of the Highlands, where,

if there was no wood to conceal him, there was yet abundant shelter to be found in the caverns amongst the rocks. He might, indeed, have availed himself of this opportunity to escape to France, and no doubt, as regarded his own safety, it would have been his wisest course ; but so devoted was his loyalty, that he could not find it in his heart to fly the land, while Charles would be still in danger.

For the next three months, his abode was on the top of Ben Alder, a mountain of considerable extent, including, under the same title, a large chase that belonged to Clunie, his cousin-german, the faithful companion of his wanderings. Here he dwelt, in a miserable shieling, at a place called Mellamur, having with him, besides Clunie and his two servants, his own retainer, Allan Cameron, and Macpherson, of Breachachie, a friend to whom he was much attached. For their supply of food they were chiefly indebted to Macpherson, who had married a sister of Clunie ; and if the fare at times proved coarse and scanty, it was a hardship that could be better borne by Highlanders than by most men. A more serious evil was the neighbourhood of a military post, only a few miles off, at Sherowmore, under the command of the Earl of Loudon, the danger from which was much increased by the secret of their retreat being known to so many. The bravest man might be forgiven if, in such a situation, his courage occasionally quailed, and his sleep at night was broken by the shadowy repetition of those terrors which had haunted him through the day.

It was about the last days of July when this state of suspense was suddenly put an end to, by the appearance of a messenger from Cameron of Clunes, with the intelligence that Charles had arrived safe at Lock Arkeg ; soon afterwards the joyful tidings were confirmed by

Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron, who came with a message from the Prince himself, expressing his earnest desire to again embrace his faithful adherents. But how was this to be brought about? The state of Lochiel's wounds, although he was now recovering, made it inexpedient to move him more than was absolutely unavoidable. The fugitives, sitting in council upon this matter, agreed that the best plan would be to request Charles that he should come on to Achnocarrie, where they imagined he would be as safe as in his present place of refuge, while it would bring him within a more reasonable distance of his wounded friend. Upon these arrangements being proposed to the Prince, he gladly acceded to them, bursting out at the same time into the most vehement expression of delight at hearing that Lochiel had even so far recovered. He accordingly crossed Loch Arkeg, taking up his abode in a fir-wood, on the west side of the lake, where it was settled he should be met by Clunie, to whom was committed the trust of his farther guidance. But by some accident the expected visitor did not arrive so soon as he had promised, and the Prince's impatience urged him to set out at once for the Braes of Bannoch, accompanied by five of his most attached followers. Owing to this ill-advised haste they missed each other, for Clunie was already on his way to Loch Arkeg.

The interim was anxiously passed by Lochiel in watching for the return of his friend, and, as he fully hoped, accompanied by Charles Edward. While thus employed, he suddenly became aware of a small party creeping with much caution up the hill, as if for the purpose of surprising them before they could have an opportunity of using their fire-arms. No one doubted for a moment, that it was a detachment of militia sent out to surprise them, and all agreed that it was much

better to die with arms in their hands, than to tamely give themselves up, with the certainty, if they did so, of perishing by the axe of the executioner. Retreat was out of the question for any of the insurgents, even had they been willing to abandon Lochiel, while they sought their own safety. To do them justice, however, such an idea never entered the head of any one of them; they rather turned their thoughts to the best means of defence, and luckily, as they then imagined, found they had twelve muskets and several small pistols, an ample supply of arms for their number, which only amounted to six. These they loaded, placing some in battery as it were, while they held the others ready in their hands for a general discharge, as soon as the enemy should come within such a distance as would make their aim most certain. Not one of the party recognised Charles Edward—for it was the Prince—in the stranger advancing upon them, disguised as he was in a short, brown coat, and altogether different from the gay reveller at Holyrood House, or the brilliant warrior who had led them on at Culloden. Every finger was on the trigger, the moment had just come to fire, and he who had experienced so many hairbreadth escapes from his enemies, both in the field and in his subsequent flight, was on the point of falling by the hands of his friends. But, happily, ere the word, “Fire!” could be given, he was recognised, and the next moment Donald, lame as he was, hurried forward, and was about to throw himself at the feet of Charles, when the latter, as much perhaps out of kindness as from caution, prevented him, exclaiming, “No, no, my dear Lochiel; we cannot tell who may be looking down upon us from the top of yonder hills, and if they see any such motions they will conclude I am here.”

The Prince was now welcomed to the good cheer,

which, in expectation of his coming, had been provided by young Breachachie, who in this case proved so excellent a caterer, that, barring the chances of beheading and hanging, the fugitives were rather to be envied than pitied. Mutton there was in abundance, with good beef sausages made the year before, a well-cured ham, plenty of cheese and butter, minced collops, dressed in a saucepan they always carried about with them, and an anker of whiskey to wash down these savoury viands. Charles himself was delighted at the appearance of a fare which had of late been so unusual with him, and while he partook heartily of it, could not help crying out, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince, indeed. But have you always fared so well here?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lochiel; "for three months since I have been here with my cousin, Clunie, he has provided me so well, that I have had plenty of such as you now see. I thank Heaven that your Highness has been spared to take a part!"

The fugitives, however, were not long allowed by fortune to indulge in so luxurious a state of things. In two days Clunie came back, when it was deemed expedient to remove to a shiel called Wiskchiboa, about two miles deeper in the recesses of Ben Aulder. Even here they did not feel secure beyond the third night, but made a yet further remove to the CAGE, a singular seclusion that had been provided for them by their ever-watchful caterer. We cannot do better than give an account of this place in his own words:—

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Le Hemilichk, still a part of Ben Aulder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the CAGE, in the face of that mountain, was within a small but thick wood. There were first some rows of trees

laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation ; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other, and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth or gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath or birch-twigs up to the top of the CAGE, it being of a round, or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with hay. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the CAGE ; and by chance there happened to be two stones, at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle, looking on, one baking, and another fixing bread and cooking."

In this strange abode, Charles and Lochiel remained for about a week, being frequently visited by the faithful Clunie, who carried his caution to such excess, that he would not trust the secret of their hiding-place to his wife or his nearest friends. Yet the secret so inviolably maintained by this faithful adherent must have been known to many, since in no other way could the fugitives have kept up the constant communication, which they did, with those upon the look-out for the expected French vessels to carry them from Scotland. Several small craft had already at different times touched at the western port of the coast for that purpose, but not being

able to find the wanderers, they hastily retired, in dread of the English cruisers. At length, tidings reached Cameron of Clunes, that l'Heureux and la Princesse de Conti had left St. Malo under the command of Colonel Warren, and had arrived at Lochnarmagh. As good luck would have it, Cameron fell in with a poor woman, who chanced to be acquainted with the secret of the Cage and its inmates, to whom he immediately despatched a message, announcing this opportunity for their escape. The news found them heartily weary of their mountain abode, and, on the 13th of September, the fugitives prepared to quit the country, though not before the Prince had sent round an intimation to such of his friends as he supposed might be in danger, that they were at liberty, if they pleased, to join him.

Borodale, the very place whence Charles had first summoned Lochiel to his standard, was now the spot appointed for embarkation. Resting by day, as a time too dangerous for them to travel in, on the sixth night they reached Borodale, having been joined on the road by Glengary, John Roy Stewart, Dr. Cameron, and some others of the more devoted Jacobites, and on the 20th of September they set sail for Lochmarnagh. But if every heart beat more freely upon finding themselves clear of the land, they soon discovered, to their cost, that they had only exchanged one kind of peril for another. Admiral Lestrock's squadron appeared in sight, and two men-of-war, that outsailed the rest, quickly began to chase them, with a fair chance of cutting off their retreat. Fortune, however, had by this time exhausted her malice; a thick fog came on with a suddenness by no means unusual at sea, and, taking advantage of it to change their course from Morlaix to Nantes, they arrived there happily on the 29th.

It should always be remembered, to the credit of

Charles Edward, that, when safe in France, he did not forget the friend who had suffered so severely in his cause. Anxious to provide for him as well as circumstances would allow, he persuaded the French King to offer him the colonelcy of a regiment, an offer which Lochiel for a long time declined, on the plea that he yet hoped to draw his sword for his own monarch, and, therefore, was unwilling to fetter himself by the obligations of foreign service. His reluctance on this point was, with some difficulty, overruled by the authoritative persuasions of the Prince, and the means of happiness were now within his reach could he have moulded his mind to the form of existing circumstances. He possessed, if not a splendid, yet a sufficient, income, enjoyed the company of an affectionate wife, who had abandoned home and friends to share his blighted fortunes, and had the further consolation of an infant daughter whom he named Donalda. But his thoughts were more busy with what he had lost than with that which still remained to him; his yearning for the land of his fathers grew stronger and stronger every day, and the feeling was rendered yet more intolerable by the distressing tales that were constantly being brought to him from Scotland—tales of friends perishing on the scaffold, of clans plundered, oppressed, and disarmed, and of efforts to denationalize a whole people, by compelling them to lay aside a costume which had descended to them from the Roman ages. If, as a Scotchman, he mourned for Scotland, as a chieftain he was yet more deeply grieved for his own particular clan, which came in for a full share of the evils inflicted upon the country, and only, as his conscience must have told him, now it was too late, because they had submitted to his guidance. Stung almost to madness by these reflections, he was constantly urging the Prince by letters and through

friends to make another trial of his fortunes. But Charles Edward had no longer that spirit of adventure surviving in his bosom that had once made him land alone at Borodale to contend for the crown of England, and was said to be completely under the influence of Mrs. Walkinshaw and her daughter, both of whom were regarded by many as spies of George the First. Ambition had given way in him to an absorbing love of ease and pleasure, and it was likely enough that his feelings prompted him rightly when they led him to decline an enterprise for which, it is probable, he was no longer qualified.

Upon these terms the Prince and his too-faithful adherent parted, never, as it chanced, to meet again. The rest of Lochiel's days were consumed in useless regrets for the past, unalloyed by any hopes from the future, and, in 1760, he died of a broken heart, another sad testimony to the truth of the poet's saying:

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

THE LANDS OF BRAEHEAD.

JAMES V. was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we are told, popularly called the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled "The Gaberlunzie-man," and "We'll gae nae mair a-roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter, perhaps, is the best comic ballad in any language.

An adventure, which had nearly cost James his life, is said to have taken place at the village of Cramond, near Edinburgh, where he had rendered his addresses acceptable to a pretty girl of the lower rank. Four or five persons, whether relations or lovers of his mistress is uncertain, beset the disguised monarch as he returned from his rendezvous. Naturally courageous, and an admirable master of his weapon, the king took his post on the high and narrow bridge over the Almond river, and defended himself bravely with the sword. A pea-

sant, who was threshing in a neighbouring barn, came out upon the noise, and, whether moved by compassion or by natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his flail so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well threshed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing in property the farm of Braehead, upon which he laboured as a bondsman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown; and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and inquire for the Gudeman of Ballanquich, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to *Il Bondocani* of Haroun Alraschid. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be gratified with a crown-charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting an ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands when he should happen to pass the bridge of Cramond. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, the representative of which, William Howison Craufurd, Esq., of Craufurdland, in Ayrshire, still continues to hold the lands under the same tenure.

Another of King James's frolics, which may be appropriately added, is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell, from the Statistical Account:—"Being once benighted when out hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage, in the midst of the moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unex-

pected guest, the gudeman desired the gudewife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest to the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host at parting that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling he would call at the Castle, and inquire for the Gudeman of Ballanquich. Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call at the Castle, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantry, he was thenceforth designated by James with the title of King of the Moors, which name has descended from father to son ever since, and they have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indolence, and great dislike to reform of any kind, although, from the spirited example of his neighbour tenants on the same estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his advantage."

MRS. HOWE AND HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

ABOUT the year 1706, I knew (said Dr. King) one Mr. Howe, a sensible well-natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l.* or 800*l.* per annum; he married a young lady of good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallet, she was agreeable in her person and manners, and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business; the same day at noon his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under the necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she never heard from him or of him. The evening before he returned, while she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favour of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage-walk in St. James's Park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and, laughing, said "You see, brother, old as I am, I have a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting; this surprised all the

company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away! However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage-walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and, after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the time of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. When Howe left his wife, they lived in the house in Jermyn-street, near St. James's Church; he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a-week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig (for he was a fair man), he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence! He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an Act of Parliament, to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. The act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the Votes, in a little coffee-house, near his lodging, which he frequented. Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days

she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. Mrs. Howe, after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family of servants and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn-street, to a small house in Brewer-street, Golden-square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn-chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make an acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him that he usually dined with him twice-a-week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home he would never confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct—apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it.

**DESPERATE DUEL BETWEEN LORD BRUCE AND
SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE, 1613.**

PERHAPS there is not on record any instance of a combat between two individuals, planned with more cold-blooded deliberation, and carried on with more deadly ferocity, than that which took place in 1613, between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce. In one of Steele's periodical papers, are given some interesting particulars of this singular contest, from the pen of the surviving party. The cause of their enmity is not explained, but the narrative is preceded by the annexed correspondence, which led to the fatal meeting.

No. 1.—*To Sir Edward Sackville.*

“ I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises. If you call to memory, when I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country; were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time ;

the place wheresoever I will wait on you. By doing this you will shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

“ ED. BRUCE.”

No. 2.—*To Lord Bruce.*

“ As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make a trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the meantime be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it,

“ ED. SACKVILLE.”

No. 3.—*To Lord Bruce.*

“ I am ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied by a worthy gentleman for my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

“ ED. SACKVILLE.”

“ Tergoso, 10th of August, 1613.”

No. 4.—*To Sir E. Sackville.*

“ I have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

“ ED. BRUCE.”

*Sir Edward Sackville's relation of the Fight betwixt him
and the Lord Bruce.*

“ Worthy Sir,—As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the reports of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the Lord Bruce and myself, which as they are spread here, so may I justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature ; by oath, or by the sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander, and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merit, assure me, you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me, therefore, the right to understand the truth of that, and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons. And, on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The inclosed contains the first citation (No. 1), sent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Derbyshire, at my father-in-law's house ; after it follows my then answer (No. 2), returning him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise (No. 3), being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine, by post from Rotterdam, as soon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, is testified by the last (No. 4), which periods the business till we met at Tergoso in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous ; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an English gentle-

man, for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the state's territories from the archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end, that having ended, he, that could, might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions, being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, my lord (as I conceive, because he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery), had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris, bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind-hand, that a little of my blood would not serve

his turn ; and, therefore, he was resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by, and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour. Hereunto Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life ; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions ; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, that though, to my remembrance, I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and, therefore, unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise,) I requested my second to certify him, I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other some twelve score, about two English miles ; and then, passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my direction, easily became victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted, and there, in a meadow ankle-deep in water, at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other ; having afore commanded our sur-

geons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them, besides, as they respected our favours or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure. We being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and then receiving a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for—honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and, to sight, yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last breathless, yet keeping our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would perform, and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon, which, incontinently levying at his throat, being still master of his, I demanded if he would ask his life or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions, remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate; I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and, drawing through

my sword, repassed it through again, through another place ; when he cried ‘ Oh ! I am slain ! ’ seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back ; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life, but it seems he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholding for it, bravely replying, he scorned it ; which answer of his was so noble and worthy, that I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped. Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of ; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger ; for my lord’s surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord’s sword, and had not mine, with my sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands ; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, ‘ Rascal ! hold thy hand.’ So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely by you in this relation, which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain. And so, &c.

“ Yours,

“ EDWARD SACKVILLE.

“ Louvain, the 8th of Sept. 1618.”

MARY, COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

THE following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1790, aged 76 :—

“ Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1753, by signs ; she lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who, like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of ‘dumbies,’ seized it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.”

She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting.

A CURIOUS STORY OF THE STUARTS.

THE Viscount D'Arlincourt, who not very long since visited Scotland, gives us the following strange and romantic history of the Brothers Stuart, regarded by the descendants of those who fought and fell in the cause of "Prince Charlie," as the grandsons of the young Chevalier.

"I quitted Inverness for the mansion of Colonel Hugh Bailie. Red Castle not only possessed for me the interest of a beautiful situation, but also that of historical recollections. It was the last Scotch castle which obstinately resisted Cromwell. Charles Edward was there a short time before his defeat; the chamber occupied by him has been preserved. I begged permission to sleep there, and found myself within the same walls where the heir of the Scottish kings must once have felt his heart beat with the hope and memory of the past; for he was there surrounded by his faithful Highlanders, and until then fortune had appeared to smile upon him. Alas! Culloden was at hand.

"On joining the breakfast party next morning, my thoughts were engrossed by recollections of 1745. I spoke of the emotions I had felt in Charles Edward's chamber.

"'You are doubtless come hither,' said one of his guests, 'to visit his grandchildren?'

“ ‘ His grandchildren ! ’ I repeated, with an exclamation of surprise.

“ ‘ They live very near here,’ he resumed. ‘ Nothing can be more interesting than their mysterious abode ; it is called Eilan Aigais.’

“ ‘ But,’ said I, ‘ the tomb of Cardinal York, in St. Peter’s, at Rome, bears the celebrated inscription, ‘ Here lies the last of the Stuarts.’

“ ‘ They who commanded the inscription you mention to be placed there had doubtless their own reasons for doing so. But go and see the descendants of Charles Edward ; they are the two handsomest men in this part of the country. Nature has loaded them with her favours. Education, wit, talents—they are deficient in none of them ; they would have been worthy of a throne.’

“ My curiosity was excited. I passed the remainder of the day in making inquiries respecting the brothers Stuart, for whom a general interest is manifested in the north of Scotland, and the following details were related to me :—

“ Charles Edward, it was said, had a son from his marriage with the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany. This fact, which has not been published in history, is contradicted by official statements, but attested by authentic documents ; some of these last I have seen, but I will not venture to speak of them. As to the following details, which have been published in different compilations, I may repeat them without scruple.

“ A Scottish doctor, named Cameron, being at Florence, in Italy, a stranger of high rank sent to him, begging him to visit a noble lady, who was dangerously ill. A promise of secrecy as to what he might see was exacted from him, and his eyes were blindfolded before he was admitted to the presence of her who required

his care. On arriving at the place where he was expected, Dr. Cameron beheld a lady lying on a bed. She had just given birth to a son. A nurse, as well as a priest, had been summoned thither; the portrait of Charles Edward, set round with precious stones, lay on a table; and at the end of the room was the Prince himself.

“ The doctor wrote and signed a detailed statement of the fact. It is affirmed that this declaration is one of the documents in the possession of the brothers Stuart. There still exists a picture painted at the time (I am not authorized to say where it is), which represents Charles Edward in the act of entrusting his son to Admiral Hay, to be brought up in secret at a distance from him. The Admiral is standing on board ship—his wife is on the shore; with one knee bent to the ground, she is receiving the child from the Prince, and the vessel awaits them.

“ But why did Charles Edward and the Countess of Albany so carefully conceal the existence of their son? Why did they confide him to an Admiral of the name of Hay, that he should be brought up away from them? The answer is as follows:—The Prince wished to place his child in safety until he attained his majority; he was convinced that the life of a new heir of the Stuarts would be attempted; moreover, he desired that he should be kept in ignorance of his birth, that his education and early years might not be disturbed by thoughts of the sceptre and the throne; he would not have enlightened him, except favourable circumstances had rendered such a proceeding necessary.

“ But after the death of her husband, why did not the Countess of Albany reveal the secret of the existence of another Stuart? In reply to this, it is stated that the Countess of Albany, the mistress of Alfieri, and

a woman of little principle, had received considerable sums as a reward for her continued silence. There is nothing surprising in this conduct of her, who, after having been the wife of Charles Edward, became the mistress of Alfieri, and ended by contracting a third marriage with a painter of Montpellier, called Fabre.

“The son of Charles Edward, adopted by Admiral Hay, whose name he bore, married, it is said, contrary to the will of his mother; he became the father of two sons, who are the brothers Stuart. He caused them to be brought up in Scotland, and retired himself into Italy, where he still lives in the strictest seclusion. It is pretended, that, bound by a solemn oath, he has forbidden his children ever to reveal their origin, at least, during his life. They, therefore, will neither publish, nor permit to be published, any of their papers or titles; nevertheless, they openly assume their grandfather's name; the eldest signs himself John Sobieski Stuart, and the second, Charles Edward Stuart. The former bears a striking resemblance to Vandyke's portrait of Charles the First, but is much handsomer; the other is the living image of the Pretender. They have in their possession most valuable and remarkable articles; the orders of Charles Edward, his clothes, watch, jewels, hair, flags, arms, and portrait. I was shown the chest where the heir of the Highlanders usually kept his money, his precious stones, and his papers, locked up; this chest, originally a present from Francis I., is admirably carved. It still contains title-deeds.

“Let us conclude with some extracts from an article in the ‘Catholic Magazine.’

“Was Cardinal York really the last of the Stuarts? It is generally maintained that he was; but has the statement been proved? No.

“Numerous testimonies bear witness to the contrary.

The life of Charles Edward, from the time of the battle of Culloden until long after his marriage with the Princess of Stolberg, is little known, and shrouded in mystery. There is no ground for denying the possibility of an heir of the Stuarts being still alive. Prince Charles Edward had a thousand reasons for concealing the existence of a son, particularly that of wishing to secure his life from those who would have had an interest in his death.

“ We have been permitted to glance at a correspondence of the most important and remarkable nature, by which it is proved that Cardinal York was by no means the last descendant of the Stuarts. Direct heirs of Charles Edward still exist.

“ Napoleon, previous to the late disasters of the empire, heard the brothers Stuart spoken of; he wished to see them and attach them to his person; the young Scots fought beneath his colours. One day on the field of battle, Napoleon detached his cross from his button-hole, and gave it himself to John Sobieski. Afterwards, it is said, the titles of which they hold possession were laid before the eyes of Charles X., who was much struck by them. A report spread that he had thoughts of re-establishing the Order of Malta, and that one of them would have been made Grand Master. The brothers Stuart, surnamed the handsome Scots, were received everywhere with great distinction. A number of orders cover the breast of the elder, and in his Scottish costume, adorned with his numerous decorations, and enveloped in mystery, he appears surrounded with a magic charm.

“ What conclusion is to be drawn from all this? I am not called on to decide. I may be asked, ‘ What is your opinion on the subject?’ I shall give no other answer to this question than the sentence which is in-

scribed on the title-page of my book, 'I do not judge, I relate.'

"I had promised myself the pleasure of visiting the Isle of Aigais: a noble lady residing in that part of the country, the mother of Lord Lovat (Mrs. Fraser), came one morning to Red Castle; she was commissioned by Lady Lovat, her daughter-in-law, to invite me to pass some days at Beaufort Castle. She promised to conduct me to the abode of Charles Edward's grandchildren; I accepted her offer eagerly, and we set out.

"There, beneath trees a hundred years old, in a solitude, where one seems transported a thousand leagues from civilization, stands a building, the architecture of which is in the style of the middle ages, with ancient windows and painted glass. This strange hermitage, shaded by firs and oaks, has the pediment of a noble mansion, on which are displayed the arms of the Scottish monarchy. Underneath the escutcheon of Charles Edward is this affecting inscription—'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"The two Stuarts were absent. The wife of the youngest came alone to meet us, and welcome us to her abode. The principal part of the ground-floor of this interesting dwelling was occupied by a long hall, hung round with flags. The walls were covered with trophies; several statues were placed there; and the rays of daylight, which could only penetrate through windows gloomy as those of a cathedral, gleamed in the most fantastic manner amid the banners, ogives, and effigies of this warlike sanctuary. There were collected together all the memorials of Charles Edward; his arms, his banner, his garments, his portrait. I admired his fine and noble countenance, which I then beheld for the first time. A picture painted by John Sobieski

struck me much; its subject was the 'Battle of Culloden.' Charles Edward is represented on a bay horse, bounding across a wide precipice in the midst of a storm cloud. The wind blowing in violent gusts, agitates the white plume of his Highland cap, the symbol of which is a white rose. His plaid is floating around him, his drawn sword in his hand. His features and eyes wear an expression of resolute despair. His Highlanders, half-concealed beneath the clouds of dust and smoke, from whence the shades of the sons of Fingal seem to be rising in tears, stretch out their swords towards him, forming with them a broad shield above his head. A ray of immortal brightness is gleaming over his forehead, from the midst of the standards, the swords and the tempest—he appears radiant amid misfortune.

“The execution of this picture is as fine as the conception. Opposite to it hangs one no less remarkable—'Napoleon at Waterloo.' The Emperor is mounted on a white horse, which is bearing him through the midst of the wind and the storm. Here are blood and rain; there laurels and corpses. Two meteors illumine his path; one in glory—the other a thunderbolt.

“No imagination, however cold it might be, could remain calm and without emotion under the roof of the brothers Stuart. Charles Edward is married; his brother is still single; they never leave each other. Both of them wear habitually the Highland costume; their tartan, like that of their grandfather, is red, with green squares, and the white rose is their symbol. Learned, and endowed with rare talents, they cultivate the arts and literature. Their personal beauty and their distinguished manners are such, that they could not travel through Scotland a few years ago without awakening the enthusiasm of the Highlanders; indeed, there were some who only waited for a word from their mouths to

rise in their favour, and claim the crown for them once more. But the Stuarts, simple in their tastes, quiet in their habits, and rejecting every ambitious thought, have adopted the sublime sentiment of peace and resignation which they have engraved upon their dwelling — ‘The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!’”

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE.

THE Hon. Henry Hastings was second son of George, fourth Earl of Huntingdon, fourth in descent from George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV., and inherited a good estate in Dorsetshire. Although thus highly allied, this singular character never emerged from the obscurity of a private gentleman, but lived in the greatest privacy, in New Forest, Hampshire, almost a speculative hermit. Though he did not meddle with state affairs, he was very active with the deer and wild fowl of the forest, and ingratiated himself so far in the good opinion of James I., that his Majesty made him forester, and built him a lodge to reside in during the hunting season, where he visited him twice in great state; but his principal residence was at Woodlands in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital mansion, but seldom lived there, preferring his lodge in the forest to every thing, as he could indulge his fancy in the beauties of the wild scenery that surrounded him. Here his communications were but few. His nearest kin, Anthony

Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, was so opposite to him in principle, that they never met but to quarrel. Two men could not differ more in their dispositions and pursuits; Harry Hastings was an independent character, *though king-appointed*, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has written his life, declares that he would not bear the brutality of his manners, for he was only fit to live, as he did, by himself. These oppositions of sentiment and manners kept their distance, and the Earl never spoke of him but as of a misanthrope.

Mr. Hastings was of low stature, but strong and active. His costume was always a long green coat, and in winter a cloak of the same colour over. The furniture of the house was as cynical as the master, and as he kept no servants there, he was not subject to interruption. He had inclosed with his own labour a vast paddock, which he called his park, and which he kept well stocked with deer and rabbits, with fish-ponds of his own making. He had also contrived a narrow bowling-green behind this inclosure, where he played by himself, chalking up for parties, as if he had any. In the same place he had also a banqueting room, built like a booth in a fair, where he entertained some of the poaching peasantry; for although he was a ranger, he was reasonable, and if they made him presents he took no more notice.

He kept all sorts of hounds, and other dogs that ran game or badgers, and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His hall, or best room, was commonly strewn with marrow bones, hunting poles, hawks' perches, and matchlock guns, cross bows, arquebuses, and Indian arms. In the upper end appeared fox, otter, badger, and polecat skins, and eagles, spread with nails, of his own shooting. His bed-room and parlour were lumber rooms, completely furnished in the same style

with all sorts of imagery and country utensils. On the hearths and in the chimneys, lay his choicest terrier hounds and spaniels. In the chairs, cats and bitches had deposited their litters, which were not to be disturbed. Of these a select number constantly attended him at dinner, when a little white wand lay by his trencher for his defence when they became too troublesome. He could play upon the bugle-horn of any compass, and handled the quarter-staff in a masterly manner; and if a stranger visited him, he was sure to be consulted upon the grave subjects of the genealogy of dogs and cats, with choice observations upon hawks' bills, rings, and the sight of birds' eggs sunk in the crowns of hats, which it was worse than treason to touch. Yet with all this, he was not a cynic against some sort of diversion; cards, dice, tables and other boards, with tobacco pipes of his own making, were ready to entertain his rougher guests; but of drink he was a stinter: mum and a medicated ale was all he produced, of which he drank but a regular quantity, and never exceeded himself, nor permitted others in his company. According to the piety of his patron and master, King James I., one room was devoted to devotion, with a pulpit and desk in it, but he made no other use of it than as a safe deposit for salted meats and seasoned pies and pasties. His table was not costly, but, though homely, was wholesome and good to dwell at. Pudding was his delight, and when he made one, it was of large dimensions, though he was but a moderate eater; and his drink after dinner was a composition of gilly-flowers and sack, which he boasted of much, as being invigorating. At nights he took sage drops in water and rosemary. The troubles of the times disturbed him not; for he had forgotten the king, and the court had forgotten him. A short time before his death he lost his sight, yet that

did not prevent him from riding out on horseback, and he went a day's journey to hear an old huntsman relate the death of a stag, who was himself turned of ninety years.

He married two wives: the first, Dorothy, daughter and coheiress of Sir Francis Willoughby of Wollaton, brought him two sons and one daughter: the second, Mrs. Jane Langton, seems to have died without issue by him. His own death occurred on the 5th October, 1650, at the age of ninety-nine. He was interred in Horton church, Dorsetshire, under a stately monument.

Hale and hardy as was the life the foregoing portraiture depicts, few, we think, will lament the alteration which greater refinement of manners has brought with it. We are interested in knowing what the Old Squire was, but we rejoice in believing that his representative of our own day is far different. The English gentleman now has trained himself to higher things: his reflective powers are more developed—his knowledge has increased—his manners have caught a softer tone—his character has been purified to almost feminine delicacy, without losing that manly vigour which constitutes its sterling worth. He is now our beau-ideal of perfect manhood.

SIR JOHN DE ASTLEY, OF PATTESSHALL.

IN the hall of the ancient manor-house of Everley hangs a painting, divided into compartments, which cannot fail to strike the observer as curious and interesting. Each panel contains a portion of some continuous and particular history; and the original is still to be seen at Astley Castle, in Warwickshire, where it has been probably preserved for many generations. This curious documentary portraiture of by-gone transactions presents one of those specimens of the martial prowess of our ancestors, which has taught the foreigner that our Saxon valour is not to be scorned with impunity.

Sir Francis Dugdale Astley, Bart., of Everley, traces an unbroken descent from Sir John de Astley, of Pattesshall, the subject of the legend we are about to describe, a man celebrated for his great strength and excellent skill in war and tourney. An admirable and characteristic portrait of this renowned warrior also hangs in the hall at Everley. The countenance is fierce and determined, and the figure sinewy and athletic. Dugdale, in his *Baronage* (vol. i., p. 676), has transmitted the following account, which forms the subject of the painting before alluded to.

“ Sir John de Astley is worthily famed for maintaining a duel on horseback, upon the 29th of August, anno 1438 (17th Henry VI.), within the Street St. Antoine at Paris, against one Peter de Massie, a

Frenchman, in the presence of Charles the 7th, then king of France, who, having pierced Massie through the head, had (as by the articles betwixt them was conditioned) the helmet of the said Massie, so vanquished, to present unto his lady. After which, on the 30th of January (20 Henry VI.), 1442, he undertook another fight in Smithfield, in the presence of King Henry, with Sir Philip Boyle, an Arragonian knight, who, having been in France by the King his master's command, to look out some such hardy person, against whom he might try his skill in feats of arms—and, missing there of his desires, repaired hither. After which combat ended, being gallantly performed on foot with battle-axes, spears, swords, and daggers, he was knighted by the King, and had an annuity of a hundred marks given him during his life. Yea, so famous did he grow for his valour, that he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and bore for his arms the coats of Astley and Harcourt."

Pattesshall being sold, or otherwise alienated from the name of Astley, Sir John Astley, the great-grandfather of the present worthy Baronet, purchased the extensive and now valuable domain of Everley, consisting of several manors, extending over the northern portion of Salisbury Plain, and stretching from thence into the fertile vales of Pewsey, Manningford, and Wilsford. The mansion, though modernized, contains several rooms in the old style, which are said to have been built and finished by the famous Sir Ralph Sadleir, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He is known to have resided here, and his portrait, in the costume of the Queen's Falconer, is still preserved, and ornaments the antique drawing-room, which still remains as a monument of his peculiar taste in decoration and architecture.

JOHN WILLIAM WARD, EARL OF DUDLEY.

OF England's nobles, found in the ranks of England's literati, few were there, and few are there, more highly gifted than the late Earl of Dudley; yet the great talents of his lordship being exclusively devoted to periodical literature, and not having produced one substantive work, it is as difficult to describe as to enumerate his writings—a mere catalogue could only record that Lord Dudley was the author of many of the ablest criticisms in the “Quarterly Review,”—that he delivered some effective speeches in parliament, and that he wrote numerous letters to the Bishop of Llandaff, which the learned prelate edited and published after his lordship's decease. “Yearning,” says a writer in the journal above mentioned, “for literary occupation, Lord Dudley distrusted his ability and knowledge to undertake any considerable work; and, fortunately for us, he took Mr. Canning's advice, and refuge in the ‘Quarterly.’ An article was precisely the class of composition in which, from his habits and turn of mind, he was most calculated to excel. His constitutional indecision, his indolent procrastination, his too often ‘combined bodily and mental languor,’ his want of spirit-stirring sustaining motive, deterred him from sitting down to the continuous exertion of what he called ‘*des ouvrages de longue haleine*,’ hammered out *invitâ Minervâ*.”

The Earl was the only child of William, third Viscount Dudley and Ward, and his wife, Julia, second daughter of Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Gunthwaite, in the county of York. He was educated by private tutors, in an establishment formed expressly for the purpose, away from the parental roof and parental solicitude; and to that circumstance is attributed his unhappy life and its melancholy termination. Born to rank, title, and unbounded affluence, Lord Dudley possessed talents of the highest order, but the gifts of fortune and intellect were counterbalanced by an organic malformation of the brain, which, riveted by the system of his education, increased with his years, and embittering his whole existence, buried the brightest prospects in the darkness and solitude of insanity. From his private tutor at Paddington, where almost from infancy he had resided, Mr. Ward was sent to Oxford, and entered at Oriel, and here, under Dr. Copleston, his classical education may truly be said to have commenced. After profiting a due term by the lessons of such a teacher, he was transplanted from the fair banks of the Isis to the Athens of the north; and of Edinburgh he always retained the most favourable recollection. Lord Dudley never forgot the instruction and society which he enjoyed under the roof of Dugald Stewart. He was singularly fortunate in his co-pupils, all distinguished men in their high order—Lords Lansdowne, Palmerston, and Kinnaird.

On leaving Scotland, Mr. Ward obtained a seat in Parliament, and entered the political world independent in every sense; bound, in his own words, by no ties of hope or personal interest. For some years he remained a silent listener to the giants of those days, whose powers made him distrust himself, and tremble at the unequal contest. He delighted, it is said, to re-speak

the speeches of Mr. Pitt in private, whom he imitated with singular accuracy of manner as well as language. The new member soon after formed an ardent friendship for Canning, and he may be regarded subsequently as a disciple of that eminent statesman. On the formation of the Canning administration in 1827, Mr. Ward, then Lord Dudley and Ward, was appointed Foreign Secretary, and raised to the Earldom of Dudley—an elevation that enabled him to drop the Ward, which had been a constant theme of his merriment, mingled, however, with dislike. “That may be all very well for Lord E——,” he would say, “he is a grandee of the first class; but my ancestor was Humble Ward, the goldsmith.”

His notions on names are best explained by himself: he had done a friend the honour to be godfather to his child, and there was a difference of opinion whether it should be christened John or William, or John-William, or Dudley.

“About the name, let them do as they like best; I am *John* and *William*, the common property of all the world. *Dudley*, which more peculiarly belongs to me, is equally at their service. I cannot, however, help telling *you* of a prejudice I have, without by any means wishing it adopted. About names, I am a Romanist, and think that Christian men ought to be called Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul, Philip, &c., after the blessed saints in the calendar, and not after the family names of profane persons. However, if they fancy an unsanctified appellation, Dudley is not the worst, being, as I flatter myself, rather a pretty name, and, besides, (what I consider to be an advantage,) been familiar to English ears, as a *Christian* name, for nearly three centuries; during the power of the *then* house of Northumberland, it was adopted by several families.”

Of his extraordinary absence of mind, and his unfortunate habit of “thinking aloud,” many amusing anecdotes have been in circulation. It is a fact, that when he was in the Foreign Office, he directed a letter intended for the French to the Russian Ambassador, shortly before the affair of Navarino; and, strange as it may appear, it attained him the highest honour. Prince Lieven, who never made any mistakes of the kind, set it down as one of the cleverest *ruses* ever attempted to be played off, and gave himself immense credit for not falling into the trap laid for him by the sinister ingenuity of the English Secretary. He returned the letter with a most polite note, in which he vowed, of course, that he had not read a line of it, after he had ascertained that it was intended for Prince Polignac, but could not help telling Lord Dudley, at an evening party, that he was “trop fin,” but diplomatists of his, Prince Lieven’s standing, were not so easily caught.

Lord Dudley was afflicted with what may not be improperly termed the disease of thinking aloud — that is, of unconsciously giving utterance to involuntary thoughts, which other men confide to the secret depository of their own breasts. An amusing anecdote of this singular failing of the mind is related of his lordship.

Lord Dudley had been invited to the house of a friend, upon the occasion of some great fête, but being a man of early habits, had ordered his carriage at a certain hour, having some miles to travel before he could obtain his accustomed repose. To his great mortification, after repeated inquiries for Lord Dudley’s carriage, it had not arrived, and his lordship, as well as others, imagined that some accident must have happened to it. One of the guests, seeing how much his lordship was disconcerted by the event, very politely offered him a seat in his. The gentleman in question had to pass

his lordship's house on his return home, and though he was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, his rank and position in the county were, of course, well known to him, and the civility was no more than one gentleman would, under similar circumstances, have offered to another. Nevertheless, they had not been seated in the carriage more than twenty minutes, when the peer, who, being tired, had, up to that moment, maintained a most perfect silence, observed, in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice—"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil, certainly; but the worst is, I suppose I must ask him to dinner. It's a deuce of a bore!" He then relapsed into his former state of taciturnity, when, after a few minutes, the gentleman, pretending to be afflicted with the same failing, and imitating his lordship's tone, observed—"Perhaps, he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't think it necessary to ask me to dinner. I'll be damned if I'd accept his invitation!" Lord Dudley listened to him with earnest interest, immediately comprehended the joke which he had himself provoked, offered his hand with much hearty good-will to his companion, making every proper apology for his involuntary rudeness—and from that night, the travellers became inseparable friends.

We shall conclude this sketch of Lord Dudley with a very ably written estimate of his lordship's position and genius, from the celebrated French periodical work, "*La Revue des deux Mondes*:"

"There was, about the end of the last century, a house at Paddington, inhabited exclusively by a boy and his tutors, who, constantly beside him, controlling his every movement, and subjecting to their dogmas the native liberty of his nature, swathed him in Latin,

rocked him in Greek, and carefully tended his fragile understanding, as we protect the flower of the tropic in the hot-house of our gardens. Their object was to form a prodigy, but they prepared a victim. These systematic educators wished to unite the student with the English gentleman, and success crowned their efforts; all the dangers of a public education were avoided, but how dearly was their success paid for! The irritable and nervous youth—preyed upon by hypochondriasis, habituated to the noiseless solitude of his cabinet and his garden, incessantly subjected to the professional injunctions of his guardians, skilled in Greek, and thoroughly versed in the Latin poets and orators,—received from his father at once one of the largest fortunes in England, and the incapacity of enjoying it. Oxford and Edinburgh, where he finished his education, failed to cure him: all this ill-directed training made the heir of the Dudleys a mere suffering and timid man of letters. The enthusiasts who crushed an intelligence and destroyed a happiness, knew not that talent itself only acquires its proper vigour when bronzed under the experience of the world; and that the literary man who has not lived amongst his fellows is but a valueless pedant.

“ Lord Dudley was made for another place in life, and he desired, but could never attain it. His recently published letters themselves evince the cruel fetters under which the youth of his mind had been overloaded and crushed. There is a timidity in the use of expressions, a constraint even in the elegance of his style, a formal grace, and a want of nerve and freedom, which are disagreeable and oppressive to the reader. Lord Byron, whose excellent prose has been lost sight of in the glare and splendour of his verse, admirably defined the talent of Ward in describing him as ‘studious,

brilliant, elegant, and sometimes *piquant*.' Useless qualities these in a public assembly, but they were displayed to great advantage in the Review we have mentioned, which, according to the English practice, bestowed upon him, after his death, the loftiest of panegyrics.

"Never from infancy could his compressed and enervated intellect recover its proper energy; distraction, gloom, absence of mind, and the habitual indulgence of a vague melancholy, plunged him into a state of languor, from which all the art of physicians and the resources of his fortune were unavailing to rescue him. Such had been the influence, or rather the tyranny of his education that, though a man of taste, he was altogether unsusceptible of the charms of music and painting. He had the sense to confess his incapacity—'With respect to the fine arts,' says he, 'I am in a state of total and irrecoverable blindness—statues give me no pleasure, pictures very little, and when I am pleased it is uniformly in the wrong place, which is enough to discourage one from being pleased at all. In fact, I believe that if people in general were as honest as I am, it would be found that the works of the great masters are, in reality, much less admired than they are now supposed to be.'

"Nothing can be more sad and tragical than the last letters of this amiable man, sacrificed to pedantic theories and foolish dreams of perfection—everything desirable was his—friendship, fortune, rank, talent, and renown; but he sank into himself, and, like those delicate leaves which fold up and shrivel in the hot sun, or the blasting wind, he withered and died. There was no misfortune, no passion, no debility, caused by excess of labour, or of pleasure. He died of the moral impossibility of living. At first he escaped the demon

which pursued him; subsequently, the attacks were renewed, and he sank in July, 1833, after a year's forced retirement, under the weight of mental alienation. His letters, speeches, and writings will doubtless be collected, and such elegant and polished productions will preserve their author's name from oblivion."

Lord Dudley commenced his political career as a Whig and terminated it a Tory. In allusion to this circumstance, Lord Byron being asked what it would take to re-*whig* Dudley, replied, "He must be first re-*warded*." Lord Dudley's speeches in Parliament were all elaborately prepared, and his lordship defended the practice by the example of Canning, and of far greater men even than him, in every branch of intellectual excellence. His reflections on the writings of his greatest favourite, Ariosto, in a letter written from Ferrara, are characteristic of his feelings on the point.—"The inspection of this MS. will greatly confirm the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence, united to the *appearance* of ease, is almost always the result of great labour. The corrections are innumerable; several passages, where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful facility, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over, and scarce a line of the first draught has been allowed to remain."

Lord Dudley died a bachelor on the 6th of March, 1833, when the Earldom of Dudley, and Viscountcy of Dudley and Ward, expired, while the Barony of Ward devolved upon his second cousin, the Rev. William Humble Ward, who died in two years after, and was succeeded by his elder son, the present LORD WARD.

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

ONE of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear*—an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it. An interesting work, “The Picture of Scotland,” gives us this curious narrative:—

“Within sight of the House of Lethington (in Haddingtonshire) stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Broun of Coalstoun, whose estate passed by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. ‘Sure such a *pear* was never seen,’ however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his

daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was continued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear, tradition goes on to tell us, became stone-hard immediately after the lady had bit it; and in this condition it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Broun's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house [or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie], so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years—a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature.”

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

THE long imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots, by her great rival, Elizabeth, had begun to excite a general interest in her favour among the more zealous Catholics of England; more particularly was this the case in the north, where the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Cumberland had been devising all manner of schemes for the release of one who, both on political and religious grounds, was much nearer to their affections than the actual sovereign. In an evil hour for themselves, and for her whose cause they advocated, they conceived the idea of a marriage between Mary and the Duke of Norfolk, a plan which might indeed secure the adherence of the latter, but was not very likely to be palatable to Elizabeth, who, at no time a friend to her favourites marrying, or being given in marriage, would scarce relax from her usual system in this instance, above all others. To Mary herself the project was sufficiently acceptable, as, doubtless, any scheme would have been that promised a release from her wearisome confinement; in addition to which, the widow of three husbands was not like to make grave objections to marriage in any shape. On the part of Norfolk, there was still less inclination to offer the slightest opposition to the wishes of his two friends, who, judging from outward appearances, had full power to carry those wishes

into effect, in defiance of Elizabeth, should she be disposed to reject them. He was weak as well as ambitious, and was alike tempted by Mary's personal charms, and the prospects held out to him, in such a union, of ascending the throne of Scotland, and it might be, that of England also, either by the present queen's death, or by some successful revolution. Confident, however, as all three seemed to feel themselves of the result, none of them liked to break the matter to Elizabeth, and it was only after much debate that Norfolk agreed, as being the person principally interested, to take upon himself the task of bearding the lioness in her den, and stating to her his matrimonial speculations. His confederates were to await his return at Northumberland's splendid mansion, in case he should have the good fortune to escape being sent to the Tower—no improbable termination to such an embassy.

More than an hour had elapsed since Norfolk left the earls, and still he came not, as he had promised. Many an anxious look was cast by either, from time to time, at an old-fashioned clock that occupied a niche in the wall, their conversation being broken by pauses that grew longer and more frequent as the day went on, till it was almost confined to interjections of surprise and impatience. At length, this disagreeable state of suspense was put an end to by the abrupt appearance of Master Theodore Ismay, one of the royal pages, who, having obtained his place by Northumberland's influence, was still disposed to serve him, even at some little hazard to himself.

"Pardon, my lords, this hasty intrusion," he said, on entering the room unannounced; "but the danger is too urgent to allow of a moment being lost in ceremony."

"Danger!" exclaimed Northumberland. "And in what shape does it come, Theodore? You should know,

by this time, that you are speaking to a man who is not apt to shrink from it."

"His Grace of Norfolk is sent to the Tower," replied Theodore.

"Did I not tell you so?" cried the Earl of Westmoreland.

"Peace, Westmoreland," said his calmer companion. "And what else, Theodore? Something, I am sure, remains behind, and of the same colour. I can read it in your eyes."

"'Tis over true, my lords," answered Theodore, with looks of sincere sympathy and alarm: "your lordships will both be summoned to the presence of her Majesty in less than half an hour. Had not the messenger taken a hint from me, to use what delay he might in his errand, he would have been here by this time."

"You are a grateful lad," said the Earl, "and I will not forget you, should opportunity ever again serve. But for the present, there is no tarrying for you here; Elizabeth has the hundred eyes of Argus, and the sooner you depart, the less hazard will you run of this visit being discovered. Yet, hold; it must not be said that you did Northumberland a service unrequited."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Theodore, drawing back from the offered purse; "pardon me, if, in this instance, I presume to disobey your lordship. I have already been paid beforehand, and more than paid, for service I may have it in my power to render."

The Earl smiled, and seemed gratified by this reply, but pressed it upon him no further, only saying, as he extended his hand to him, "Fare-you-well, Theodore; we may meet again in other and better times."

The page respectfully took his leave of his unfortunate benefactor, and the two Earls, after a brief and hurried consultation, agreed to hasten back to the north

before they shared the fate of Norfolk, and there raise the standard of rebellion against the sovereign. Both felt that they had gone too far to retreat, and that by some mischance their measures had been, in part at least, betrayed. To meet the danger, Northumberland argued, with some show of reason, was safer than waiting till it came and found them, for they were the two most powerful noblemen in the north, and looking only to the number of their adherents, and their resources of all kinds, might well suppose themselves able to cope even with Elizabeth. In those days the feudal relations between vassal and liege lord were indeed considerably modified from what they had been at one time, but yet they were far from being entirely superseded. There generally subsisted, too, between the head of a family and his kindred a certain degree of protection on the one side, and of submission on the other, arising out of their mutual interests; and a similar feeling connected the potent nobleman with the inferior gentry in his neighbourhood. Hence it happened that the summons of the earls on this occasion speedily collected a host that would have been formidable, had not the deep sagacity of Elizabeth and her counsellors anticipated their movements.

Among those who were called upon to revolt against their sovereign was Richard Norton, of Rylstone, a gentleman of ancient family, with nine sons and one daughter. The brothers were, one and all, gallant warriors, well qualified by nature to shine in a rude age, when bodily strength and a daring spirit were the readiest roads to distinction, and, indeed, were absolutely requisite to maintain a man of rank with any degree of honour in his elevated situation. Their sister, Emily, was no less, though in a different way, a natural production of the time, in which, while the

mental cultivation of women was extremely limited, there was ample room for the expansion of their feelings. She was gentle without timidity, and romantic as one was likely to be, who had more communion with lonely nature than with human beings, and superstitious, because everything about her, from infancy upwards, had tended to nourish such a disposition. By her brothers she had been treated with the affection usually bestowed upon any pet animal, and was, in consequence, somewhat wayward, and apt to indulge her mood, whatever it might be; but this dash of wilfulness, blended as it was with the purest and kindest feelings, only served to make her the more interesting. She was, moreover, as beautiful as she was good; and this may in some measure account for her being so universal a favourite; for however we may affect to despise a fair exterior, it is certainly the most immediate road to affection, though it may not always, or even often, be able to retain it without the aid of more sterling and more enduring qualities.

But not the least important member of this happy and united family was a beautiful white doe, the gift to Emily from her youngest brother, Edward. This little creature, which, on account of its spotless skin she had named Blanche, was so attached to its mistress, and exhibited such extraordinary signs of intelligence, that she was currently reported in the neighbourhood to be a benevolent fairy, who had either assumed that shape out of love to the maiden, that she might keep a more constant watch over her happiness, or else had been compelled to put it on by the power of some adverse and superior being. But, in truth, the creature's sagacity was wonderful, besides which her playful actions being interpreted, according to the fancy of those who witnessed them, it was likely enough that she

often got credit for meanings far beyond her understanding.

The summons of the two revolted nobles had not yet reached the Nortons, and Emily was indulging in her usual noonday walk with Blanche, who seemed to be on the sudden seized with one of those freakish moods to which, whether fairy or not, she was very often subject. Emily wished to wander quietly by the banks of a rivulet that meandered through the meadows, now completely yellow with the abundance of cowslips. Blanche, on her part, was not at all disposed to quietness, and had fully made up her mind to a walk in the forest.

“And why won’t you come this way, Blanche?” said Emily, who was in the habit of talking to the little animal as if it had been capable of reason—“I have no fancy for the wood to-day.”

The white doe only stooped her head to the ground, as if with the intention of butting some one.

“Come, Blanche!” repeated her mistress—“come, and I’ll garland you with cowslips.”

And she held out a wreath of flowers she had just been weaving. But Blanche was not to be tempted out of her own whims even by the promise of a cowslip coronet. Not a step nearer would she come.

“Naughty Blanche!” exclaimed Emily, as if she had been arguing with a refractory child; “I shall leave you to yourself, presently, and then what will you do?”

The threat seemed to make as little impression as the previous coaxing; for, by way of answer, the rebellious doe amused herself with rearing up on her hind legs, and again dropping her forefeet like a horse at issue with its rider. Finding it useless to contest the point any further with her spoiled favourite, Emily at last gave it up, exclaiming, “Fie upon you, Blanche!—but I suppose you must have your own way.”

Had the white doe possessed the power of speech, she could not have given a more intelligible reply; for off she bounded, only running back a few yards from time to time, as if to make sure that her mistress was following. In this way she lured her on for more than an hour, till they came to a magnificent willow, which stood alone upon a rising knoll, at the foot of which gurgled a deep but narrow brook, catching occasional glimpses of light as it meandered through the forest. It was a spot seldom visited by the people from the adjacent villages, owing to certain fairy traditions which had attached to it from the olden time; and Emily, superstitious as we have described her to be, was somewhat startled, though it was little beyond noon, at finding herself in the haunted neighbourhood. Even the extreme heat of the weather, and a slight sensation of weariness, from having so long followed the gambols of her favourite, might not have tempted her to rest in so suspicious a place, had she not been, at the moment, under the influence of feelings which, whether coming from within or without, acted like a spell in detaining her there. To have explained the nature of those feelings would have puzzled herself; but when Blanche quietly lay down upon the moss, as if this had been the object of all her frolics, she could not resist following the example.

“Well, pet!” she said, caressing the little creature, “and what have you brought me here for?”

At this appeal Blanche languidly opened her eyes for an instant, and then closed them again, tired out, probably, by her gambols, and with no disposition, as it seemed, to take further notice of anything. The same influence was not long in extending itself to Emily, who, while she listened to the babbling of the brook, and watched the play of the leaves upon the trees as the

noontide breeze murmured through them, quickly fell into a state between sleeping and waking, and might almost be said to dream with her eyes open. The leaves of the willow assumed a golden hue in the sunshine, the waters of the little brook began to boil and bubble up, and a wreath of mist rose upon its surface, which gradually took on the outlines of a female form, yet so little substantial that the sunbeams shone through it. This singular creation from air or water carried in its hand a slight rod of willow, and lifting up the veil that at first concealed her features, addressed the wonder-struck Emily in a tone of ineffable sweetness.

“Had you sought me long ago, maiden, it had been better for yourself and others. You have come at the eleventh hour, when your evil star is in the ascendant, and is too powerful to be turned back. I pity you, e’en for the sake of her who sleeps at your feet.”

Astounded as she was, Emily would fain have questioned the vision, but her tongue refused its office. Not a syllable could she utter, and the very effort to speak was accompanied by the same stifling sensation that weighs upon the chest, and chokes the breath of one sinking beneath the water.

“Give me thy hand,” said the Spirit, taking rather than receiving it in her own, and at the same moment plunging with her into the brook. Unable to cry out or to resist, Emily felt the waters close over her head, and was borne rapidly along by the under-current, which, as it swept her away, boiled and hissed in her ears as though it had been a whirlpool. When they emerged again, it was in a very different part of the country, on the top of a ridge of hills looking down upon a wide moor, that was skirted on one side by a thick forest. A large body of men was drawn up in military array in the middle of the waste, with colours flying and

drums beating, as if in challenge of some unseen enemy. Presently these sounds were answered by martial music from the wood, and a second and yet larger array appeared, defiling in order as the soldiers came out upon the open plain, a manœuvre which was only half accomplished when the first party with loud cries commenced the attack. It was, however, steadily received, fresh troops continuing to issue from amongst the trees, and Emily could distinguish the well-known pennon of her family; but the smoke from the guns, and the dust raised by the tramp of men and horses, soon obscured everything. After a time there came out from amidst the roar of cannon and the sharp sounds of musketry the heavy tolling of a bell, and as it grew louder and louder the dust passed off, and she became aware of a large grey castle, with a river rolling about a hundred yards in front of it. Close to the walls was erected a scaffold, covered with black cloth, and having upon it all the ready apparatus for an execution. There stood the headsman with his bright axe beside the block, and presently the castle gates were thrown open, and nine culprits marched out in solemn procession with bare heads, in whom Emily recognised her father and eight of her brothers. But where was Edward, the youngest and best beloved? Had he fallen in the fight, and thus met a more honourable, and probably a less painful, death? Again Emily would have cried out, but the Spirit struck her smartly with the willow-rod as if to command silence, when the castle slowly faded away, its grey walls becoming green trees, the river contracted itself into a little babbling stream, and she saw herself once again by the fairy haunted willow, with the White Doe beside her, gently but ting withits horns to solicit notice. That she had been dreaming was clear, but no less clear did it seem to her that the dream had been of

fairy origin, and that Blanche, endowed with supernatural intelligence, had brought her there to be within the sphere of those whose power was limited to the haunted brook and its neighbourhood.

While she yet puzzled herself to unriddle these mysteries, her companion, who was now no less anxious to return home than she had been before to wander abroad, persisted in giving gentle hints with her horns that she was not disposed to stay any longer. As usual, Emily submitted to the wishes of her capricious favourite, and this time the rather, as the declining sun and the lengthening shadows gave tokens that the evening was close at hand. Having carried this point, Blanche relapsed into an unwonted fit of steadiness, pacing along by the side of her mistress as if she, too, had shared in the late vision, and sympathized in the feelings to which it so naturally gave rise. Such, at least, was the idea of Emily, whose mind, always sufficiently prone to the romantic, was now exalted even beyond its usual tone, and was fast losing its hold of the real and tangible, in wild hallucinations of the immaterial world.

This state of mind found ample food for its increase on her reaching home. By the bustle that prevailed on all sides, she soon discovered that something extraordinary had happened; and when to her inquiries a servant, who was crossing the hall in great haste, replied, that a messenger had just arrived from the two great northern earls, and had been closeted with her father and brothers for the last half hour, she became convinced that her vision had been only too sure a pre-sage of impending calamity. At this moment her brother, Edward, came out of the room in which the party had been sitting in council.

“My dear Edward,” she exclaimed, “is all this true that I have just heard?”

“I know not what you may have heard,” he replied; “but worse than the truth it can scarcely be. The Earls of Northumberland and Cumberland have both gone mad, and we, I think, are going mad to keep them company. Come you this way, and you shall know all.”

He led his sister into an adjoining room, and there informed her of the summons from the two earls to join them in their revolt against Elizabeth, in favour of Queen Mary. It was intended, he said, to take place immediately, before the enemy had time to prepare any efficient means of opposition; for they still continued in the blind belief that Elizabeth knew nothing of their designs.

It may be supposed with what feelings Emily heard these tidings, so confirmatory of the worst fears excited by her late vision in the forest. In the fulness of her heart she could not help communicating to him what she had seen and heard, if not in reality, at least in fancy; and if the creed of the immaterialists be true, that nothing is, but as it exists in ourselves, we need no better testimony to fact than the imagination. Be this as it may, Edward listened to the details with grave attention; and when she had concluded, begged that she would mention it to no one else.

“At best,” he said, “it would be useless; our father is not a man to be turned from any purpose he may once have determined upon, by visions or prophecies, come from what quarter they will. Moreover, he is likely enough to be angry with the dreamer, and say more than would be pleasant. I would advise you, therefore, to be silent, and let affairs take their course; as, indeed, they will do, talk as much and as wisely as you choose.”

“But you, my dear brother—will you not hold back from this fatal enterprise?”

"Fatal it will be," replied Edward; "of that I make little question; but as to keeping at home when the banner of our family is displayed in the field, *that*, I am sure, can never be the counsel or the wish of my own dear Emily."

"But rebellion, Edward—rebellion against the best and wisest sovereign that ever swayed the English sceptre."

"Let those look to the question of right or wrong who have called us into the field; the soldier has nothing to do but to follow his banner wherever it may lead him. Besides, how can I, the youngest of my father's sons, pronounce the cause to be unjust, which he and they have pronounced to be the only righteous one? It is not to be thought of."

"But the ruin—the certain ruin, which must follow——"

"Must be met with courage, if it cannot be escaped with honour."

"But it may be escaped, and without reproach. What disgrace can attach to the loyal subject who refuses to rebel against his sovereign?"

"And our father—what would he say, think you?"

"Alas! he will never outlive the fatal day to chide your absence."

"Such a thought would bring with it sorry consolation, my dear sister—but urge it no more; and, believe me, I have no choice in this matter; if I had, I might act differently."

The mansion was now in all the bustle likely to precede so important an undertaking at such short notice. Willing hearts and hands, however, made amends for the want of proper time, and an early hour the next day saw the old knight depart with his nine sons, and so many of his retainers as he could collect—

not a few keeping back when they learned the nature of the expedition. The place then sank down into an unusual state of quiet, which seemed to the depressed mind of Emily to be ominous of the result. The few domestics that had been left behind, from age, or because their services were indispensable at home, wore looks of gloomy apprehension, by no means calculated to allay the anxiety of their mistress. Little good was augured by them of any attempt against the great and wise princess, who had now reigned twelve years, and with such uniform success in all her undertakings, that her name had become a terror to her enemies. From their anxious faces, and the stealthy way in which they crept about the house, it might have been supposed, by an indifferent spectator, that each man considered himself as participating in his master's rebellion, and was in momentary expectation of seeing a party appear to demand the surrender of his person. Blanche alone was an exception to the prevailing air of anxiety and gloominess. She capered about as frolicsome as ever, and in some measure helped to divert the attention of Emily from her own thoughts.

Several days had passed in this manner, when every one was surprised by the joyous tidings of the first success of the revolvers. They had attacked, so went the report, and taken Barnard Castle, though stoutly defended by Sir George Bowes, and with a great increase of numbers were pursuing their march towards the south. But scarcely had the tenants at Norton Hall time to rejoice in this result than news of an opposite nature began to reach them. First came rumours that Ambrose Dudley, and the Earls of Warwick and Surrey were marching from different quarters upon the malcontents, and with far superior forces; then it was said that the insurgents had found it expedient to retreat towards the

north ; soon came a more disastrous tale of the rebel-leaders having been abandoned by all, except a few faithful adherents, enough to share their fate, but utterly unavailing to defend them against the immense superiority of their adversaries ; finally undoubted intelligence arrived of sixty-three having been hanged at Durham, while the old knight and all his sons were prisoners in York Castle, and though sentence of death had not been passed, yet it was generally supposed that they had not the slightest chance of pardon.

All these unhappy tidings were huddled so fast upon each other, that before Emily had time to recover fairly from any one, another and more serious evil would come on the back of it, and beat her to earth again. Even Blanche seemed to understand the sorrows of her young mistress, and to sympathize with them ; for the little creature, abandoning its usual gambols, would lie for hours at her feet, watching her with dark, lustrous eyes, and from time to time gently rubbing its head against her knees, as if endeavouring to console her. But the mind of Emily was essentially one of action ; if like the reed or the willow she bent at first before the blast, like them she rose again the moment it had passed over. Even her utter ignorance of life, and her romantic notions, though they certainly could not be deemed merits, yet in this case were an advantage, since they gave her the courage to do and dare what, with better knowledge and more sober feelings, she would hardly have undertaken. In perfect unconsciousness that she was doing anything unbecoming her sex or rank, or that could at all excite wonder, she determined to set out for London, present herself before Elizabeth, and solicit the pardon of her unfortunate relations. Not for a moment did it occur that so long a journey might offer insurmountable obstacles, and still less did she imagine any doubt of

getting access to the sovereign. The only difficulty she saw was in persuading her to pardon the culprits.

Greatly was the butler, old Cuthbert, surprised when he received an intimation of this purpose, and fain would he have dissuaded her from it, for the journey was long, and in those days could only be performed on horseback, to say nothing of its being little likely to lead to a favourable termination, even if it were executed in safety. To get an audience of Elizabeth, he well knew, might be no easy matter; to induce a change in anything, she had once resolved, might be yet more difficult; and even if a pardon could be wrung from her compassion, there was every chance of its being too late to avail the prisoners, considering the time which had elapsed since they were first taken. All these difficulties were duly urged by the more experienced Cuthbert, but to no purpose, and it was only by a sort of compromise that she at length agreed to his accompanying her upon the journey. Blanche, too, insisted upon being of the party, struggling so violently to get free when they tied her up, that she must have been actually killed by the continuance of these efforts had they not released her.

The journey of this singular trio met with many interruptions, and some of them of no pleasant nature, as might have been expected from the general character of the age, rendered yet more dangerous by the late disturbances. On such occasions, the natural quickness and address of Emily served the party in better stead than all the experience of Cuthbert; and even Blanche, if she attracted some attention that they might otherwise have escaped, was of use more than once in making friends for them, when friends were most needed. Her singular beauty, and no less singular manners, were the admiration of the many doubtful

characters they met upon the road, or with whom they were obliged to take up harbourage for the night.

In this way they went on for three days, often in peril, but never really harmed, till on the evening of the third day they reached Hounslow Heath, which then, instead of presenting as it does now a considerable extent of cultivated corn-fields, intersected with quickset hedges, was nothing but a dreary waste, covered with furze and thistle, with here and there shallow indentations into which the rains had drained and stagnated, forming an abundance of miry pools. A few mud hovels dotted the wild at long intervals, but tended as little to the real security of the traveller as they did to relieve the monstrous dreariness of the landscape, any one of them being much more likely to prove a den for thieves than the abode of industrious poverty. Wise from past experience, Cuthbert well knew how to estimate the perils of the road before them, and while yet on the skirts of it would fain have persuaded his young mistress to turn back to the nearest village, and there wait till daylight had made the road safer. To this advice, however, Emily refused to accede, turning his own former opinions against her frightened counsellor, and reminding him of his having urged, as one great objection to their journey, that they would full surely be too late to save the lives of the condemned, even if they were fortunate enough to procure a pardon. On, therefore, they went, as fast as their jaded horses could be induced to carry them, by the utmost arguments of whip and spur, which yet was not so fast, but that the twilight surprised them long before they had crossed the heath. It was now that Emily began to suspect her dreamy adviser had been in the right, and this suspicion was converted into certainty when she found herself on the sudden

overtaken by a horseman, who, rode she slow or rode she quick, was ever at her side. It is true that he wore the dress of a gentleman, and had that in his look and manners which plainly showed him to belong to the better file; but in those days it was reckoned no very great disgrace for a wild, young gallant to take the air on a moonlight heath, and levy contributions on the passing traveller, who ought not to be surprised if he met the next day, at some fashionable ordinary, the very individual who had robbed him the night before. The law was not then disposed to be particularly hard with such gentlemanly peccadilloes, and public opinion was no less tolerant and considerate. All at once, this doubtful stranger called upon them in an authoritative tone to stand; and yet the voice was not altogether free from tremor.

“Be merciful, kind sir!” exclaimed the terrified Cuthbert; “take our money—it is not much—but in the name of all the saints, spare our lives!”

“When I ask for your gold, it will be time enough to offer it,” said the young man, pushing back the proffered purse, and colouring deeply at the same time.

“This is a young cock of the game,” muttered Cuthbert to himself, but not loud enough to be overheard; “he is ashamed to take what it is breaking his heart all the while to refuse.”

“I wish to know, lady,” continued the stranger, “what makes you a traveller on this wild heath at such an hour, with no better guard than an old man and a white doe?”

In spite of the “ahems” and other hints given by Cuthbert, to signify the necessity of a prudent reserve, Emily did not hesitate, in few words, to tell him the cause of her journey. To all of this, the stranger listened with no less attention than surprise, and when she had concluded, said—

“ Well, lady, your appearance has this night saved me from the commission of a very great folly, if it does not deserve a harsher name ; for, most certainly, had I met any other than one so lovely as yourself, and bound upon so righteous an errand, I had disgraced an honourable name by—no matter. In return, I will, with your permission, lend you my escort to town, which may be of more avail, in case of accident, than that of your old servitor’s, and, by the morning, I will see what means can be devised of your getting immediate access to the Queen. If it can be done, there is, I think, some chance of your succeeding—not much, perhaps, but still there is some. The strangeness of your journey, and your appeal to herself at once, without any regular observance of forms, may work upon her mood, should it happen to be the right one, and do that which a formal introduction would have failed to do. The great difficulty is to bring you into her presence, so as to obtain a favourable hearing—‘ *Varium et mutabile semper !* ’ ” he added, in a lower tone, to himself ; and then continued, as if unconscious of his own interruption—“ That you may the less scruple to accept my offer, know that I am Richard Ormsby, and may soon be Sir Richard, seeing that my uncle is fourscore years and upwards.”

Notwithstanding the guarantee of such a name, which indeed might, or might not, belong to him who assumed it, Emily would, in all probability, have demurred to the escort thus unceremoniously offered, had she not taken it for granted that all objections would be useless. Cuthbert most assuredly would ; but as he saw no remedy, he said nothing—the very wisest plan he could adopt. And thus they proceeded to London in company, the stranger riding abreast of Emily, and entering into conversation with so much frankness, tempered with so much respect, that by the time they reached their

journey's end, they had almost ceased to be strangers. Here he especially commended her to the especial care of mine host of the Green Dragon, hinting, at the same time, that his new guest was a lady of rank and wealth from the north, who, for certain reasons, wished to remain incognito for the present. Having thus excited in the host a greater degree of interest than he might otherwise have felt for the traveller, he took his leave, with a promise to return at an early hour in the morning. Just, however, as he had reached the door, he turned back again, and said—

“I had forgotten one thing: let me crave your pardon if the question be superfluous, but have you got your petition ready?”

“What petition?” asked Emily, in surprise.

“Your petition to her Majesty,” replied her new friend; “setting forth whatever can be urged in excuse of the offenders, and praying the Queen, of her grace, to extend to them the royal pardon.”

Emily was forced to confess that she had not thought of anything of the kind, having intended to address the Queen in person. The stranger smiled at this unexpected revelation of her projects, but replied that he would himself draw up the proper documents by the morning, and again took his leave.

“By the mass,” said old Cuthbert, as he laid himself down upon the rude pallet assigned to him—“by the mass, but this a rare mad adventure of ours, and sounds as like a legend of King Arthur's court, as if it had been found in printed book. But my young lady was born on a Midsummer's Eve, and I have ever noted that such folks were a thought madder than the rest of the world. And then this young cavalier, who was about to take the road, but from a false thief becomes a true turn-coat, at the sight of an errant damsel that he

meets on a wild heath by moonlight—marry, he, too, must have been whelped on a Midsummer's Eve; no sober day of the year would own such a madman!"

In the midst of these wise reflections, sleep surprised the old serving-man, and, in a short time, all around him was buried in repose as profound as his own.

There are few, however depressed they may have been by the past, or however dark the future may seem to them, who do not yet feel, at least for a brief space, the cheerful influence of morning. The body, by having escaped for awhile in sleep from the harassing dominion of a troubled mind, has acquired fresh vigour, and when the hour of awaking again calls the more material part of us to submit to the mental yoke, it is, for some time, at least, better able to support the burthen. So it was with Emily. A night's sound slumber, and the brightness of a new day, renewed in her the hopes which had been well-nigh extinguished by the fatigues of her journey.

True to his word, the stranger made his appearance at an early hour, with the petition drawn up in proper form; but haste and anxiety were on his brow as he addressed her.

"Pray you excuse my abruptness," he began, "but I have learnt enough since we parted to know that you have not an hour to lose. The Queen is at Greenwich, the tide serves, and you must away instantly. Had there been more time—only a day—I might have done something to help you amongst my friends. But it skills not talking. Will you trust yourself to my guidance?—and your old servitor had better accompany you," he added, seeing that she hesitated.

The poor girl, however, had in reality little or no choice. To gain admission to Elizabeth, and win her pardon for the offenders, had seemed an easy matter

when viewed at a distance: but now that she came to the acting of what had seemed so feasible, the aspect of affairs was altered materially for the worse. She began to see all, and perhaps more than all, the difficulties she had to contend with, her fancy being now as busy in exaggerating, as it had been before in diminishing them. After a brief hesitation, therefore, she consented to accept his proffered services.

“And what is to be done with Blanche?” asked Cuthbert; “the poor thing will fret herself to death if left alone in this strange place.”

“Why not take her with us?” said Richard.—“That is, if she have courage enough to trust herself in the wherry.”

“How say you, Blanche?” cried Emily, stepping into the boat. “Will you come with us?”

Blanche essayed to follow her mistress, but the rocking of the wherry, as she placed her forefeet on the gunnel, made her draw back again in much discomposure.

“Then you are afraid to come?” said Emily, in the tone of one addressing a frightened child.

Blanche looked piteously at Cuthbert, as if to solicit his help in this dilemma; and the old man, interpreting her looks in his own way, seized her by the neck, and half carrying, half dragging the poor animal, contrived to scramble with her into the boat, when two stout rowers pulled with the tide for Greenwich.

Could anything have made Emily forget her cares for awhile, it would have been the scene which now met her eyes for the first time; but which, as it was, served only to distract and confound a mind already pre-occupied with thoughts of too painful a nature to be wholly displaced even by the sight of the majestic Thames, and its forest of shipping. If, for a moment, she ceased to

think of her friend's danger, or of the expected interview with Elizabeth, as some fresh wonder of the landscape burst upon her, still it was only for a moment; and by the time the boat touched the stairs at Greenwich, her state of excitement had reached as high a pitch as she could well endure. The stranger easily read what was passing in her mind, and did his best to calm and encourage her.

"It will not do to give way to doubt or fear, now," he said, "when everything depends upon yourself. If your father and brothers are to be saved at all, it can only be by your prudence, as well as spirit. The Queen will presently come out of yonder gates, in her way to join the chace, for she hunts in the park to-day, and there the yeomen with the hounds are waiting for her. But we must make an effort, and a stout one, or we shall never get through the crowd, so as to be near enough for you to address her—a murrain on the fools, that cannot stay at home and mind their own business, instead of flocking abroad to be in the way of others."

So saying, he endeavoured to force a passage through the crowd, but his progress was slow, and accompanied by the usual angry salutations, and many of them of such a nature as to make the ears of Emily tingle again. Before he had got even half way to the front, the sound of trumpets, and a sudden swinging to and fro of the dense mass, announced that the Queen was coming forth.

In the next moment tumultuous cheers followed, with the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and even bonnets, and Elizabeth made her appearance on a gallant bay, in a green riding-habit, laid down, as the phrase went, with gold lace, and surrounded by a glittering train of courtiers. The stranger saw that in a very few minutes the opportunity of approaching her would be lost, and

in mere desperation cried out, "Room! room, my masters. See you not that we come with this white doe to her Majesty?"

Many laughed this intimation to scorn, and stubbornly held their places; but others, yielding to the surprise of the moment, gave way to them, and the stranger managed to lead, or rather drag, Emily to the front, closely followed by Blanche and Cuthbert.

"Now then!"—he whispered to his companion—"you have not an instant to lose; go boldly forward, and present your petition before the Queen can pass you."

But Emily was too much terrified to advance a single step.

"My dear young lady!"—he again whispered to her—"now or never is the time. Heed not those that would keep you back, but place yourself full in the Queen's way. She will be sure to stop on seeing you, and Heaven alone can do the rest for us."

Still Emily moved not; and Elizabeth, who was advancing at the head of her retinue, with only Leicester on her farther side, had nearly passed the spot where they stood. Fortunately, she came on at a slow pace, the better to receive the greetings of her people.

"For the love of all the saints," said the stranger to Emily, forgetting his former caution, "hesitate no longer. If you miss speech of the Queen now, you will not see her again for many hours, and then it will be too late. I know from sure authority, that the death-warrant was sent to York yesterday, before noon."

Emily to all appearance heard him not, for she remained motionless in every limb, as if she had been a statue carved out of lifeless marble. Blanche, however, was troubled with no such feelings, nor yet with the alarm that would have been even more natural to one

of her timid race. She had been too much used to human society to take fright at all this noise and crowding, and by degrees had advanced beyond the line of the yeomen, who were placed at intervals to keep the ground clear for the royal passage, evincing no little curiosity to see what was going forward. Thus, for the third time since leaving Norton Hall, did her presence ensure the safety of Emily's mission; for in this position she at once caught the quick eye of Elizabeth; who, being struck by her exceeding beauty, pulled up on the sudden, bringing her whole retinue to a standstill. A single rapid glance sufficed to show her that the object of her admiration belonged to the group, of which the pale and marble-like maiden formed the principal figure, and her curiosity was excited to know more of them; for, with all her strength of mind, Elizabeth could not always forget the woman in the sovereign.

"You have a beautiful creature there," she said, addressing herself to Emily—"but show little wisdom in bringing her to a place like this, where it is marvel she has not met with some mischance. Who are you? and whence come you?"

Urged by the sound of the Queen's voice, Emily staggered rather than walked forward; and, dropping on her knee, exclaimed, as she held out the petition—"Pardon! most gracious Princess—pardon!"

"Pardon for whom?" replied the Queen, hastily. "Not for yourself, surely? You can hardly in your sphere have done aught to give us offence. But I suppose you have come to beg the forfeit life of some rebel-lover. By God's light! maiden, you have done overboldly in coming into our presence upon such an errand, for we have little sympathy with follies of this kind."

"My father!—my brothers!"—faltered out Emily

The Queen's brow relaxed in an instant, as she murmured — "Your father? — your brothers? — Ay, that indeed is a suit we may listen to, although the manner of it be somewhat bold and unusual. Rise, and deliver to us your petition."

Emily scarcely heard the Queen's command, and did not stir; but somebody at her side kept nudging her, as it seemed, with no very gentle fingers, and on looking round she saw the capricious Blanche, who was butting at her as she was often wont to do when desirous of obtaining notice. It proved a happy diversion in her favour. The last remains of anything like anger vanished from the brow of Elizabeth on observing these movements of the graceful and affectionate little creature, and she showed visible signs of increasing interest in the suppliant herself, motioning Ormsby to come forward and deliver the petition.

A slight degree of surprise was manifested by her on first opening the document, but her countenance exhibited no symptoms of returning anger, and when she had finished the perusal, she turned to Leicester, saying, "My Lord of Leicester, know you anything of these Nortons?"

"Nothing, so please your Majesty, but that they are a rich Catholic family, well considered in the north—a father and nine sons."

"A father and nine sons, all condemned to death!" said Elizabeth, musing, while a slight shudder seemed to pass over her. "And you, child," she added, turning again to Emily, "are you his only daughter?"

"Alas! yes, my gracious liege!" replied Emily.

"The case is hard," said the Queen, after a brief pause of consideration—"very hard as concerns yourself; and yet such hardship forms no sufficient plea for par-

doing those caught red-handed in rebellion. Mercy to them would be cruelty to others."

"Say not so, gracious Princess!" exclaimed Emily—"oh, say not so! for when was mercy other than a blessing to all within its influence? Soft as is your couch, it will make it softer; happy as are your days, it will make them happier; and oh, great and good Elizabeth, what would it avail one so mighty, so secure in her own strength and the love of her people—what would it avail her to tread out the spark of life in an old man, and to bury his nine children in the same grave? Fame writes no epitaphs in blood, or only such as grow blacker at the touch of time, till men turn away from them in horror."

Elizabeth remained silent; her eagle glance fixed steadfastly upon the suppliant, and seeming rather to read her features than to be listening to what she said. With every moment that glance became keener and more intolerable, till at last, unable any longer to endure it, Emily cast her eyes to the ground, and sobbed out, in deep agony, "Mercy, great Princess!—mercy, as you yourself would hope for grace from the mighty Father of us all;—mercy, as you would live long and prosperously;—mercy, as you would meet death without fear, and leave the world without remorse—mercy! mercy!"

There was a general expression of sympathy in all who were near enough to witness this extraordinary scene; in some it showed itself by tears; and even Elizabeth was more moved than she thought it consistent with her dignity to acknowledge. Again she turned round to Leicester, but this time it was more to hide her emotion than from any real wish for information.

"My Lord of Leicester, know you anything more of these Nortons than you have already told us?"

“Nothing,” replied Leicester, who had been taken by the maiden’s beauty—“nothing that can stand in the way of any grace your Majesty may be pleased to extend to them. They are a gallant race, and have been probably led into their late rebellion more by the influence of the two northern earls, than as acting from their own inclination.”

“Still,” said the Queen, “their fault has been grievous; and, were his Grace of Canterbury here, he would tell you that Adam did not the less forfeit Paradise because he followed the instigation of another?”

Leicester, who knew that any direct contradiction would only harden Elizabeth against the fair suppliant, contented himself with replying, “Your Majesty is the best judge how far lenity can or ought to be extended in the present case. Were I called upon to advise, I should humbly crave permission to decline so grave a responsibility.”

This was touching the right string with the haughty and lion-hearted Elizabeth, who was already more than three parts disposed to the side of clemency. There was triumph as well as sarcasm in the smile with which she replied—

“That is to say, my lord, we are to take upon ourselves the full peril of the act. Be it so, for we never yet have thought of our own safety when the object was to do justice, or to show merited favour to the meanest of our subjects. Rise up, maiden,”—and the naturally harsh features of Elizabeth had something tender, and almost sublime, as she spoke—“rise up, maiden; we grant the pardon you have prayed for with so much fervour,—not forgetting your little companion,” she added, with a smile, pointing to the white doe.

“May Heaven and all the saints requite your Majesty!” cried Emily, kissing the Queen’s hand, which hung

down listlessly with the riding-whip, and bathing it with her tears. "May it bless all your days, as you have blessed your poor maiden at this moment. Oh, gracious princess! with what pleasure could I die now at your horse's feet, if, by so doing, I could testify the gratitude, the deep devotion, that swells at my heart towards my noble sovereign!"

"We believe you, maiden, for there is that in your face which better vouches for your feelings than any words can do. My Lord of Leicester, see that the pardon be made out in proper form when we return from the chase."

"I fear me," replied Leicester, "that may be too late for your Majesty's gracious intentions. The death-warrant was dispatched to York yesterday, and it will require a speedy horse, with a good rider, to anticipate the execution."

"Say you so, my lord?—then we must pray you, for once, to take upon yourself the office of secretary. Turn your horse's head back to our palace of Greenwich, and draw up the necessary instructions. We will await your return here, and sign it, without losing a moment of the time that seems so precious."

Off started the Earl, in willing obedience to these commands, while the Queen employed the brief interval of his absence in inquiries about the white doe, which had so much excited her admiration. On this subject, question followed question with such rapidity, that deception, if anything of the kind had been intended, would have proved utterly impossible. Fortunately for the maiden, she had nothing to conceal, and Elizabeth, while wondering at all she heard, found no reason to distrust a single syllable.

The return of Leicester with the required document put an end to their conversation. Without leaving her

horse's back, the Queen signed the paper, and placed it in the hands of one of her retinue, with strict injunctions to set out for York on the instant, and not to tarry on the way, as he hoped for future favour at her hands. The gay cavalcade then passed on, and, in a few minutes, Emily and her companions were as much alone, as if there had been no inhabitants in the town of Greenwich.

Ten days had elapsed since this memorable morning, and Emily, who had returned to Norton Hall, was anxiously looking out from a rising knoll, in expectation of her father and brothers. But still nobody showed himself, on the long extent of road, that could be mistaken for them. Now and then, a cart or wagon might be seen crossing into the road from the near fields, on its return home, for it was almost upon the time of sunset, and at length, two horsemen appeared, who, as they lessened the distance between themselves and the Hall, gradually slackened their pace from a smart trot, till it subsided into a walk. For a moment, Emily fancied she recognised in them the stranger of Hounslow Heath, and her youngest brother, Edward. And yet how could that be?—what could have brought them back without the rest of their party?

“It is they, however,” said Emily, half aloud, as they drew nearer. “Oh, that fearful vision! Eight must have fallen by the axe, and the ninth, whom I saw not then, comes now with the fatal tidings!”

The vision, or her fears, had presaged but too truly. The messenger arrived at York just as the axe fell upon the neck of the eighth of the brothers—the old man having led the way in this bloody dance of death! His appearance with the royal pardon was barely in time to save the youngest.

It would boot little to prolong our tale by dwelling on

the first bitter grief of Emily, or how it gradually declined under the healing influence of time, and she at length consented to become the bride of Richard, now Sir Richard Ormsby, who, much to the surprise of those who had known him, threw aside his former wildness, and assumed a new character with his title. But we cannot so easily dismiss our little four-footed favourite, who, whether fairy or not, has had so considerable an influence in bringing about the principal incidents of our narrative. Unquestionably, she did nothing but what admits of easy explanation, without supposing her anything more than a beautiful and attached creature of her species, gifted, perhaps, with a more than usual share of intelligence, just as we occasionally see a dog of superior sagacity to his canine brethren. But why seek to destroy these sweet hallucinations of the fancy? Enough for us that her fancy still lives in the traditions of the people of those parts where she is said to have lived, and the grave historian of Craven has not thought her unworthy of a place in his amusing records. Duly, he tells us, as the Sunday came round, did the white doe, faithful to her old affections, pass from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton to the abbey church, and take her place by the graves of the knight and his eight sons. There she always lingered during divine service, listening, as it seemed to the chant and organ peal that burst at intervals from within, like some spirit from another world, that felt itself forbidden to cross the sacred threshold, and share in the holy rites, which yet filled it with love and veneration. But no sooner was the service over, than she again took her way home, to return as usual on the following Sunday; nor was she ever known to neglect these visitations, till death, or a call from her native fairy land, removed her from the circle of the living.

EDWARD, SIXTH LORD DIGBY.

Oh ! Charity ! our helpless nature's pride,
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
 Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
 That steals o'er the tired pilgrim of the vale,
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
 Aught like the incense of thy holy flame,
 Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
 The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn ?
 Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
 That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill
 And distant grove, when the wide world is still ?
 Thine are the ample views, that unconfined
 Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind :
 Thine is the Spirit, that with widest plan
 Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

AMONG the many illustrious families of which our nobility is composed, that of Digby deserves a prominent position. In the reign of the first Charles, one of its descendants, the renowned Sir Kenelm, "the ornament of England," rendered the name famous throughout the Christian world, and, at all times we may trace, in the pages of history, honourable mention of this eminent house. Edward, sixth Lord Digby, to whom the following interesting narrative refers, was son of the Hon.

Edward Digby by Charlotte, his wife, sister of Henry, Lord Holland (father of Charles James Fox), and succeeded to the peerage at the decease of his grandfather, in 1752, being then just of age. The excellence of his disposition and the kindness of his heart won for him universal esteem; and few events were more deeply deplored than his untimely death. Of his active benevolence, a gentleman, who enjoyed his lordship's regard and friendship, has left the following anecdote on record:—

“ Lord Digby came often to Parliament Street, and I could not help remarking a singular alteration in his dress and demeanour, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter, he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if such a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not entered the prison? ‘ Yes, Masters,’ exclaimed the fellow, with an oath, ‘ but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till

they can find employment. ‘This,’ continued the man, ‘is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to day.’—‘Do you know who the gentleman is?’ inquired the Major. ‘We none of us know him by any other marks,’ replied the man, ‘but by his humanity and his blue coat.’”

One of the gentlemen could not resist the desire of making some further inquiries relative to the occurrence from which he reaped so much satisfaction. The next time, accordingly, his lordship had his alms-giving coat on, he asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress? With a smile of great sweetness, his lordship told him that his curiosity should soon be gratified, for as they were congenial souls, he would take him with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. One morning shortly after, his lordship accordingly requested the gentleman to accompany him on a visit to that receptacle of misery which his lordship had so often explored, to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer his companion to enter the gate, lest the hideousness of the place should prove disagreeable to him; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy individuals he was about to liberate. Here the gentleman had the pleasure of seeing nearly thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at the inclement season of the year, being in the midst of winter, and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship’s bounty for their immediate support.

Lord Digby went, some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland, where he caught a putrid fever, of which he died in the dawn of life, November 30, 1757.

Well may we add with the poet :—

**O ye, who list to Pleasure's vacant song,
As in her silken train ye troop along ;
Who, like rank cowards, from affliction fly,
Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
Lie slumb'ring in the sun !—Awake, arise—
To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
The awful view with other feelings scan,
And learn from Digby what man owes to man !**

His lordship died unmarried, and was succeeded in his estates by his brother Henry, father of the present Earl Digby.

MISS SARAH CURRAN.

EVERY reader of the *Sketch Book* must have been caught with an early paper in it, called "The Broken Heart." Here the genius of Washington Irving found a suitable field of exercise; and he gives us, in his most polished diction, a little tale of woman's fondness and faith, continuing unaltered even to the grave. The casual reader may have lingered over the sketch, being attracted by its pathos. How much higher the interest, then, when its authenticity is declared; and we exercise the privilege, which the lapse of nearly a half century confers upon us, to name the parties referred to by the writer? There are none, now living, who can be pained by such mention, or we should forbear.

The summer of 1803 was memorable in Ireland for the insane attempt at a Revolution made by Robert Emmet. We have no wish to quit the even tenour of our way by the discussion of politics, and, least of all, Irish politics. Suffice it, therefore, for present mention, that the design was to seize the castle of Dublin, taking the Viceroy prisoner, and detaining him as a hostage, and to proclaim a Provisional Government. A depôt of arms was formed in an adjoining street to the castle, and the preparations were made in undisturbed secrecy. On the 23rd of July, at nightfall, the insurgents moved from their concealment. They had but to

traverse three streets ere the castle was reached, and, from its defenceless state, probably taken. The carriage of one of the judges, Lord Kilwarden, encountered them by the way ; and in the delay of the perpetration of a cold-blooded murder (from which their chief vainly sought to keep them), the whole enterprise was blasted. A small body of military coming up, dispersed the tumultuous crowd with a few discharges of musketry ; and the *émeute* was at an end almost as soon as it had commenced.

Emmet fled to the Wicklow hills, and found safe concealment there with the disaffected peasantry. He might have embarked in some of the fishing-smacks, and thus have reached the French shores in safety ; but a romantic passion, enkindled in more tranquil hours, urged him to return to the metropolis, that he might bid a final farewell to his Betrothed. He retraced his steps accordingly ; and while sojourning at Harold's Cross, in the vicinity of Dublin, he was arrested on the 25th of August ; was tried by Special Commission on the 19th of September, and was executed on the following day.

The unhappy object of this fatal attachment—fatal to him, and no less fatal to herself—was the lady whose name heads our paper, the youngest daughter of CURRAN. “In happier days and fairer fortunes,” writes Irving, “Emmet had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him ; when blasted in fortune ; when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an

exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven-in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She did not object to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe, that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and ‘heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.’

“The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade (at the Rotunda, Dublin). There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more strikingly painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on

this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

“The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation; for she was existing on the kindness of her friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another’s.

“He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sank into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.”

All these particulars are correct, as we have had them confirmed to us by a valued friend, who was personally cognizant of the whole. The officer alluded to was Captain Henry Sturgeon, of the Royal Engineers. He was quartered in Cork at the time he made Miss Curran’s acquaintance; and the marriage took place, in 1805, at Woodhill, a beautiful seat of the Penrose family, on the Lee, near that city. Captain Sturgeon shortly afterwards went on foreign service, and was

accompanied by his bride. In the spring of 1808 they returned to England; and, on the 5th of May in that year, Mrs. Sturgeon expired at Hythe, Kent, her disease being, as is stated above, consumption. She was buried in the Curran vault, at Newmarket, in the county of Cork, where a monumental tablet was placed over her by her husband. In September, 1847, this vault was opened to receive the remains of James, son of William Curran, nephew of Mrs. Sturgeon's illustrious father, when a leaden coffin was discovered (the outer wooden shell having decayed), bearing this inscription on a brass plate:—

Mrs.
Sarah Sturgeon,
fifth daughter
of the
Right Hon. John Philpot Curran.
Died May 5th, 1808,
Aged 26 years.

It only remains for us to add, that Mr. Sturgeon rejoined his regiment in the Peninsula, and, having distinguished himself in many a field, was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He fell at Toulouse.

The reader will doubtless remember Moore's verses* on this hapless lover of Emmet's, and will understand the allusion contained in the second stanza, from the preceding notice:—

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing :
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking ;
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

* Irish Melodies.

He had lived for his love, for his country, he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow."

A NOTABLE WRESTLER

SIR THOMAS PARKINS, Bart., who lived in the early part of the last century, was remarkable for his skill in, and fondness for, the art of wrestling. By the inscription on his monument, we are informed that "he was a great wrestler, and justice of the peace for the Notts and Leicestershire." Also "that he new-roofed the chancel, built the vault below, and erected this monument, wrought out of a fine piece of marble by his chaplain, in a barn ; that he studied physic for the benefit of his neighbours ; wrote the ' Cornish Hug Wrestler ;' and died in 1751, aged 73." He had two or three stone coffins made for himself, that he might take his choice. Notwithstanding, however, some eccentricity of character, he was upright and intelligent, and well-versed in the learning of his day ; and, at his decease, was universally lamented as a most excellent magistrate.

On his monument in the church he is represented in a posture ready for wrestling ; and on another part of it he appears thrown by Time, accompanied with

the following lines, said to have been written by Dr. Freind :

Quem modo stravisti longo in certamine Tempus
Hic recubuit Britonum clarus in orbe pugil
Jam primus stratus ; præter te vicerat omnes ;
De te etiam victor, quando resurget, erit.

Which may be thus rendered :

At length, he falls, the long, long contest's o'er,
And Time has thrown, whom none o'erthrew before ;
Yet boast not, Time ! thy victory, for he
At last shall rise again and conquer thee.

Sir Thomas's great grandson is the present Lord Rancliffe.

LADY HENRIETTA BERKELEY.

THIS unfortunate lady, whose beauty and attractions proved her ruin, was fifth daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley. Mary, her eldest sister, married, in the reign of Charles II., Ford, Lord Grey, of Werke—a nobleman of infamous memory: through his whole career he appears to have been an unprincipled miscreant, guilty of the most odious abuse of confidence, the meanest duplicity, the basest falsehood, and the most ungenerous, most ungrateful, and most unfeeling selfishness; a selfishness in gratification of which he scrupled not to blast with universal and irremediable infamy, the reputation of a beautiful girl, who had sacrificed to him her fair name, and the affections of her family. Upon the accession of King James, he urged the Duke of Monmouth to undertake his rash and fatal invasion (though in his “Confession” he represents his “coldness and backwardness to engage the Duke or himself in it.”) When the invasion was effected, we find him obstructing its success by the most pernicious counsels, and finally defeating it by an act of the most flagrant treachery or cowardice.

From the evidence taken on Lord Grey’s trial, for the abduction and wrong of the Lady Henrietta Berkeley, it seems that he had encouraged a passion for her when she was a girl, and basely taking advantage of the

opportunities which his alliance with her family (he was her brother-in-law) afforded, had succeeded in seducing her when she was but little more than seventeen. After she had acknowledged an affection for him, the intrigue was continued about a year without discovery, but with great risk ; and on one occasion, as he himself confessed, he “was two days locked in her closet, without food, except a little sweetmeats.” At length the suspicions of the Countess of Berkeley being excited by some trivial accident, she commanded her third daughter, the lady Arabella, to search her sister’s room ; on which the latter delivered up a letter she had just been writing to Lord Grey, to this effect :—

“ My sister, Bell, did not suspect our being together last night, for she did not hear the noise. Pray come again on Sunday, or Monday ; if the last, I shall be very impatient.”

This disclosure took place at Berkeley House, in London ; and every precaution was taken to prevent any correspondence, or clandestine meeting between the parties ; notwithstanding which, Lady Henrietta contrived to elope from Durdans, a seat of the Berkeleys, near Epsom, and to join Lord Grey in London, with whom she resided for a short time, in a lodging-house at Charing Cross.

The Earl of Berkeley indicted him, and several other persons, for conspiring to ruin his daughter, by seducing her from her father’s house. The trial came on in November, 1682, at Westminster Hall ; and after a most affecting scene, the Lady Henrietta being herself present, and making oath that she had left home of her own accord, the jury were preparing to withdraw to consider their verdict, when a new tone was given to the proceedings, by the lady declaring, in opposition to her father’s claim of her person, “ that she would not go with

him ; that she was married, and under no restraint, and that her husband was then in court."

The scene that ensued is told so graphically in the report of the trial that we cannot forbear extracting the passage :—

Lord Chief Justice (Sir Francis Pemberton.) Let's see him that has married you. [Here a Mr. Turner stepped forward.] Are you married to this lady ?

Mr. Turner. Yes, I am so, my lord.

L. C. J. What are you ?

Mr. Turner. I am a gentleman.

L. C. J. Where do you live ?

Mr. Turner. Sometimes in town, sometimes in the country.

L. C. J. Where do you live when you are in the country ?

Mr. Turner. Sometimes in Somersetshire.

Just. Dolben. He is, I believe, the son of Sir William Turner that was the advocate : he is a little like him.

Serj. Jefferies. Ay, we all know Mr. Turner well enough. And to satisfy you this is all a part of the same design, and one of the foulest practices that ever was used, we shall prove he was married to another person before, that is now alive, and has children by him.

Mr. Turner. Ay, do, Sir George, if you can, for there never was any such thing.

Serj. Jeff. Pray, sir, did not you live at Bromley with a woman as man and wife, and had divers children ; and living so intimately, were you not questioned for it ; and you and she owned yourselves to be man and wife ?

Mr. Turner. My lord, there is no such thing ; but this is my wife I do acknowledge.

Att. Gen. We pray, my lord, that he may have his oath.

Mr. Turner. My lord, here are the witnesses ready to prove it that were by.

Earl of Berkeley. Truly as to that, to examine this matter by witnesses, I conceive this Court, though it be a great Court, yet has not the cognizance of marriages: and though here be a pretence of a marriage, yet I know you will not determine it, how ready soever he be to make it out by witnesses, but I desire she may be delivered up to me, her father, and let him take his remedy.

L. C. J. I see no reason but my lord may take his daughter.

Earl of Berkeley. I desire the Court will deliver her to me.

Just. Dolben. My lord, we cannot dispose of any other man's wife, and they say they are married. We have nothing to do in it.

L. C. J. My Lord Berkeley, your daughter is free for you to take her; as for Mr. Turner, if he thinks he has any right to the lady, let him take his course. Are you at liberty, and under no restraint?

Lady Henrietta. I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley. Hussey, you shall go with me home.

Lady Henrietta. I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley. Hussey, you shall go with me, I say.

Lady Henrietta. I will go with my husband.

Mr. Williams. Now the lady is here, I suppose my Lord Grey must be discharged of his imprisonment.

Serj. Jefferies. No, my lord, we pray he may be continued in custody.

L. C. J. How can we do that, brother? the commitment upon the writ De Homine Replegiando, is but till the body be produced; and here she is, and says she is under no restraint.

Serj. Jefferies. My lord, if you please to take a little time to consider of it, we hope we may satisfy you that he ought still to be in custody.

L. C. J. That you can never do, brother.

Serj. Jefferies. But your Lordship sees upon the proofs to-day this is a cause of an extraordinary foul nature, and what verdict the jury may give upon it we do not know.

Att. Gen. The truth of it is, we would have my Lord Grey forthcoming, in case he should be convicted, to receive the judgment of the Court.

L. C. J. You cannot have judgment this term, Mr. Attorney, that is to be sure; for there are not four days left. And my Lord Grey is to be found, to be sure; there never yet, before this, was any thing that reflected upon him, though this, indeed, is too much and too black if he be guilty.

Just. Dolben. Brother, you do ill to press us to what cannot be done; we, it may be, went further than ordinary in what we did, in committing him, being a peer, but we did it to get the young lady at liberty; here she now appears, and says she is under no restraint; what shall we do? She is properly the plaintiff in the *Homine Replegiando*, and must declare, if she please; but we cannot detain him in custody.

L. C. J. My lord shall give security to answer her suit upon the *Homine Replegiando*.

Mr. Williams. We will do it immediately.

L. C. J. We did, when it was moved the other day by my brother Maynard, who told us of ancient precedents, promise to look into them; and when we did so, we found them to be as much to the purpose, as if he had cast his cap into the air; they signified nothing at all to his point. But we did then tell him (as we did at first tell my lord so) if he did produce the lady, we

would immediately bail him. And she being now produced, we are bound by law to bail him. Take his bail.

[And accordingly he was bailed at the suit of the Lady Henrietta Berkeley, by Mr. Forrester, and Mr. Thomas Wharton.]

Earl of Berkeley. My lord, I desire I may have my daughter again.

L. C. J. My lord, we do not hinder you ; you may take her.

Lady Henrietta. I will go with my husband.

Earl of Berkeley. Then all that are my friends, seize her, I charge you.

L. C. J. Nay, let us have no breaking of the peace in the Court.

Despite, however, of this warning of the Chief Justice, Lord Berkeley again claiming his daughter, and attempting to seize her by force in the hall, a great scuffle ensued, and swords were drawn on both sides. At this critical moment the Court broke up, and the Judge, passing by, ordered his tipstaff to take Lady Henrietta into custody, and convey her to the King's Bench, whither Mr. Turner accompanied her. On the last day of term, she was released by order of the Court ; and the business being in some way arranged among the parties during the vacation, the lawsuit was not persevered in.

Lady Henrietta herself is stated to have died, unmarried, in the year 1710 ; consequently, the claim of Turner must have been a mere collusion to save Lord Grey.

SOME NOBLE SUFFERERS FROM WITCHCRAFT.

IN the church of Bottisford is the sepulchral chapel of the Rutland family ; and among the stately tombs is that of Francis Manners, Earl of Rutland, his Countess, and their two sons, Henry and Francis, which attracts more than ordinary attention, from the story attached to it in the church books. We give the extract, merely amending the spelling, and substituting small letters for the redundant capitals:—

“ When the Right Hon. Sir Francis Manners succeeded his brother, Roger, in the Earldom of Rutland, and took possession of Belvoir Castle, and of the estates belonging to the earldom, he took such honourable measures in the courses of his life, that he neither discharged servants, nor denied the access of the poor ; but making strangers welcome, did all the good offices of a noble lord, by which he got the love and good will of the country, his noble Countess being of the same noble disposition. So that Belvoir Castle was a continual place of entertainment, especially to neighbours, where Joan Flower and her daughter were not only relieved at the first, but Joan was also admitted charwoman, and her daughter Margaret as a continual dweller in the castle, looking to the poultry abroad, and the wash-house at home ; and thus they continued till found guilty of some misdemeanor, which was disco-

vered to the lady. The first complaint against Joan Flower, the mother, was, that she was a monstrous malicious woman, full of oaths, curses, and irreligious imprecations, and, as far as appeared, a plain atheist; as for Margaret, she was frequently accused of going from the castle, and carrying provisions away in unreasonable quantities, and returning in such unseasonable hours, that they could not but conjecture at some mischief amongst them; and that their extraordinary expenses tended both to rob their lady, and served also to maintain some debauched and idle company which frequented Joan Flower's house. In some time, the Countess misliking her (Joan's) daughter, Margaret, and discovering some indecencies in her life, and the neglect of her business, discharged her from lying any more in the castle, yet gave her forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress of wool, commanding her to go home. But at last these wretched women became so malicious and revengeful, that the Earl's family were sensible of their wicked dispositions; for, first, his eldest son Henry, Lord Ross, was taken sick after a strange manner, and in a little time died; and after Francis, Lord Ross, was severely tortured and tormented by them with a strange sickness, which caused his death. Also, and presently after, the Lady Catherine was set upon by their devilish practices, and very frequently in danger of her life, in strange and unusual fits; and, as they confessed, both the Earl and his Countess were so bewitched, that they should have no more children. In a little time after, they were apprehended and carried into Lincoln gaol, after due examination before sufficient justices and discreet magistrates. Joan Flower, before her conviction, called for bread and butter, and wished it might never go through her, if she were guilty of the matter she was accused of; and, upon mumbling of it in her

mouth, she never spake more, but fell down, and died as she was carried to Lincoln Gaol, being extremely tormented both in soul and body, and was buried at Ancaster."

The examination of Margaret Flower, the 22nd of January, 1618.

"She confessed that about four years since, her mother sent her for the right hand glove of Henry Lord Ross, and afterwards her mother bid her go again to the castle of Belvoir, and bring down the (other?) glove, or some other thing of Henry Lord Ross; and when she asked her for what, her mother answered, To hurt my Lord Ross. Upon which she brought down the glove, and gave it to her mother, who stroked Rutterkin, her cat, (the Imp) with it, after it was dipped in hot water, and, so, pricked it often; after which Henry Lord Ross fell sick, and soon after died. She further said, that, finding a glove about two or three years since of Francis Lord Ross, she gave it to her mother, who put it into hot water, and afterwards took it out, and rubbed it on Rutterkin (the Imp), and bid him go upwards, and afterwards buried it in the yard, and said, 'a mischief light on him, but he will mend again.' She further confessed, that her mother and her [self] and her sister agreed together to bewitch the Earl and his lady, that they might have no more children; and being asked the cause of this their malice and ill-will, she said, that about four years since the Countess, taking a dislike to her, gave her forty shillings, a bolster, and a mattress, and bid her be at home, and come no more to dwell at the castle; which she not only took ill, but grudged it in her heart very much, swearing to be revenged upon her;

on which her mother took wool out of the mattress, and a pair of gloves which were given her by Mr. Vovason, and put them into warm water, mingling them with some blood, and stirring it together ; then she took them out of the water, and rubbed them on the belly of Rutterkin, saying, ‘ the lord and lady would have children, but it would be long first.’ She further confessed, that by her mother’s command, she brought to her a piece of a handkerchief of the Lady Catherine, the Earl’s daughter, and her mother put it into hot water, and then, taking it out, rubbed it upon Rutterkin, bidding him ‘ fly and go ;’ whereupon Rutterkin whined and cried ‘ Mew,’ upon which the said Rutterkin had no more power of the Lady Catherine to hurt her.

“ Margaret Flower, and Phillis Flower, the daughters of Jane Flower, were executed at Lincoln, for witchcraft, March 12, 1618.

“ Whoever reads this history should consider the ignorance and dark superstition of those times ; but certainly these women were vile, abandoned wretches, to pretend to do such wicked things.

“ ‘ Seek ye not unto them that have familiar spirits, nor wizards, nor unto witches that peep and that mutter : should not a people seek unto their God ?’—Isaiah viii. 19.”

This sounds sadly on our ears in the nineteenth century ; nevertheless, the universal credence such malpractices obtained at the time, makes the tale a probable one. From the king himself to the humblest commoner, no one doubted the power and malice of the so-called witches ; and many an unhappy woman was barbarously murdered, having been condemned of a crime which was impossible of occurrence.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE LADIES LAKE
AND DE ROOS.

SIR WILLIAM RYTHRE, of London, knighted by Queen Elizabeth, was father of Mary, his only child and heiress, who became the wife of Sir Thomas Lake, afterwards Principal Secretary of State to King James I.

Lady Lake, it would appear, inherited an immense fortune, and was possessed of singular fascinations of manner, and personal attractions of no ordinary description; whilst her husband, Sir Thomas Lake, was universally considered to be inferior to no gentleman of the day, either in ability or accomplishments. Their daughter, Elizabeth, even excelled her mother in beauty, whilst her mind, bold, original, and capacious, received all the cultivation derivable from the concurrence of wealth, opportunity, and an insatiable desire for self-improvement. Yet all these advantages, seldom, indeed, existing separately, and so very rarely united, were completely counterbalanced by a misconception, which, having received admission into her mind, gradually effected such a modification in the exercise of its faculties, as caused it eventually to convert every incident, circumstance, and occurrence, into proofs of the delusion—the infatuation—under whose vile despotisms it laboured;—an infatuation which, ultimately, proceeded to the adoption of measures the most odious in con-

trivance, and criminally execrable in purpose, to which, perhaps, any female, otherwise pure and undepraved, had ever resorted. This overmastering feeling, which would have been speedily dissipated by a vigorous exercise of the high reasoning powers with which she was endowed, was jealousy, under the fatal influence of which the deadliest emotions were engendered, and the fairest prospects of human felicity utterly blasted, and laid desolate for ever. "After Sir Robert Cecil had attained the ministration of affairs, the place of Secretary of State was divided into two, and Sir Thomas Lake appointed to one of them, and so continued, says A. Wood, with honourable esteem of all men, till malice and revenge, two violent passions, overruling the weaker sex, concerning his wife and daughter, involved him in their quarrel, the chief and only cause of his ruin."* "Lord Roos, in February, 1616, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, Principal Secretary of State, by Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir William Rythre; and, in July of the same year, his title of Lord Roos, which had been disputed by the Earl of Rutland, was adjudged in his favour. He returned from Spain in March, 1616-17, and, in August following, secretly withdrew himself out of England, leaving his estate in great disorder, after having sent a challenge to his brother-in-law, Arthur Lake; and though he was required by the Lords of the Council to return, refused to comply with their order."† Saunderson, who was Secretary to Lord Roos, in his embassy to Spain, gives the following account of the dispute between Frances, Countess of Exeter, and the Lake family:

"The Lord Roos, through Sir Thomas Lake's credit, was sent ambassador extraordinary into Spain, in a very

* Saunderson's "Life of James I."

† Birch's "Life of Prince Henry."

elegant equipage, in the year 1611, with hopes of his own to continue longer, to save charges of transmitting any other. In his absence here fell out a deadly feud (no matter for what) between the Lady Lake, and her daughter's stepmother, the Countess of Exeter, which was fully described in a letter, and sent from England to me at Madrid. A youthful widow this Countess had been, and virtuous, the relict of Sir Thomas Smyth, Clerk of the Council and Registrar of the Parliament, and daughter of William, fourth Lord Chandos; and so she married, and became bed-fellow to this aged, diseased, gouty, but noble Earl of Exeter, who was the maternal grandfather of the Lord de Roos. Home comes the Lord Roos from his embassy, whereupon he fell into great neglect of his wife, and her kindred, and refused to increase the allowance to her settlement of jointure, which was promised to be completed at his return; not long after he stays in England, but away he gets into Italy, and turned a professed Roman Catholic, being cozened into that religion here by his public confidant, Gondamore.

“ In this last absence never to return, Lady Lake, and her daughter, Lady Roos, accuse the Countess of Exeter of former incontinency with the Lord Roos, whilst he was here, and that, therefore, he fled from his wife, and from his marriage bed, with other devised calumnies, by several designs and contrivements, to have poisoned the Ladies Lake and Roos. The quarrel was blazoned at Court to the King's ear, who, as privately as could be, singly examines each party. The Countess, with tears and imprecations, professes her innocence, which to oppose, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeit her hand to a whole sheet of paper, wherein they make her, with much contrition, to acknowledge herself guilty, and crave pardon for attempting to poison them, and

desire friendship for ever with them all. The King gets sight of this, as in favour to them, and demands the time, place, and occasion when this should be writ. They tell him that all the parties met in a visit at Wimbledon (Lord Exeter's house), where, in dispute of this difference, she confessed her fault, and desirous of absolution and friendship, consents to set down all under her own hand, which presently she writ at the upper end of the great chamber at Wimbledon, in the presence of Lord and Lady Roos, Lady Lake, and one Diego, a Spaniard, his lordship's confiding servant. But now, they being gone and at Rome, the King forthwith sends Master Dendy, one of his Serjeants-at-Arms, some time a domestic of Lord Exeter's, an honest and worthy man, post to Rome, who speedily returns with Lord Roos's and Diego's hands, and other testimonials, that all the said accusations, confession, suspicions, and papers, concerning Lady Exeter, were notoriously false and scandalous, and confirm by receiving their eucharist, in assurance of her honour and her innocency. Besides, several letters of her hand, compared with this writing, concluded it counterfeit. Then the King tells the Ladies Lake and Roos, that, the writing being denied by Lady Exeter, their testimony as parties would not prevail without additional witnesses. They then adjoin one Sarah Wharton, their chambress, who, they affirm, stood behind the hangings, at the entrance of the room, and heard Lady Exeter read over what she had writ; and to this she swears before the King. But after a hunting at the New Park, the King dined at Wimbledon, and in that room observes the great distance from the window to the lower end, and placing himself behind the hangings, (and so different lords in their turn,) they could not hear a loud voice from the window. Besides, the hangings wanted two feet of the ground, and might discover

the woman if hidden behind, the King saying, 'Oaths cannot conceal my sight.'

"And the hangings had not been removed in that room for thirty years before, of which particular the king fully satisfied his mind. Nay, more than all these, the Ladies Lake and Roos counterfeited a confession, in writing, of one Luke Hutton, that, for £40, the Lady Exeter should hire him to impoison them, which man, with wonderful providence, was found out, and privately denies it to the King. And thus prepared, the King sends for Sir Thomas Lake, whom, in truth, he valued, tells him the danger to embark himself in this business, advising him to leave those who were really implicated in the quarrel to the law, the matter being ready for a Star-chamber adjudication.

"He humbly thanked his Majesty, but could not refuse to be a father and a husband; and so he put his name with theirs in a cross-bill, which, at hearing, took up five several days, the King sitting in judgment. But the former testimonies, and some private confessions of Lady Roos and Sarah Wharton, which the King kept in secret, made the cause of trial, for some days, appear doubtful to the Court, until the King's discovery, which concluded the sentence pronounced upon the parties. Sir Thomas and Lady Lake were fined ten thousand pounds to the King, five thousand pounds to Lady Exeter, and fifty pounds to Hutton. Sarah Wharton was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail about the streets, and to do penance at St. Martin's Church. The Lady Roos, for confessing the truth and plot in the midst of the trial, was pardoned by the most voices from penal sentence, although she it was whose groundless jealousy of Lady Exeter, and representations to her mother on the subject, had originated this ruinous proceeding. The King, I remember, compared 'the crime

to the first plot of the first sin in Paradise, the lady to the serpent, her daughter to Eve, and Sir Thomas Lake to poor Adam, whose love to his wife, the old sin of our father, had beguiled him. I am sure he paid for all, which, as he told me, cost him thirty thousand pounds, the loss of his master's favour, and offices of honour and gain, but truly with much pity and compassion at Court, he being held an honest man.' A descendant of Sir Thomas Lake's was raised to the Peerage by the style and title of Lord Viscount Lake, in consequence of his brilliant services and distinguished military achievements.

THE LADY ARABELLA.

WHAT chapter of romance equals, in interest and pathos, the mournful tale of Arabella Stuart—the high-born, the beautiful, and the accomplished? Deep, indeed, did the royal lady drink of the bitter cup of sadness, and most melancholy was her untimely end; still her purity—her tender and devoted affection—form the one bright spot amid the dreary waste of profligacy, and heartlessness, that characterized the reign of the first James. On that purity and that devotion, memory loves to dwell; but the heart turns, with sorrow and indignation, from the unmanly cruelty which destroyed the fairest and sweetest flower that ever bloomed in the atmosphere of a court. The sufferings of Arabella Stuart stand upon the page of history, the damning blot on the fame of the monarch, her kinsman and her king, by whom they were caused.

Her story has been often and gracefully related. D'Israeli devotes to it some of the most enchanting pages of the *Curiosities of Literature*: Miss Aikin, in her “*Court of James the First*,” narrates, but with less kindness, the same pathetic episode; and, still more recently, the gifted author of *Darnley*, a writer whose brilliant fictions may range, not unworthily, with the *Waverley Novels*, has thrown the halo of his genius around the blighted hope and broken heart of the

ill-fated lady. Nevertheless, the biographer has no slight difficulty in following the thread of her story, and must, in the absence of history's unerring rays, rest satisfied with the dim light of tradition. The lady's whole domestic life is veiled in obscurity, and its incidents are uncertain and contradictory. Even her pretensions to beauty admit of question; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is insufficient to dispel the doubt. "She is said," remarks D'Israeli, "to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty, that it cannot be written; and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings."

Arabella Stuart was daughter and heiress of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lennox, younger brother of Henry, Lord Darnley, consort of Mary, Queen of Scots; and in right of her grandmother, Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Queen Dowager of France, and niece of King Henry the Eighth, stood in close proximity to the throne—too close, unhappily, for her peace and prosperity. "Her griefs were deepened by their royalty, and her adventures, touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison grate—a sad example of a female victim to the state!"

Her double connexion with the blood royal was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James; and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring. Yet we find the Scottish Monarch, at one time, not unwilling to wed his fair cousin to Lord Esme Stuart, whom

he had created Duke of Lennox. The bans, however, were forbidden by the English Queen, and the luckless maiden consigned to prison. The hand of the lady remained not long unsought: a curious project of the Pope's, favoured, it is said, by Henry the Great, of France, was to marry her to a brother of the Duke of Parma—to set aside James from the succession, and to place the Lady Arabella on the throne. Another aspirant was a son of the illustrious house of Percy; and a fourth, no less a personage than the King of Poland. But to the fair maiden herself, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight—opening on her sight; impalpable and vanishing at the moment of approach.

“Arabella Stuart,” (we quote from Mr. James's Romance), “fancied herself in no degree ambitious. She had seen princes at her feet, without estimating them in the least by the crowns they offered, or the territories they possessed. She had willingly seen the proposals of some of the highest men in Europe rejected by those who ruled her fate; and yet she was, perhaps, the most ambitious person that it is possible to conceive: for she sought to obtain that which is most difficult for any human being to gain—especially of royal blood. The object of her ambition was happiness!—that glorious crown which all the jewels of the world cannot enrich, which, studded with the diamonds of the heart, can receive no additional lustre from such paltry things as power, or wealth, or station.”

Her pursuit, however, was fruitless. The King, from political motives, invariably rejected all matrimonial offers made to his kinswoman; the Lady Arabella submitting with ill grace to this species of tyranny. Every noble youth who sighed for distinction ambitioned her notice; and she was frequently contriving a marriage

for herself. At length, undeterred by a censure passed on her a short time previously, for listening to a clandestine proposal, she ventured to receive similar overtures from William Seymour, second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the Earl of Hertford; on discovery of which both parties were summoned before the Privy Council and reprimanded. Their love, formed in childhood, had been renewed in after years, and appears to have survived all their sorrow and sufferings.

To the King's prohibition Seymour submitted. "But love" (continues D'Israeli) "love laughs at Privy Councils, and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers." The parties were secretly married in 1610, and the contract came to the knowledge of the King in the July of the following year. They were then separately confined; Arabella at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and the bridegroom in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the Royal Family without the King's leave."

Their imprisonment, however, does not seem to have been very close or rigorous. The lovers suffered no personal restraint, and soon opened an intercourse of letters. One of these love epistles, exquisite in feeling, and not inelegant in style, is still preserved among the treasures of the Harleian Collection. We cannot refrain from giving it entire:—

The Lady Arabella to Mr. William Seymour.

"Sir,—I am exceedingly sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you, let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon

your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to ; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself ; for, *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Smart says, we may, by God's grace, be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying so great a blessing as you, so little a while. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me that you are mine ! ' Rachel wept, and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.' And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else ! And, therefore, God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest, though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure, God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world ! I do assure you, nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much, as this news of your being ill doth ; and you see, when I am troubled I trouble you, too, with tedious kindness ; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

“ Your faithful, loving wife,

“ ARB. S.”

Thus far we have endeavoured to afford a sketch of the Lady Arabella, and we are almost tempted by the romance, which is inseparable from the mournful tale, to complete the outline. There is, however, a charm—a freshness in contemporaneous description, that more than

compensates for the ruggedness of the style; and induces us to borrow the details from the correspondence of the period, rather than attempt any narrative of our own. In thus availing ourselves of the testimony of those who lived at the very epoch, and recorded what they witnessed, with all the force and animation of contemporary truth, we become, as it were, personally acquainted with the familiar names of past times, and seem to be again conversing with those who have slept for ages in the silent dust.

In a letter to Mr. Trumbull, Feb. 15, 1609, Mr. Beaulieu writes:—

“The Lady Arabella, who, as you know, was not long ago censured for having, without the King’s privity, entertained a notion of marriage, was again, within these few days, apprehended in the like treaty with my Lord of Beauchamp’s second son, and both were called, and examined yesterday at the court, about it. What the matter will prove, I know not; but these affectations of marriage in her, do give some advantage to the world, of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition.”*

In the following year, Sir Dudley Carleton thus communicates with Sir R. Winwood:—

“The great match, which was lately stolen betwixt the Lady Arabella and young Beauchamp, provides them both of safe lodgings; the Lady close prisoner at Sir Thomas Parry’s house, at Lambeth; and her husband in the Tower. Melvin, the poetical minister, welcomed him thither, with this distich—

Communis tecum mihi causa est carceris: Arabella tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.†

* Winw. Mem. III. 119.

† Ibid. 201.

And again, in about eleven months afterwards, Sir Ralph Winwood received from Mr. John More a full narrative of the escape of Mr. Seymour and the Lady Arabella.

“The first of this month,” writes Mr. More, “by the ordinary of Middleburg, I sent your lordship some advertisements of small importance, and that which I now send is, for the most part, of no better stuff. The quick winged and various fame of my Lady Arabella’s and Mr. Seymour’s flight will far outstrip the passage of this letter; yet in the certain manner of their escape, it may perhaps, in some points, clear the obscurity of forerunning bruits. On Monday last, in the afternoon, my Lady Arabella, lying at Mr. Conyers’s* house, near Highgate, having induced her keepers and attendants into security by the fair show of conformity, and willingness to go on her journey towards Durham, which the next day she must have done, and in the meantime disguising herself, by drawing a pair of great French-fashioned hose over her petticoats, putting on a man’s doublet, a man-like peruke with long locks over her hair, a black hat, black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side, walked forth between three and four of the clock with Markham. After they had gone afoot a mile and a half, to a sorry inn, where Crompton attended with horses, she grew very sick and faint, so as the ostler that held the stirrup said, that gentleman would hardly hold out to London; yet being set on a good gelding, astride in an unwonted fashion, the stirring of the horse brought blood enough into her face, and so she rid on towards Blackwall; where, arriving about six o’clock, finding there in a readiness two men, a gentlewoman, and a chambermaid, with one boat full of Mr.

* In my Lord Salisbury’s letter to Mr. Trumbull, it is Sir James Croft’s house.

King and Queen Regent of France, and to the Archdukes, all written with harsher ink than now, if they were to do (I presume) they should be, especially that to the Archdukes, which did seem to presuppose their course to tend that way ; and all three describing the offence in black colours, and pressing their sending back without delay. Indeed, the general belief was, that they intended to settle themselves in Brabant, and that under the favour of the Popish faction ; but now I rather think they will be most pitied by the Puritans, and that their course did wholly tend to France. And though for the former, I had only mine own corrigible imagination, yet for the latter many pregnant reasons do occur : as, that the ship that did attend them was French ; the place that Mr. Seymour made for was Calais ; the man that made their perukes was a French clockmaker, who is fled with them ; and in the ship is said to be found a French post, with letters from the Ambassador.”

The recaptured lady was, thenceforward, doomed to waste the remnant of her days in the solitude of imprisonment :—

“ Never,” (we again quote from the pages of the Novelist,) “ never did human being in a world of woe strive with more patient perseverance for contentment with his lot than did poor Arabella Seymour. She called to her aid all the resources of an humble and a faithful spirit. She trusted in God, she resigned herself to his will, she tried to bear the chastening hand with cheerfulness ; but it was in vain she did so. Hours, days, weeks passed—the heavy hours, days, weeks of imprisonment, without one hope coming to lighten the burden or assuage the pangs. At first she consoled herself with the knowledge that Seymour was safe beyond the power of the vain tyrant who kept her within those walls ; but she soon found that even that consolation, when she indulged in it, produced

an evil effect upon her mind. The thought that he was secure and free, brought with it the eager yearnings of a warm and affectionate heart to be with him, to rest upon the bosom of him she loved, to hear the music of his voice, to see his eyes beaming upon her with tenderness and devotion. She dared not trust herself with such meditations, for they were dangerous to her tranquillity, and were sure to end in long and bitter weeping. Then she strove to extract hope from some fruitless effort to soften the cold and obdurate heart of the king—as the alchymists of the day attempted to draw gold from lead or iron. But, even in the act, she knew it to be idle. She would gaze upon the letter she had written, beseeching this person or that, who was supposed to have influence over James, to intercede for her ; and, with a sad smile, shake her head and sigh, exclaiming, ‘Vain, vain ! it is all in vain !’ Then she would wander round the walls of the Tower, gaze on the busy multitudes swarming freely without, picture to herself their thoughts, feelings, and occupations, trace them, in her imagination, through their daily labour, and follow them back again to the home of domestic love : and the tears would rise in her eyes, as she thought that no such home was ever to be hers.”

These maddening reflections and ceaseless regrets were too much for the fragile mind of the hapless lady. Her bright intellect was overthrown ; and the temple of reason became desolate and forsaken. We will not dwell on this darksome era of the poor lady’s life. Four lonely years sufficed to consummate the ruin that had begun ; and at the termination of that brief space the grave closed over the broken heart of Arabella Stuart. Her mortal remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, and her tomb placed amongst the mighty of the land.

Seymour was, afterwards, permitted to return, and made a figure, as a cavalier commander in the subsequent reign. He was then Marquess of Hertford, and had eventually the dukedom of Somerset restored to him. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: he loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil wars broke out, he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. To his life's latest hour he cherished his romantic passion for the object of his early love; and, though he married again, he christened the daughter of his second wife by the fondly remembered name of "Arabella Stuart."

THE WESLEYS AND WELLESLEYS.

THE Rev. John Wesley, founder of the sect of the Methodists, was born on the 17th of June, 1703, at Epworth, a small living in Lincolnshire, of which his father, the Rev. Samuel Westley or Wesley, was incumbent. The father, poor in this world's goods, was amply blessed in the possession of piety, sense, and learning; and his wife, Susannah, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Annesley, was remarkable for the strength alike of her intellect and her devotion. Of their children, three sons grew up to manhood—Samuel, John, and Charles; and of them Southey gives the following interesting details:—

“Charles Wesley had been elected from Westminster to Christchurch, just after his brother John obtained his fellowship at Lincoln.” There, however, “his own disposition, his early education, and the example of his parents and both his brethren,” soon led Charles to embrace a life of more active devotion, “and, meeting with two or three under-graduates, whose inclinations and principles resembled his own, they associated together for the purpose of religious improvement, lived by rule, and received the sacrament weekly. They were called in derision the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club. One person, with less irreverence and more learning, observed, in reference to their methodical manner of life, that a new sect of Methodists was sprung up, alluding to the ancient school

of physicians known by that name. There was some fitness in the name, it obtained vogue, and it has become the appropriate designation of the sect of which (John) Wesley is the founder.

“It was to Charles Wesley and his few associates that the name was first given. When John returned to Oxford they gladly placed themselves under his direction; their meetings acquired more form and regularity, and obtained an accession of members.

“While Charles Wesley was at Westminster, under his brother, Samuel (who was an under master there), a gentleman of large fortune in Ireland, and of the same family name, wrote to the father, and inquired of him if he had a son named Charles, for, if so, he would make him his heir. Accordingly, his school bills, during several years, were discharged by his unseen namesake. At length, a gentleman, who is supposed to have been this Mr. Wesley, called upon him, and, after much conversation, asked him if he was willing to accompany him to Ireland; the youth desired to write to his father before he could make answer; the father left it to his own decision; and he, who was satisfied with the fair prospects which Christchurch opened to him, chose to stay in England. John Wesley, in his account of his brother, calls this a fair escape. The fact is more remarkable than he was aware of; for the person, who inherited the property intended for Charles Wesley, and who took the name of Wesley, or Wellesley, in consequence, was the first Earl of Mornington, grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley and the Duke of Wellington. Had Charles made a different choice, there might have been no Methodists, the British Empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might, at this time, have insulted and endangered us on our own shores.”

THE ADVENTURES OF AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

THE marvellous tale we are about to relate, seems too romantic for credence: but, fortunately for its corroboration, the trial in the Irish Exchequer confirmed the veracity of every statement. On its striking and extraordinary incidents, Sir Walter Scott, it is said, founded "Guy Mannering." We will preface the details with a brief summary of the pedigree necessary for the right elucidation of the story:—

Arthur Annesley, second Viscount Valentia, in the county of Kerry, was the descendant of the ancient and knightly Nottinghamshire family of Annesley. He had succeeded his father, Sir Francis Annesley of Newport Pagnel, Bucks, who had gone over to Ireland in the reign of James I., had been a distinguished statesman there, and was eventually created Viscount Valentia. Arthur, the second Viscount, was also an eminent nobleman in Ireland, and, in addition to his Irish titles, was created a peer of England, in 1661, as Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey. He married Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Sir James Altham, Knight, of Oxey, Hertfordshire, a Baron of the Exchequer, and dying in 1686, he left, with other sons and daughters, the following issue.

1. James his successor, as second Earl of Anglesey.
2. Altham.
3. Richard, in holy orders, Dean of Exeter.

The second of these sons, Altham, was created an Irish peer in 1680, by the title of Baron Altham, with limitation to his younger brothers : he died, in 1699, leaving an infant son, the second Lord Altham, who did not long survive him, and consequently his honours were inherited by his third brother,

Richard Annesley, Dean of Exeter, who thus became third Lord Altham. This nobleman, dying in 1701, left two sons, Arthur and Richard.

The elder, his successor,

Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and to him we call the reader's particular attention, married Mary, illegitimate daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and was supposed to have died issueless, in 1727. Of this fourth Lord Altham, however, and his wife Mary, JAMES ANNESLEY, the hero of this romantic story, proved himself, as will be hereafter seen, to be the son. Yet at the time of the fourth lord's death, the knowledge of this fact was a secret, and consequently he was succeeded by his brother,

RICHARD ANNESLEY, fifth Lord Altham. This nobleman became also sixth Earl of Anglesey on the demise, without issue, of his three cousins, the sons, and successors of his uncle, James the second Earl. Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey, had scarcely assumed all these dignities, when a claimant to the honours arose in the person of James Annesley, who asserted himself to be the son of Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, by Mary, his wife, and a publication appeared entitled "The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman." This sets forth his case in so curious and interesting a way, being, as was afterwards proved, true in the main, that we cannot do better than give from it the following extract, for the length of which we do not apologise, as the tale it unfolds may well stand in rivalry with many

a marvellous legend, the mere offspring of a fertile imagination:—

James Annesley, whose life, it seems, was an obstruction to the grant of some leases, which the extravagance of the Baron, his father, made necessary, was therefore removed from a public to a very obscure school, and letters were written to corroborate a report of his death, and of that of the Baroness, who had been forced to retire for subsistence to the duke her father in another kingdom. After which the baron her husband married a woman who happened, amidst the variety he had tried, to please and fix him.

On his father's ceasing to pay for his board at school, this young nobleman began to feel his misfortunes. His clothes grew ragged and too little for him, his fare coarse and scanty, no recreation allowed, never looked upon but with frowns, nor spoke to but with reproaches, continually reprimanded, often cruelly beaten, sometimes barely for not doing what none took the pains to instruct him in. While others of his age were at their school exercises, he was employed either in drawing water, cleaning knives, or some servile office. Thus he continued for more than two years, when growing more sensible of his ill usage, he began to murmur, but was told that he was kept only on charity, and if he liked not that way of life, he might seek a better: the poor innocent, thinking he could not fare worse, without clothes, money, or the least hint given him where to find his father, turned his back upon that scene of woe, and travelled without knowing where to go till he came to a small village. His tender limbs being much fatigued, for he was but turned of ten years old, he sat down at a door and wept bitterly for want of food; a good old woman relieved him with some bread, meat, and butter-milk, which enabled him to pursue his journey, till he

arrived at the capital. Here, friendless and hungry, he fell again into tears, which not availing him, he was obliged to beg, and by his modest deportment obtained some relief, and at night took up his lodging in a church-porch. Next morning, recollecting that his school-master talked of writing to his father in this city, he went from one street to another, inquiring for the baron. At length, he was informed that his lordship had retired from town some time—none knew whither—on account of his debts. Our noble wanderer, now without hope, and hunger pressing, and some churlish people threatening him with the house of correction for asking relief, he took to running of errands, and procured a mean subsistence, after the manner of other poor boys. It happened one day, some boys fell upon him and beat him severely, calling him dog and scoundrel, words he could less bear than the blows; he answered, “They lied,—he was better than the best of them; his father was a lord, and he should be a lord when a man.” After this he was, in derision, called “my lord,” which the mistress of the house hearing, called him, and seeing he had no deformity to deserve the title, as vulgarly given, “Tell me,” says she, “why they call you my lord.” “Madam,” replied he, “I shall be a lord when my father dies.” “Ah!” said she, “who is your father?” “The Baron of A——, and my mother is the Baroness of A——, but she has left the kingdom, and they say I shall never see her again.” “Who tells you all this?” “I know it very well; I lived in a great house once, and had a footman, and then was carried to a great school and was reckoned the head boy there, and had the finest clothes: afterwards, I was carried to another school, and there they abused me sadly, because they said, my father would not pay for me.” “Why do you not go to your father?” “I don’t know where to find him,” an-

swered the poor innocent, and burst into tears. "Do you think you should know him?" "Yes, very well, though it is a great while since I saw him, but I remember he used to come in a coach and six to see me, when I lived at the great school." Moved at this account, but willing to examine him more strictly, she said, "You are a lying boy, for that lord's son is dead." He replied, "Indeed I tell the truth; I never was sick, but once when I had a fall and cut my head, and here is the mark, putting his hair aside, and my father was very angry with those who had the care of me." The woman, who kept an eating-house, to which his father sometimes came, having heard that his son and heir was dead, felt no little surprise to see the child reduced to so miserable a condition. She knew enough of the extravagance and necessities of the father, and that certain leases, on which money was raised, could not be granted while his son was publicly known to be alive; and not doubting his innocent assertions, gave him not only food but clothes, and promised to write to his father.

In the meantime, his uncle came to the house, and the good woman told him what she had heard and done. He said it was an imposition, for his nephew was dead. I mean the boy that was called my brother's son; for though his lady had a child, he was not the father. "I can say nothing to such a distinction," replied the woman, "but as he was born in wedlock, he must be the heir, and ought to be educated in an agreeable manner."

The uncle desired to see him, who, being new clothed, and having beautiful hair, came in with an engaging mien, and most respectful behaviour, to his benefactress, as well as to the gentleman, as he appeared to be of distinction, who, instead of being moved with compassion, sternly cried out, "What name is this you take upon you?"—"I take none upon me, sir, but what I brought

into the world with me, and was always called by. Nobody will say but I am the son of the Baron of A——.” “By whom?” demanded the gentleman.—“By his wife, the Baroness of A——,” replied the other, with more resolution than could be expected.—“Then you are a bastard,” cried the uncle, “for your mother was a reprobate.” “If I was a man, you should not use my mother or me thus, whoever you are,” said the child, with tears in his eyes, which moved the woman of the house to intercede for milder treatment.

The child said, at last, he knew the gentleman was his uncle, for he came once with his father to see him at school; but the good uncle replied he knew nothing of it, and went out of the room; the woman followed, and entreated him to consider his nephew, and not refuse him a proper education. He promised to speak to his brother, but desired her to keep the affair private. He was, indeed, as good as his word, informed his brother of the condition his nephew was in, but observed further, that although some care should be taken of his education, it would be of ill consequence, on account of the leases, were he known to be alive, before the Baron's decease. He therefore advised St. Omer's, or some place beyond the sea, where he might be trained up at a small expense. The Baron readily approved this advice, and gave his brother money to reimburse the woman, and for further expenses. The uncle took the conduct of the whole affair upon himself. The first step he made was to agree with the master of a ship bound for Pennsylvania, for a sum of money paid down, to transport a boy thither, and sell him to the fairest bidder. To palliate the villany, he told the Captain the boy was the natural son of a person of condition, but had vilely behaved, and as he deserved no regard on that score, his friends were loth to suffer disgrace by him, therefore chose to

send him out of the way of temptation. Then he returns to the woman, tells her the boy was to embark forthwith for St. Omer's, and takes him away with him : meantime, the vessel not being ready to sail, he lodges him in a private house at his devotion, where the boy was kept concealed, till things were ready for his embarkation. Soon after, the Baron was taken ill, and died. The worthy uncle immediately took upon him the title of Baron, with the estate appendant on it : the Baron's sudden death is supposed to be the cause why he made no declaration on behalf of his son on his death-bed. Meanwhile, the unhappy youth, now real Baron, was kept too close a prisoner to hear one word about it. Being told by his uncle that nothing should be wanting to retrieve the time he had lost, the hopes of future accomplishments gave him new life, he went on board the ship, and was easy and gay, till a storm arising, ruffled the pleasing prospect, and filled his head with all the usual terrors that attend it.

The fears of death, no doubt, had such an effect on our young voyager, that though ignorant as yet of his misfortunes, he heartily wished himself on land. Alas ! he little imagined the severity of his fate was yet to come !

The violence of the storm, which had lasted three hours, being abated, a cloth was spread in the captain's cabin, our young Baron was going to place himself at the table, when one of the sailors checked him with—“ Hold, youngster, do you think you are to be messmate with the captain ?” This sea jest, seconded by the loud mirth of two cabin-boys, who attended, a little disconcerted our unhappy young nobleman. The captain saved him the trouble of a reply by saying—“ The boy will not choose the worst company, I find, were he left to himself, but he will know his distance better hereafter.”

This sarcasm plunged him into a silent confusion, during which he had the mortification to see the captain dine elegantly ; after which, he had his allowance of salt beef and pease given him in so coarse a manner, as might have acquainted him what he had to apprehend. He began to mutter, that he thought himself ill used, and would acquaint the Baron his father with it, which naturally raising the curiosity of the sailors, the captain, in his own vindication, related the story as he had it from the kind uncle, by which the young Baron, being fully apprised of his cruel destiny, it produced so visible a despair, that the captain thought himself obliged to confine him to the hold. But he mistook the remedy ; the youngster's generous spirit was not to be tamed by ill-usage. A disdainful sullenness succeeded ; he obstinately refused all sustenance, though pressed to receive it by beating, or swallow it by force. Arguments, menaces, and stripes, were equally vain. The captain saw a necessity of changing his method, for his own interest. He sent for him into his own cabin, apologized for the ill treatment he had received, as done without his warrant or privity, and assured him, when they reached the Indian continent, he would employ his good offices to place him to his liking, with other arguments to reconcile him to his captivity. But all that was urged had no effect on the young Baron, till promised his case should be represented to his father. This assurance reconciled him to life, and the captain using him kindly, to fit him for the market he designed, our young exile landed well in Pennsylvania.

Here, the captain repeating his former assurances, he was sold to a rich planter in Newcastle county, called Drummond, who immediately took him home, and entered him in the number of his slaves.

A new world now opened to him, and being set to the

felling of timber, a work no way proportioned to his strength, he did it so awkwardly, that he was severely corrected. Drummond was a hard, inexorable master, who, like too many of the planters, consider their slaves or servants as a different species, and use them accordingly. Our American planters are not famous for humanity, being often persons of no education; and having been formerly slaves themselves, they revenge the ill-usage they received on those who fall into their hands. The condition of European servants in that climate is very wretched, their work is hard, and, for the most part abroad, exposed to an unwholesome air, their diet coarse, being either Poul or bread made of Indian corn, or homine or mush, which is meal of the same kind moistened with fat of bacon; and their drink, water sweetened with a little ginger and molasses. Our young captive began to sink under his calamity, when he met with a comfortress in a female slave of near sixty, who had been perfidiously trepanned by a wicked husband, and sold to Pennsylvania. As she dressed the food for the slaves, and carried it out to the field to them, she soon took notice of him, and her pity increased on hearing a story that so nearly resembled her own. She had a good education, and was not unacquainted with history, so that her conversation afforded the young Baron both consolation and instruction. She sometimes wrote short pieces of instructive history on bits of paper, which she left with him in the field, and to look over these he often neglected his labour, regardless of the blows he knew he was to suffer, so eager he was to improve his mind. He regarded this slave as his mother, and was treated by her as a favourite child; but in four years she died, and left him in the deepest affliction for her loss. His master's continued ill-usage, and the innate aversion he had to slavery, at

last determined him to endeavour to make his escape. Yet he kept this resolution to himself, having little inclination to converse with his fellow-slaves, whose manners were no way conformable to his own. However, one of them, who entertained the same design, observing his melancholy, broke his intention to him, and informed him that, hearing a ship was ready to sail from Dover (a neighbouring port) to England, he resolved to take that opportunity, and invited him to partake his flight. The young Baron, after some questions, agreed to the proposal, and went early to bed, in order, by day-break, to put their project into execution. But what was his surprise on awaking, contrary to custom, to find the day advanced, and the family in confusion. The other slave, Jacob, had robbed his master and fled with the booty. Messengers were dispatched in pursuit of him every way. How did the young baron bless his good fortune that had saved him from such a danger as being an innocent accomplice in Jacob's villany! He shuddered at the guilt he might have contracted by partaking his flight. Jacob had not gone twenty-seven miles when he was retaken with his master's effects, and brought back to receive the punishment he deserved, after which Drummond sold him to a planter at Philadelphia, fearing he might take his revenge for what he had suffered.

The young Baron was now seventeen, and had passed five years of the servitude for which he was sold, when, weary of the severity of his condition, in a sullen fit of despair he left the house of Drummond, resolved to suffer death rather than be brought back. Thus, armed with a hedging-bill, he set out without knowing his course; and, as he was active and nimble, had got some miles before he was missed. Immediate pursuit was made after him, but to no purpose. Three days he

wandered in the woods, and having but little nourishment, grew faint, when he spied a river which he took for the Delawar, but was, indeed, the Sasquana, which parts Pennsylvania from the Iroquois nation. He also saw a town at some distance, but not caring to venture near the shore, he lay down at the foot of a tree, when fortune brought him a present relief to plunge him in new distresses.

It was now twilight, when he heard the trampling of horses in full gallop advancing towards him, and lifting up his eyes from his covert, perceived two men, well mounted, one of whom had a woman behind, and the other a portmanteau. As these did not seem to be pursuers, his courage revived on hearing the foremost say to the woman behind him, "Come, my dear, it is time to take some refreshment, and this is a convenient place." With that he alighted, helped her off, and his attendant, fastening the horse to a tree, took some meat out of one of his bags, and spread it on the grass, with a bottle of wine, and they all sat down to the refreshment, which our young Baron would willingly have partaken, if he durst. However, in peeping at them he made a noise that alarmed the servant, who, starting up, saw him, and cried to his master they were betrayed, at the same time striking at him with his drawn cutlass. He, kneeling, protested his innocence, and, after repeating his story, prevailed on the master to pity his misfortunes. They now invited him to share their repast, which he thankfully accepted, after which they told him they were going to Apoquenimink to embark for Holland, and would procure him a passage with them. This happy news made him forget all he had suffered, and gave him new spirits for his journey. They remounted, and he followed on foot; but they had not gone far through the woods when they saw, by the horses and lights behind

them, they were pursued. The lady gave all the signs of the utmost consternation. "It is he ! it is he himself !" she cried—"we are lost for ever !" The approach of the pursuers gave no time for deliberation. The lady jumped off and hid herself amongst the trees. The gentleman and his servant drew, and the Baron, with his hedge-bill, in gratitude, thought himself bound to assist the weakest side ; but the combat was unequal, and they were surrounded and taken prisoners. The lady, who fainted, underwent the same fate, and in this manner they were conducted that night to a village, and the next day lodged separately in Chester Gaol.

It was here, too late, the young Baron was informed that the lady was the daughter of a rich merchant, who, having an inclination for a young man beneath her rank, was, by her father, forced to marry against her will ; but still keeping company with her first lover (the person taken with her) they agreed to rob her husband and leave the country, who, having timely notice, had pursued them, and there was no doubt but they would suffer the rigour of the law.

The noble slave trembled at this relation ; he saw the hazard of associating himself with strangers, and yet, in the circumstances he was in, he knew not how to avoid it.

The trial came on next morning. The lady, her lover, and servant, were condemned to die for robbery. The sentence of the young Baron was respited, as he did not belong to the guilty persons, but he was remanded to prison, with orders that he should be exposed every day in the market-place to public view, and if it could be proved that he had ever been at Chester before, he should be deemed accessory to the robbery, and suffer death.

In this suspense he remained five weeks, when some affairs of traffic brought Drummond, his old master, to

Chester, who immediately reclaimed him as his property. Before his departure, our young Baron was a melancholy spectator of the execution of the three criminals taken with him.

The fruit the young Baron received from this attempt, was (by the laws of that country) to find the remaining two years of his servitude redoubled, and the severity of his master proportionably increased. However, upon a complaint made to the justices of that province, attended with proofs of his ill usage, his master was obliged to sell him to another ; but he gained little by this alteration in his condition. He bore it, notwithstanding, for three years, with tolerable patience ; but, conversing with some sailors, who were returning to Europe, it awakened all his ardour for liberty, and he resolved at any rate to venture a second escape. His design proved again abortive ; he was re-taken before he could get aboard, and though he had but one year to serve, he was condemned to suffer for five. This last disappointment and additional bondage quite sunk his spirits. He fell into a deep melancholy, which appeared in all his deportment ; so that his new master apprehending he might lose him, began to treat him with less austerity, and recommended him to the care of his wife, who, being a woman of humanity, often took him into the house, and gave him part of such provision as they had at their own table, or in his absence ordered her daughter (who was called Maria) to perform the same kind offices. This young girl soon conceived a great tenderness for the young baron, and endeavoured all the ways she possibly could to relieve his sadness, which was such as gave him no room to take notice of what otherwise he must have observed. It happened that she was not the only one on whom the graceful person of our noble slave had made an impression ; a young Indian maid of the

Irokese nation had distinguished him from his fellow slaves, and, as she made no secret of her affection, used to express her kindness for him, by assisting him in his daily toils, telling him, if he would marry her when his time of servitude was expired, she would work so hard for him, as to save him the expense of two slaves. The young Baron used all the arguments he could, to persuade her to stifle a passion to which she could hope no return. It was on one of these occasions that Maria, his master's daughter, surprised him sitting with this Indian maid, and jealousy awakening her love, she loaded him with reproaches, and left him without allowing him to make a reply.

Thus did our young Baron in his captivity find himself the object of a passion he had no taste or inclination for himself, and studied as much to shun the caresses of his two mistresses, as others would have done to return them. Unluckily, Maria's impatience to see him carried her one day to a field at a distance from the plantation, where she knew he worked. In her way thither, she met her rival, bent on the same design. The Indian, no longer mistress of herself, flew at her like a tigress, so that it was not without some struggle she got out of her hands, and fled towards the place where the noble slave was employed. The Irokese finding her revenge disappointed, and perhaps dreading the consequences of the other's power and resentment for the assault, made directly to a river adjacent, and, plunging herself in, ended at once her love and her life.

Maria, who saw this catastrophe, was brought home to the house pale and speechless; she was put immediately to bed, and when she recovered, all she could say was to repeat the name of the Indian maid, with great emotion. This, joined to the account of some slaves, who had seen all that passed between them, and who

were witnesses to the Indian's fate, greatly alarmed her father and mother. James only (the noble slave) guessed the real truth of the matter; and as Maria often mentioned his name, it was concluded by her parents to send him into her room under some pretence or other, and place themselves so as to hear what passed. This stratagem had the desired success. They heard their daughter express the most violent passion, which they found was no way encouraged by their slave. As they could not but entertain a just opinion of his honesty and prudence, they resolved to take no notice of what passed; but in order to cure their daughter of her passion, it was concluded to give our young Baron the liberty his late behaviour deserved. The mistress soon acquainted him with this good fortune, and he now indulged the pleasing hopes of returning to Europe, and being restored to his honour and fortune. He looked upon himself as already free, when his master gave him notice he was to go with him next day to Dover; but his master, having secretly less favourable intentions, as he was very covetous, began to reflect, that five years the young baron had to serve was too much to lose; and though to his wife he pretended his intention was to set him free, he secretly agreed with a planter near Chichester, in Sussex county, where with the usual forms he transferred, or sold, him for the term he had to serve.

Never was astonishment equal to that of the noble slave at finding the baseness and ingratitude of Drummond. He reproached him with his breach of promise; and had not those present interposed, he had probably made him pay dearly for his perfidy. His new master, imagining by this conduct that he was of a turbulent disposition, began to repent of his bargain. However, as he was a generous, good-natured man, he treated him mildly; so that his work was easy, and he had the privilege of a

good collection of books, which was a great consolation to him. This kind usage had such an effect on his generous temper, that he resolved patiently to wait the recovery of his liberty ; but unluckily his master died in three years, and the heir disposing of part of the plantation, he was sold to a new master in Newcastle county, almost within sight of Drummond's plantation. Here he was informed that Maria, his old mistress, having had a child by one of her father's white slaves, he was by the laws of the country obliged to marry her ; and they were gone to settle at a distant plantation, which her father had bought for him ; and, what more nearly concerned him, he was told, that two brothers of Turquoise, the Indian maid (whose despair for him had occasioned her tragical death), had vowed his destruction. As he knew the desperate and revengeful temper of that nation, he was as much on his guard as possible, but all his precaution had been fruitless, if Providence had not interposed in his favour. These Indians watched him so narrowly, that they attacked him one day in the remote part of the woods, and with a knife had certainly dispatched him, had not some persons, in search of a fugitive slave, at that instant come up and seized the assassins. He escaped with a slight wound in his hip, and the Indians, being carried before a justice, were sentenced to pay the surgeon for his cure, and the master for the loss of time it would take up, and to give security for their good behaviour. He continued two months ill of this wound, and neither the surgeon nor master hastened the recovery, which was against both their interests. During this indisposition, a new accident involved him in fresh difficulties.

Going out one Sunday evening for the benefit of the air, he sat him down under a hedge, which parted his master's ground from that of a neighbouring planter ;

after he had read here awhile, he found himself drowsy, and fell asleep ; and when he awoke he perceived it was dark, and heard near him the voices of two persons, which raised his curiosity. His surprise increased to find by the conversation, that his mistress was forming a plot with Stephano, their neighbour's slave, to rob her husband and go off with him to Europe, in a ship he had prepared for that purpose. The noble youth was struck with horror at the discovery ; for the perfidious woman in outward appearance seemed to live very happily with her husband, who was fond of her to excess. He resolved to prevent the villany, at first, by revealing the whole to his master ; but reflecting, that a woman capable of such treachery might have art enough to make a good-natured husband believe her innocent, he resolved to try another method. He waited till the guilty pair separated, and, following his mistress, hastily overtook her, and told her he was informed of all that passed. He remonstrated to her the baseness of her designed flight, and ended with conjuring her to reflect, and change her purpose ; in which case, he assured her, what had passed should remain with him for ever.

The mistress, finding herself discovered, pretended a sincere repentance for her fault, which she promised him she would never repeat ; adding such marks of kindness to him, as gave him too much cause to imagine her unlawful passion had changed its object.

As the young Baron could not prevail with himself to gratify the passion of his mistress, she at last considered him as a dangerous person, and endeavoured to get rid of him by poison ; which, though his servitude was almost expired, determined him to make his escape. He luckily met with a ship that brought him to Jamaica, and in September, 1740, he entered on board one of the ships of war as a common sailor ; but a discovery being soon

made of his birth, and several circumstances of his story remembered by some in the fleet, he was introduced to the captain, who showed him particular regard, and the admiral, commiserating his misfortunes, not only accepted of a petition for his discharge, but soon sent him to England to prosecute his claim. When he arrived, he applied himself to a gentleman who had been an agent for the family, and it was not long before he had an opportunity of giving a strong proof of the justice of his cause.

The woman who had nursed this unfortunate young nobleman three years, hearing of his arrival, and being desirous to see him, was introduced to another gentleman, when she said, "You are not my boy—you are a cheat." Afterwards, she was brought into a room, in which were five or six gentlemen at a table, and one at a window looking out of it, and after viewing the former, said, "My boy is not here, except he be at the window," then seeing his face, she immediately cried out in a great rapture, "This is he," and kissed him. But being asked to give a particular circumstance which might convince others that she was not deceived, she answered, that he had a scar on his thigh; for having in his father's house seen two gentlemen learning to fence, the foils being carried away, he and his young playfellow got two swords, and went to fencing, by which he received a deep wound in the thigh. Upon examination the scar of it was very visible.

The foregoing narrative, extraordinary and romantic as it may appear, was proved to be substantially correct in the legal investigation that followed. Admiral Vernon was the gentleman to whose kindness and bounty James Annesley was indebted for his passage to Great Britain. Within a brief period after his return, an action of ejectment was commenced by young Annesley against his uncle, Richard, Earl of Anglesey, who had claimed to

be heir male of his brother, Lord Altham, upon a supposition that the latter had died sonless ; and the cause came on for trial, in the Irish Court of Exchequer, on the 11th November, 1743. Serjeant Marshall, a learned member of the Irish bar, appeared for the plaintiff, and made a very lucid address, describing the singular and eventful career of his client, and supporting his claim by the strongest evidence. The defence attempted to show that James Annesley, though the son of Lord Altham, was not the son of his wife, Lady Altham, but illegitimate. This endeavour signally failed, and the jury, after an able summing up of the judges, and on the fifteenth day of the trial, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. James Annesley thus recovered the estates he sought for ; but it is rather singular that he never assumed the family titles, or disturbed his uncle in the possession of them. A note to the State Trials, records the subsequent fate of the young nobleman :—"James Annesley, Esq., died 5th January, 1760. He was twice married ; first to a daughter of Mr. Chester, at Staines Bridge, in Middlesex, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The son, James Annesley, Esq., died November, 1763, without issue ; and the eldest daughter was married to Charles Wheeler, Esq., son of the late Captain Wheeler, in the Guinea trade. Annesley himself was married, secondly, (at Bidborough in Kent, 14th Sept., 1751,) to Margaret, daughter of Thomas I'Anson, Esq., of Bounds, near Tunbridge, by whom he had a daughter and a son, who are both dead—the son, aged about seven years, died about the beginning of 1764 ; and the daughter, aged about twelve, in May, 1765."

ELIZABETH AND MARY BULLYN, COUSINS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IN a remote part of the King's County, Ireland, adjoining the village of Shannon Harbour, is the tomb of two fair cousins of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, consort of Henry VIII. The story of its discovery is curious, and is so little known as to be worthy of minute narration, while the personages to whom it refers confer upon it very great additional interest.

Shannon Harbour is a small hamlet, with a population of about 200. It derives its appellation from being one of the stations of the Inland Steam Navigation Company of Ireland, it being situated at the junction of the Grand Canal with the River Shannon, *en route* from Limerick to Dublin. In its immediate neighbourhood are the sites of several battlefields of the sixteenth century, and continually, in the ordinary routine of husbandry, the peasantry turn up broken spears and swords and the fragments of what once was man. In 1803, when the canal locks were undergoing repairs, some labourers, who were quarrying in the vicinity of the village, beneath the ruined castle of Clonoona, happened on an extensive cave in the limestone rock. Having removed some loose stones that were piled up at its further end, they uncovered a huge slab, eight feet in length by four in breadth, and nearly a foot in thickness. When the

slab was raised, a coffin, chiselled in the solid rock, and containing two female skeletons, much decayed, was revealed to view ; and on the lower side of the superincumbent flag was this inscription, cut in *alto rilievo* :—

HERE · *under* · LEYS · ELISABETH · AND
 MARY · BULLYN · DAUGHTERS · OF · THOMAS
 BULLYN · SON · OF · GEORGE · BULLYN · THE ·
 SON · OF · GEORGE · BULLYN · VICOUNT ·
 ROCHFORD · SON · OF · SR · THOMAS · BULLYN ·
 ERLE · OF · ORMOND · AND · WILLSHEERE ·

In the picture-gallery of the Earl of Rosse, at Parsonstown, in the King's County, were formerly two sweet female faces, inscribed, the one, "Anno ætatis, 18," and the other, "Anno ætatis, 17," but otherwise anonymous. No one knew who were intended to be represented by them, although the noble Earl was well aware of his maternal descent from Alice, daughter of Sir William Bullyn of Blickling, until the discovery of this tomb. *Then* it was remarked, that the elder wore a jewel in her bosom, in shape like the letter E, and that her sister had fastened behind the ear a marygold ; and the *rebus* of old painters was remembered, who generally indicated by this quaint method the name of the individual their pencil had drawn. The *Mary* and *Elizabeth* of this deeply hidden tomb were now discovered ; and few who looked on the mildewed and wasted relics, and contrasted with *them* the mild and loving countenances that looked down upon them from the antique picture-frames, could help a shudder at remembering the woful alteration. The boasted human form—the human face divine ! And must they come to this ? Ah, yea, indeed ! "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come : make her laugh at *hat*." But—we may not moralize.

It is hard to account for the obscure hiding of those whose lineage so palpably connected them with the blood-royal, otherwise than by conjecturing that the fury of the insatiate Henry was not extinguished even with the blood of his innocent wife, but that he must have pursued with his wrath her near relatives, and that some of them fled for refuge to the Irish shores. In the very making of the sepulchre there was an evident seeking for concealment, as though the names of the dead themselves might have led to the identification and prejudice of the living.

“ Soon after the sepulchral stone,” says a writer in an extinct Irish periodical, “ was first disturbed, an amazing number of worms, of the centipede description, made their appearance about the place. They were about an inch and a half long, and of a black colour, excepting on the belly, which was brownish. They were constantly seen to proceed in multitudes from the tomb, across the fields, towards a house which had been erected hard by, for the accommodation of some quarrymen. Here they gathered in such numbers as to hang pendant from the roof at times, like clusters of bees after swarming. The consequence was, that the house acquired the name of *Maggoty House*, and it was remarked to be exceedingly unwholesome, an unusual number of persons having died in it. At last it became totally deserted, no one daring to live there.”

We believe the two portraits we have described are no longer in existence. A disastrous fire at Parsonstown, in June, 1832, consumed a great part of Lord Rosse's pictures, and among them, we understand, those of Elizabeth and Mary Bullyn.

ELWES, THE MISER.

THE family of Elwes is one of considerable antiquity, and has long enjoyed very extensive landed estates. Among its early members may be mentioned Sir Gervais Elwaies, Lieutenant of the Tower at the time Sir Thomas Overburie was murdered there. The Suffolk branch obtained a baronetcy from Charles II., but the title became extinct with its second possessor. That gentleman, Sir Hervey Elwes, M.P. for Sudbury, died unmarried on the 22nd of October, 1763, when his estates, together with 150,000*l.*, the accumulation of his penurious life, passed to (the son of his sister, Mrs. Amy Meggot) his nephew, JOHN ELWES, Esq., afterwards so well known as Elwes the Miser; and so distinguished for integrity, generosity, and parsimony. Of this singular person, Captain Topham, of the Horse Guards, published a life soon after his decease, which, in an animated and interesting detail, exhibits one of the most extraordinary characters, perhaps, to be found in the whole range of British biography. It is curious to remark how Mr. Elwes contrived to mingle small attempts at saving with objects of the most unbounded dissipation. After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of his time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and waiters attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into

Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon-hall, a farm of his in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold and rain, bartering with a carcase butcher for a *shilling*. Had every one been of the mind of Mr. Elwes, the race of innkeepers must have perished, and post-chaises have returned back to those who made them; for it was the business of his life to avoid both. He always travelled on horseback. To see him setting out on a journey was a matter truly curious: his first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, or any scraps of bread which he found—baggage he never took; then, mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London into that road where turnpikes were the fewest. Then stopping under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his horse together. The chief residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was in Berkshire, at his own seat at Marcham. Here it was that he had two illegitimate sons born, who inherited the greater part of his property, by a will made about the year 1785. On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham; of which the late Colonel Timms used to mention the following proof:

A few days after the colonel went thither (on a visit to his uncle), a great quantity of rain fell in the night; he had not been long in bed before he felt himself wet through, and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping through the ceiling upon the bed; he got up and moved the bed, but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience. Again he got

up, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. "Ay, ay," said the old man, "I don't mind it myself, but for those who do that's a nice corner in the rain."

On coming into Suffolk it was that Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters at that time was said to be the best in the kingdom. The keeping fox-hounds was the only instance, in the whole life of Mr. Elwes, of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure, and may be selected as the only period when he forgot the cares, the perplexities, and the regrets which his wealth occasioned. But even here everything was done in the most frugal manner. Scrub, in the "Beau's Stratagem," when compared with Mr. Elwes's huntsman, had an idle life of it. This famous huntsman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for, in a morning, getting up at four o'clock, he milked the cows, then prepared breakfast for Mr. Elwes, or any friends he might have with him; then, slipping on a green coat, he hurried to the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigue of hunting, he *refreshed* himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as he could; then running into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the stable to feed the horses, diversified with an interlude of cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night. What may appear extraordinary, the man lived for some years.

Mr. Elwes sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions, ought not to pass

unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.*, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to take place, a clergyman agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to see the issue of it. They went on horseback; and as they were to set off at seven in the morning, the gentleman took no refreshment, imagining that they were to breakfast at Newmarket. About eleven they reached that place, where Mr. Elwes was occupied in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. His companion now expected they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast, but Elwes still continued to ride about. The hour of four at length arrived, at which time the gentleman became so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true. So here, do as I do," at the same time offering him, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new. It was nine in the evening before they reached home, when the gentleman was so fatigued, that he could think of no refreshment but rest: and Elwes, who in the morning had risked seven thousand pounds, went to bed happy in the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for anything, it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often de

claring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets."

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he knew scarcely anything of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner, Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked out of a rut in a lane, and which had, apparently, been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat, which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise (his uncle's father), from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, the above-mentioned green velvet, his own white hair appearing around his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some pro-

perty in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year, to a very great extent. He was founder of a great part of Marylebone; Portman Place, Portman Square, and many of the adjacent streets rose out of his pocket: and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. He judiciously became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher upon fire; and, on a public-house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and whenever any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into any other. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and besides, the colds she took were amazing, for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for

glass. It might with truth be said of the woman, that she was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life, is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and as usual had taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's, and at other places; some days elapsed, and he at length learned from a person, whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. The Colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent; but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, on an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes, apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, "that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other, had not been near him; that she had herself been ill; but he supposed she had got well, and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had, to all appearance, been dead about two days. Thus died the servant; and thus, had it not been for his providential

discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes—who, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want.

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when, on the dissolution of Parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire ; but, to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, but on the express stipulation that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence. At this time he was nearly sixty years old, but was in possession of all his activity. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive Parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour that, in every part of his parliamentary conduct, and in every vote he gave, he sought no other guide than his conscience, and proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

The honour of Parliament made no alteration in the dress of Mr. Elwes ; on the contrary, it seemed to have attained additional meanness, and nearly to have reached that happy climax of poverty, which has more than once drawn on him the compassion of those who passed him in the street. For the Speaker's dinners, however, he had one suit, with which the Speaker, in the course of the session, became very familiar. The minister, likewise, was well acquainted with it ; and at any dinner of opposition, still was his apparel the same. The wits of the minority used to say, " That they had full as much reason as the minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, as he never turned his coat." At this period of his life, Mr. Elwes wore a wig. Much about the time when his parliamentary life ceased, that wig became worn out ; and then, being older and wiser as to expense, he wore

his own hair, which, like his expenses, was very small.

As Mr. Elwes came into Parliament without cost, he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought, he never attempted to sell ; and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone satisfy a reflecting mind. Amongst the smaller memorials of the parliamentary life of Mr. Elwes may be noted, that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house, but sat as occasion presented itself, on either indiscriminately ; and he voted much in the same manner, but never rose to speak.

In his attendance on his senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual ; he always stayed out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount coffee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred, which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and an apothecary was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. " Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes ; " but Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt ; now you think they are ; so I will make this agreement : I will take one leg, and you shall take the other ; you

shall do what you please to yours, I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." He beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house; for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expense would have restored him to his seat. He therefore voluntarily retired.

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard-trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used: "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount coffee-house; and by a constant attendance at this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of Parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, Mr. Elwes

rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal; though there is reason to believe that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. His maxim, however, which he frequently repeated, continued to be, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*: for of that a man could be sure."

At the close of the spring of 1785, he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead; out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigour of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles, upon two boiled eggs. At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. On his arrival, he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son, John Elwes, Esq., who had resided there. If a window was broken there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save a fire he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morning employment was, to pick up any straw, chips, bones, or other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's

nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself the trouble ; to which he replied, " Oh, sir ! it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Only see what waste they make."

To save going to a butcher, he would have a sheep killed, and till it was all gone eat mutton daily. When he had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer any to be thrown in again, observing that if he did, he should never see them more. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provisions were exhausted. With this diet his dress kept pace. When any friends who might happen to visit him, were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour, making one fire serve both. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and would rise sometimes in the middle of the night, to go down stairs and see if they were safe. He one day dined on the remnant of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net.

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way ; his thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw no person but what, as he imagined, was deceiving and defrauding him. As he would not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to bed at its close, to save candle ; and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets.

In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life,—the perfect vanity of wealth !

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Thaydon Hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the borders of Epping Forest, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill, and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will, as he was probably sensible that his sons could not be entitled by law to any part of his property, should he die intestate. On his arrival in London, he put his design in execution, and devised all his real and personal estates to his two sons, who were to share the whole of his vast property equally between them.

Soon after this, Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences, and as he never committed anything to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. Of this the following anecdote will serve as an instance: he had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and having taken it into his head during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walked about his room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morning; when, on

going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologise, as he happened to have in his hands at that time, the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security."

The summer of 1718, Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck street, London, without any other society than that of two maidservants. His chief employment used to be getting up early in the morning, to visit his houses in Marylebone, which were under repair. As he was there generally at four o'clock in the morning, and of course long before the workmen, he used to sit down contentedly on the steps before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbours, who used to see him appear so regularly every morning, and concluded from his apparel that he was one of the workmen, observed, that "there never was such a punctual man as the *old carpenter!*"

Mr. Elwes had now attained the age of seventy-six, and began for the first time to feel some bodily infirmities from age. He experienced some occasional attacks of the gout; on which, with his accustomed perseverance, and antipathy to apothecaries and their bills, he would set out to walk as far and as fast as he could. While engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer

remembered, and was as often brought home by some errand boy or stranger of whom he had inquired his way. On these occasions, he would bow and thank them with great politeness at the door, but never indulged them with a sight of the interior of the house.

During the winter of 1788, the last Mr. Elwes was fated to see, his memory visibly weakened every day; and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day, when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money puzzles me to death. I dare say you thought I was rich—now you see how it is!"

The first symptom of immediate decay was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will—nobody shall rob me of my property." If any one of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and, as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened.

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely; his senses sunk rapidly into decay, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head.

On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and he walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

On the 18th of November he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of anything about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th November he expired without a sigh, leaving property to the amount of above 800,000*l*. The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to his nephew, Mr. Timms.

Captain Topham winds up his relation thus;—

"Mr. Elwes expired without a sigh, on the 26th of November, 1789, and he appears to have hastened the catastrophe by the miserable manner in which he both lodged and fed,—a truckle bed, and an egg,—a mouldy piece of pie, or meat that had become putrid, generally forming his chief sustenance. Mr. Elwes, as one of the commoners of England, in three successive parliaments, maintained a conduct which purer times might have been glad to boast, and which later times may be proud to follow. The minister that influenced him was—his conscience. He obeyed no mandate but his opinion. He gave that opinion as he held it to be right. In one word, his public conduct lives after him pure and with-

out a stain. In private life, he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he lent *much*—to himself he denied everything. In the pursuit of his property, or the recovery of it, I have not in my remembrance one unkind thing that was ever done by him. But that great object which rises highest in the view out of the prospect of his varied life, let me again enforce upon this page—that object is, the insufficiency of wealth alone to confer happiness, for who, after the perusal of the life of Mr. Elwes, shall say—I am rich, and therefore I shall be happy. Such be the wreath that my humble hand strews over his grave, a wreath where flattery has not furnished one single flower; but not wholly unadorned is it, for it is the tribute of truth! as such I give it to his memory, and at a moment when praise or blame can affect him no more.”

The “Gentleman’s Magazine,” in noticing Topham’s work, observes — “That it should be possible for *avarice* to be personified in a human being will not appear strange after the perusal of these memoirs of a man who imbibed it with his mother’s milk, studied it under his uncle, practised during a course of seventy-five years, in every action of his life, and fell a martyr to it at last.” The same journal announces his decease in the following paragraph. “At Marcham, Berks, John Elwes, Esq., M.P. for that county. He had exceeded the age of fourscore; and a more respectable member never sat in parliament. His property in land and money was immense. The former devolves to his nephew, the son of the late Col. Timms, of the Horse Guards. This is estimated at 7000*l.* per annum. The latter, to the amount of some hundreds of thousands, excepting a few legacies, is equally divided between his two sons. Mr. Elwes had, during Lord North’s administration, been offered an English peerage; but as,

under circumstances, it could not have been hereditary, he very disinterestedly declined it. Great part of the Circus Buildings, Seymour Street, &c., were his property. Till within a short time of his decease, he exhibited a fine head of an old man in the true interesting style of Rembrandt. His countenance resembled much that of the Calais monk, so beautifully pictured by Sterne. Mr. Elwes was a man of clear perception, sound judgment, and unshaken integrity. In such high estimation was he held for his love of justice, that numberless disputes amongst his constituents, and others, which would have been decided by courts of law, were left to his sole arbitrement; and his determination was sure to be thoroughly satisfactory to the judicious."

THE MAYOR OF GALWAY.

IN an obscure corner of the town stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and crossbones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "the crossbones," and its tragical history is as follows. In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life, an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was revered for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives—was his son, according to the chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of his time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter; that attaching grace of manner, which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft-proved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem, which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke. So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty tem-

per, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth, as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union as the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise. While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the heart of the present object of his love than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadiz; for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy, even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired "in what part of Galway Ireland lay?" After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared everything for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude. It hap-

pened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family, and the darling of his native city, though in character, as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome ; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo ; Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St. John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers ; the other like a fragrant rose-covered knoll threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one ; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy ; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride ; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person : loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself, with the strongest affection, to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm, even out of the hand of Edward Lynch ?

But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude to his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were

soon agreed, and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's, after which, they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see,—the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate,—the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected,—and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl of whose charms her father gave him, perhaps, a too partial description. Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when, at length, they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character. This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gomez that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature, as it were, completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection. But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt

that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he had found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully—what wounded his heart, no less than his pride—what prepared him for intolerable and restless torments—was the perception, which every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined, that in unguarded moments, he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek, but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered: capricious, humour-some, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Everything betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion: and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved, and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her by

cutting reproaches ; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation ; and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna ; when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still accountable creature. On the same night on which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well known side door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul : his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger, he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with Satanic rage the beautiful features that had robbed him of his beloved and of peace. It was not till the moon

broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body, and all the earth around,—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness,—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable sufferings of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile, the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it, a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognised as Edward's, and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day, Edward Lynch was found, sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,

—the feelings of the father we *cannot* imagine,—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and, forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out, and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? the old man replied with unfaltering voice, “No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together, and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter;—but then I hope my son, though he could

not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him." With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and, after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father's pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side with the halter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it." While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house.

From that moment, the mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

For the foregoing account of the most remarkable incident connected with the west of Ireland, we are indebted to "the Tour of a German Prince," published some few years since.

THOMAS PITT, LORD CAMELFORD.

MARVELLOUS indeed was the construction of Lord Camelford's mind, exhibiting, as it did, the strangest compound of human goodness and human frailty. High spirited, generous, and forbearing, his lordship was, at the same time, headstrong, violent, and rash. At one period, distinguished for sound sense, enlarged views, and a love of science, he rendered himself conspicuous at another, for foolish vanity, mad profusion, and acts of reckless frolic. Those who studied his character, knew not whether they ought the more to admire his excellent qualities, or condemn his dangerous eccentricities. Be that point, however, as doubtful as it may, certain it is that Lord Camelford possessed, in an eminent degree, the all-redeeming virtue of Charity—that sacred gift, which covereth a multitude of sins, and which, we gladly hope, “blotted out for ever” the manifold transgressions of his turbulent career.

Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford, was the great grandson of the famous Governor Pitt, who acquired the principal part of an ample fortune in India, by the advantageous purchase of a diamond, which was sold in Europe, with great profit, to the Duke of Orleans, regent of France. He was allied to some of the first families in the kingdom; his father, who was elevated to the peerage in 1784, being the nephew of the Earl of Chatham, and his sister having married Lord Grenville.

Lord Camelford was born February 26, 1775. In his spirit and temper, when a boy, there appeared something which, though vigorous and manly, was, however, peculiar and unmanageable. He received at Berne, in Switzerland, the first rudiments of his education, which he afterwards completed at the Charter-house. In compliance with a predilection of his own, he was suffered at an early age to enter the Royal Navy as a midshipman. In this capacity, he sailed in the year 1789, in the *Guardian* frigate, commanded by the gallant Captain Riou, and laden with stores for the then new colony of convicts settled at Botany Bay. The calamity which befel that ship was well calculated to inure the youthful seaman to the perils of the element which he had chosen for the theatre of his professional life. At that early period he manifested the same contempt of danger which so particularly distinguished the whole of his career. It is well known that, when all endeavours to save the vessel appeared to be fruitless, her commander gave permission to such of the crew as chose to avail themselves of it, to consult their safety and betake themselves to the boats. On this occasion, Lord Camelford was one of those who, to the number of ninety, resolutely resolved to remain in the ship, and to share her fate with the gallant commander. After a passage, little less than miraculous, in the wreck to the Cape of Good Hope, his lordship, in September, 1790, arrived at Harwich, in the *Prince of Orange* packet.

So far from being daunted by the hardships and dangers he had encountered in the *Guardian*, Lord Camelford, soon after his return, solicited an appointment in the voyage of discovery which was then fitting out under the command of the late Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that officer, in the ship *Discovery*, during part of his circumnavigation; but, in consequence of

his refractoriness and disobedience of orders, the result rather of a certain peculiarity of temper than of either badness of heart or want of understanding, he put Captain Vancouver under the necessity of treating him with a severity of discipline which he would not endure.

He accordingly quitted the *Discovery* in the Indian Seas, and entered on board the *Resistance*, commanded by Sir Edward Pakenham, by whom he was appointed lieutenant. During his absence his father died, and he consequently succeeded to the title and family estates. On his return home, in October, 1796, he sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver, for the ill treatment he alleged he had received while under his command. The Captain replied, that his lordship's misbehaviour had obliged him to resort to the measures of which he complained, and that they were absolutely necessary for the preservation of discipline. At the same time, the Captain offered to submit the affair to the judgment of any flag-officer in his Majesty's navy, and if the latter conceived that, by the laws of honour, he was liable to be called upon, he would willingly give his lordship any satisfaction he required. This method of settling the dispute was by no means congenial to the fiery disposition of Lord Camelford, who now threatened the Captain with personal chastisement. It was not long before an opportunity presented itself for the execution of his menace; for meeting with Vancouver, in Bond street, he was only prevented from striking him by the interference of his brother. The chagrin of this unmerited disgrace is said to have preyed with such violence on the spirits of that meritorious officer, as to accelerate his death, which happened not long afterwards.

Having attained the rank of master and commander, Lord Camelford was appointed to the command of the *Favourite* sloop. That vessel and the *Perdrix* were lying

in English Harbour, Antigua, on the 13th of January, 1798. At this time, Captain Fahie, of the *Perdrix*, was absent at St. Kitts, and had left his first lieutenant, Mr. Peterson, in charge of his ship. Lord Camelford, who was consequently the commanding officer at English Harbour, issued an order, which Mr. Peterson refused to obey, conceiving that his lordship had no right of command over the vessel of a senior officer. The two ships were hauled alongside each other in the dockyard to be repaired, and the companies of each vessel collected round their respective officers at the commencement of the altercation. High words ensued; the lieutenant still refused to obey, and soon afterwards twelve of the crew of the *Perdrix* arrived at the spot armed. These men Mr. Peterson drew up in a line, and placed himself at their head, with his sword drawn. Lord Camelford immediately called out his marines, and ranged them in a line opposite Lieutenant Peterson's men, at the distance of about four yards. His lordship retired, but soon returned with a pistol, borrowed from an officer in the dockyard, and, advancing towards the lieutenant, asked him whether he still persisted in not obeying his orders. "Yes, I do persist," was his reply; on which Lord Camelford immediately put his pistol to his breast, and shot him through the body. The unfortunate Peterson fell backward, and neither uttered a word nor moved afterwards. After this decisive measure, the crews retired quietly to their respective ships, and Lord Camelford surrendered himself to Capt. Matson, of the *Beaver* sloop.

This fatal event excited the most lively sensation at Antigua, especially as Lieutenant Peterson was a native of a neighbouring island, of a respectable family, and much esteemed. The populace of St. John's were restrained from personal violence against his lordship, only by the most solemn assurances that a judicial investiga-

tion should be instituted. The verdict of the coroner's jury, summoned to inquire into the circumstances of the death of the lieutenant, was, that "he lost his life in a mutiny."

In the Beaver sloop, Lord Camelford was conveyed to Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, where a court-martial assembled on board the Invincible. The court continued to sit from the 20th to the 25th of January, when they came to the determination, "that the very extraordinary and manifest disobedience of Lieutenant Peterson to the lawful commands of Lord Camelford, the senior officer at English Harbour at that time, and the violent measures taken by Lieut. Peterson to resist the same, by arming the Perdrix's ship's company, were acts of mutiny highly injurious to his Majesty's service; the court do therefore unanimously adjudge that the said Lord Camelford be honourably acquitted, and he is hereby unanimously and honourably acquitted accordingly."

After this acquittal, his lordship reassumed the command of his ship, which he soon afterwards resigned, together with the naval profession. His personal appearance, while in the service, was marked with the same eccentricity by which he was distinguished through life. His dress consisted of a lieutenant's plain coat, without shoulder-knots, and the buttons of which were as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom. His head was closely shaved, and he wore an enormous gold-laced cocked hat. In his professional duties, he was a severe disciplinarian, and to his honour be it mentioned, he was particularly attentive to the comfort and relief of the sick.

His lordship had not long returned to England, when he conceived an idea which could scarcely have entered into the head of any other person. This was nothing less than to repair to Paris, and in the midst of their capital to attack the rulers of the hostile country. In

pursuance of this plan, on the night of Friday, the 18th of January, 1799, he proceeded in one of the night coaches to Dover, where he arrived early the following morning, and went to the City of London Inn. After breakfast, he walked about the pier, and inquiring for a boat to convey him to Deal, a man named Adams offered to take him thither for a guinea. Lord Camelford called him aside, and after some conversation, told him he thought he should have occasion to go to the other side of the water, and that he wished to be landed at Calais, as he had some watches and muslins which he wished to dispose of in France. He then bargained for what he should pay to go to Calais. The boatman asked fifteen guineas, but his lordship told him his goods would not afford a larger sum than ten. At length, it was agreed that he should pay twelve guineas. Some other conversation passed, in the course of which Lord Camelford observed that Turnbull (a soldier who shortly before had robbed the mint) had made a bungling business of it, and did not know how to set about an affair of that kind, or he might have effected his escape. Having appointed six o'clock in the evening to go off, they parted. Adams was to call for him at the inn.

During this interval, Adams consulted on the business with his brother, who had a share in the boat, and they both agreed to acquaint Mr. Newport, the collector, with the conversation which had passed with the stranger. Mr. Newport accordingly planned that the person should be suffered to enter the boat, and be seized. At the time appointed, Adams called at the inn, and his passenger accompanied him to the water-side. He recommended him to put on one of his great coats, as he would be cold, which he did. Lord Camelford then entered the boat, in which were four men, and having seated himself, Mr. Newport seized him, saying, "You are my prisoner!"

He surrendered without opposition, and was immediately taken to the Custom-House, where, on being asked his name, he replied, "Camelford." Those, however, who held him in custody, were totally ignorant of the rank of their prisoner, nor did they know who he was till their arrival with him at the Secretary of State's office in London. They found on him, when captured, a brace of pistols, and a two-edged dagger, about eight inches in length, and rather curved. In his pocket he had also a letter in French, addressed to some person at Paris.

On Saturday, the 18th of January, about eleven at night, he was put into a post-chaise, and the next morning was escorted by Mr. Newport and the two Adams's, whose boat he had hired, to the Duke of Portland's office, where he was recognised. A privy council was immediately summoned, and Mr. Pitt despatched a messenger to Lord Grenville, who was at Dropmore, requesting him to come instantly to town. The privy council met about six, and examined Mr. Newport the collector, and the two boatmen. At ten, Lord Grenville arrived in town, and had a long conference with Mr. Pitt, but did not see Lord Camelford, who was committed to the custody of Johnson, a king's messenger.

His lordship, after several examinations, was discharged from custody; the lords of the council being fully satisfied that his intentions were such only as he had represented, and that he had been influenced by no other motive than the wish to render a service to his country. His Majesty's pardon was issued under the great seal, to discharge his lordship from all the penalties of the act, passed during the preceding session, which, without reference to motives, made the mere act of embarking for France a capital crime.

It was not long after this extraordinary whim, that

his lordship again obtruded himself upon the notice of the public, though in a different manner. On the night of the 2nd of April, 1799, during the representation of the farce of the "Devil to Pay," at Drury Lane theatre, a riot took place in the box lobby, occasioned by the entrance of several gentlemen, who appeared to be somewhat intoxicated, and who began to break the windows in the doors of the boxes. They were proceeding to demolish the chandeliers, when the ringleader was taken into custody by one of the constables belonging to the theatre. Lord Camelford was, at the same time, taken into custody, and likewise conducted to the watch-house, being charged by a Mr. Humphries with assaulting and wounding him. His lordship being well known to the constable of the night, the latter took his word for his appearance the next morning at the police-office in Bow Street.

Mr. Humphries there stated, that he went to look into one of the boxes for some friends, when his lordship came and pushed him away. He remonstrated against this rude conduct; when Lord Camelford, instead of making an apology, struck him a violent blow on the face, which knocked him down some stairs near the box-door; and when he got up, his lordship again knocked him down the stairs, and afterwards gave him several violent blows on the face and head. His lordship denied the charge, and asserted Mr. Humphries had first assaulted him, by endeavouring to push him from the box-door, but the evidence against him being confirmed by the testimony of one of the box-keepers and a fruit-woman belonging to the theatre, the magistrate observed that he was bound to believe it, and called upon his lordship for bail, to answer the complaint at the Westminster Sessions. Two gentlemen who attended his lordship, offered to become bail, but not being house-

keepers, they were rejected by the magistrate. Application was then made to the master of the Spring Garden Coffee-house, who became bail for his lordship. The magistrate, by the desire of Lord Camelford, applied to Mr. Humphries, to know if he would be satisfied with an apology; but the latter declined it, saying he was determined to bring it into court, for the sake of public justice. He was then bound over to prosecute, and afterwards preferred a bill of indictment, which was found. Soon after, he gave notice to his lordship, that he would not follow it up, but would bring an action against him in the Court of King's Bench for the assault.

The cause accordingly came on to be tried before Lord Kenyon and a special jury, on the 16th of May. Mr. Gibbs, who was counsel for the plaintiff, stated the case of his client, as follows:—On the 2nd of April, the nephews of the late Mr. Montgomery Campbell, the East India Director, who were at Eton School, were on a visit in town, and in the evening were taken to Drury Lane Theatre, whither Mr. Humphries went for the purpose of meeting them. He went to the front boxes by the way of Vinegar-yard. It was necessary to ascend about four steps to get into the lobby; these the plaintiff had ascended, and was looking through the glass of the door of one of the boxes, to see whether his company was there. At that moment Lord Camelford advanced, and pushed him away. He inquired the reason of this conduct, when his lordship, without any provocation, struck him with his fist in the face, and knocked him down the steps. He got up, and again asked the cause of this treatment, but the only answer he received was another blow, which again knocked him down the steps. Mr. Humphries, as soon as he was able to rise, again requested to know the reason of such

strange conduct, told him his own name, and desired to know who it was that so grossly insulted him. Having repeated his question, and no reply being made, he told him he was a scoundrel. Lord Camelford instantly returned to the attack, and again knocked him down; and at last left him with one of his eyes almost beaten out, and wounded over the eye near the temple. For this assault Mr. Humphries, conceiving himself entitled to large damages, demanded redress of the jury.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, stated, that his lordship had been uniformly desirous to refer the affair to private arbitration; but that, in the shape in which the question was then brought forward, it was impossible for the jury to discover who had provoked the quarrel. The fact was, these gentlemen were both standing up, and looking into the boxes, when a dispute arose, but which had given the first provocation there was no evidence to prove. Mr. Erskine seemed chiefly to rely upon the argument, that the plaintiff, after receiving the first blows, ought to have appealed to the by-standers instead of provoking the defendant by the expression he had used. After some observations from Lord Kenyon, the jury retired a very short time, and returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages five hundred pounds.

To detail all the adventures in which Lord Camelford was concerned, would far exceed our limits. The following account of one out of the many nocturnal frolics with which he diverted himself, will serve to show the eccentricity of his character. Returning home one morning, about one o'clock, accompanied by his friend Captain Barrie, and passing through Cavendish Square, they took it in their heads to chastise the guardians of the night, for not exercising due vigilance. Four watchmen, whom they found asleep at their posts, were soon awakened by the powerful impression made by the

assailants on their shoulders. Two of them started up, but were soon extended on the ground; meanwhile the other two, springing their rattles, brought a whole host of their colleagues to the attack. A contest of an hour ensued, when they at length succeeded in taking their fashionable antagonists into custody, after many blows and bruises had been inflicted on both sides. The captive heroes, guarded by nearly twenty watchmen, all armed, were conveyed to the watch-house, where his lordship seemed to feel himself quite at home. The Captain, who had been the greatest sufferer in the affray, by no means liked his berth, or the treatment he had received. He furiously threatened to cut a porthole through the side of the cabin, and was proceeding to execute his menace, when a second scuffle ensued; but being overpowered by the number of his enemies, he was obliged to make himself contented with his situation. The next day the watchmen carried their prisoners in triumph to the Police Office in Marlborough Street, where they were gratified with a present of a guinea a-piece, and his lordship and the Captain being discharged, returned home to refit the damages their rigging had sustained in the unequal encounter.

This, however, was far from being the only night his lordship passed in a watch-house. He was often an inmate of those at the west-end of the town, and on such occasions, he generally prevailed, either by force, or more persuasive methods, on the constable of the night to resign his place to him. He would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all delinquents that were brought in by the watch, and rejoiced in the opportunity of exercising the lenity of his disposition by invariably directing the offenders to be discharged. In a word, there was no whim, no caprice, however eccentric

and irregular, but what he determined to gratify, let the consequences and the cost be what they might.

In 1801, when the return of peace was celebrated by a general illumination, no persuasions could induce Lord Camelford to suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, at a grocer's, in New Bond Street. In vain his landlord represented the inconveniences that would infallibly result from this singularity; his lordship continued inexorable. The mob assailed the house, and a shower of stones was discharged at the windows. Irritated by this attack, his lordship sallied out, armed with a pistol, which he, however, prudently exchanged for a stout cudgel. With this weapon he maintained a sharp contest for a considerable time, till, overpowered by numbers, he was severely beaten, and, after being rolled in the kennel, was obliged to retreat in a deplorable condition. The windows were completely demolished. It is said, that on the succeeding nights of illumination, his lordship had in waiting a party of sailors, ready to let them loose on his opponents in case of a repetition of the outrage.

The presence of his lordship was often known to have a powerful effect in repressing the impertinence of the *petit maitre*, and the insolence and contumely of the coffee-house dandy; and, indeed, in inspiring all with a cautious selection of language, lest they should afterwards be called to expiate a slip of the tongue with their blood. Of the terror which the very name of Lord Camelford struck to the would-be gentlemen of the day, the following is a ludicrous example, while it instances in his lordship a degree of moderation which, from his general character, we should have scarcely supposed him to possess.

Entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit

Street, which he frequented, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a conceited fop, who threw himself into the opposite box with his lordship, and in a most consequential tone, halloed out, 'Waiter! bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box.' He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but again directed his attention to his paper. The waiter soon after re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out, mimicking the tone of the fop, 'Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers.' These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the other box, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, 'Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?' 'Lord Camelford, sir,' said the waiter. 'Who? Lord Camelford?' returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. 'Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?' On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

Lord Camelford's irritable disposition, which had involved him in numberless quarrels and disputes, at length paved the way to his final and fatal catastrophe. He had for some time been acquainted with a Mrs. Simmons, who had formerly been under the protection of a

Mr. Best, a friend of his lordship. An officious person had represented to him, that Mr. Best had said something to this woman to his prejudice. This information so much incensed his lordship, that on the 6th of March, 1804, meeting with Mr. Best at the Prince of Wales's Coffee House, where his lordship usually dined, he went up to him and said, loud enough to be heard by all who were present, 'I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms.' Mr. Best replied, that he was quite unconscious of having deserved such a charge. Lord Camelford replied, that he was not ignorant of what he had said to Mrs. Simmons, and declared him to be a 'scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian.' The use of epithets like these admitted but of one course, according to the laws of honour, and a meeting was immediately proposed for the following morning. Each of the parties having appointed his second, it was left to them to fix the time and place.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Best transmitted to Lord Camelford the strongest assurances, that the information he had received was unfounded, and that as he had acted under a false impression, he should be satisfied if he would retract the expressions he had made use of: but this his lordship absolutely refused to do. Mr. Best then left the coffee-house in considerable agitation, and a note was soon after delivered to his lordship, which the people of the house suspected to contain a challenge. A regular information was accordingly lodged at Marlborough-street; but, notwithstanding this precaution, such was the tardiness of the officers of the police, that no steps were taken to prevent the intended meeting till near two o'clock the following morning, when some persons were stationed at Lord Camelford's door; but it was then too late.

From the coffee-house, Lord Camelford went on

Tuesday night to his lodgings in Bond-street. Here he inserted in his will the following declaration, which strongly marks the nobleness of his disposition,—
“ There are many other matters, which at another time I might be inclined to mention, but I will say nothing more at present, than that in the present contest I am fully and entirely the aggressor, as well in the spirit as in the letter of the word ; should I, therefore, lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid any of my friends or relations, let them be of whatsoever description they may, from instituting any vexatious proceedings against my antagonist; and should, notwithstanding the above declaration on my part, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the King, in order that his royal heart may be moved to extend his mercy towards him.”

His lordship quitted his lodgings between one and two on the morning of Wednesday, the 7th of March, and slept at a tavern, with a view to avoid the officers of the police. Agreeably to the appointment made by their seconds, his lordship and Mr. Best met early in the morning at a coffee-house in Oxford-street, and here Mr. Best made another effort to prevail on him to retract the expressions he had used. “ Camelford,” said he, “ we have been friends, and I know the unsuspecting generosity of your nature. Upon my honour, you have been imposed upon by a strumpet. Do not insist on expressions under which one of us must fall.” To this remonstrance Lord Camelford replied, “ Best, this is child’s play ! the thing must go on.”

It has nevertheless been asserted, that after reflecting on the whole affair, Lord Camelford in his heart acquitted Mr. Best, and that he acknowledged, in confidence, to his second, that he himself was in the wrong ;

that Best was a man of honour, but that he could not prevail on himself to retract words he had once used. The reason of the obstinacy with which he rejected all advances towards a reconciliation was, that his lordship entertained an idea that his antagonist was the best shot in England, and he was apprehensive lest his reputation might suffer, if he made any concession, however slight, to such a person.

Accordingly, his lordship and Mr. Best, on horseback, took the road to Kensington, followed by a post-chaise, in which were the two seconds. On their arrival at the Horse and Groom, about a quarter before eight, the parties dismounted, and proceeded along the path leading to the fields behind Holland House. The seconds measured the ground, and they took their stations at the distance of thirty paces, which measured exactly twenty-nine yards. Lord Camelford fired first, but without effect. A space of several seconds intervened, and, from the manner and attitude of Mr. Best, the people who viewed the transaction at a distance imagined that he was asking whether his lordship was satisfied. Mr. Best then fired, and his lordship instantly fell at full length. The seconds, together with Mr. Best, immediately ran to his assistance, when he is said to have seized the latter by the hand, and to have exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man; you have killed me, but I freely forgive you." The report of the pistols had alarmed several persons who were at work near the spot, and who hastened towards the place, when Mr. Best and his second thought it prudent to provide for their own safety. One of Lord Holland's gardeners now approached, and called to his fellow-labourers to stop them. On his arrival, Lord Camelford's second, who had been supporting him as well as he was able, ran for a surgeon, and Mr. Thompson, of Kensington, soon after came to his assistance. His lord-

ship then asked the man why he had called out to stop the gentlemen, and declared that "he did not wish them to be stopped; that he himself was the aggressor, that he forgave the gentleman who had shot him, and hoped God would forgive him, too." Meanwhile, a chair was procured, and his lordship was carried to Little Holland House, the residence of Mr. Ottey; messengers were dispatched for Mr. Knight and Mr. Home, and an express was sent to acquaint the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, his lordship's cousin, with the melancholy catastrophe. That gentleman, after sending information of the circumstance to the noble relatives of his lordship, hastened to the place. Mr. Knight, the surgeon, and Captain Barrie, his lordship's most intimate friend, were by his bedside, and, Mr. Home arriving in a few minutes, his clothes were cut off, and the wound, being examined by the surgeons, was pronounced mortal.

Lord Camelford continued in agonies of pain during the first day; towards the evening his sufferings somewhat abated, and by the help of laudanum he got some sleep in the night, so that in the morning he found himself much relieved. During the second day his spirits revived considerably, and he conversed with some cheerfulness; yet the surgeons, who were unremitting in their attentions, would not give his friends the slightest hopes. To the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, who remained with him till he expired, his lordship expressed his confidence in the mercy of God; he said he received much comfort in reflecting that, however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man. In the moments of his greatest pain he cried out, that he sincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the sins he had committed. "I wish," said Mr. Cockburne, "with all my soul, that the unthinking votaries of dissipation and infidelity could have been present at the death-bed of this

poor man ; could have heard his expression of contrition after misconduct, and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator ; could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue ; I think it would have made impressions on their minds, as it did on mine, not easily to be effaced."

He lingered, free from acute pain, from Thursday till Saturday evening, about half-past eight, when a mortification having taken place, he expired, apparently without sense of suffering.

Thus died Thomas Lord Camelford, in the prime and full vigour of life. "He was a man," says the Rev. Mr. Cockburne, "whose real character was but little known to the world ; his imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues he manifested were but little heard of. Though violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintance he was mild, affable, and courteous ; a stern adversary, but the kindest and most generous of friends. Slow and cautious in determining upon any important step, while deliberating, he was most attentive to the advice of others, and easily brought over to their opinion ; when, however, his resolutions were once taken, it was almost impossible to turn him from his purpose. That warmth of disposition, which prompted him so unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many prisons in the metropolis, from the various receptacles of human misery, he received numberless petitions, and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty suppliant, but he was more often the reliever of real sorrow, and the soother of unmerited woe. Constantly would he make use of that influence which rank and fortune gave him with the government, to interfere

in behalf of those malefactors whose crimes had subjected them to punishment, but in whose cases appeared circumstances of alleviation. He was passionately fond of science, and though his mind, while a young seaman, had been little cultivated, yet in his later years, he had acquired a prodigious fund of information, upon almost every subject connected with literature. In early life he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of the ships in which he served, and to enable him to gain such triumphs, he had read all the sceptical books he could procure; and thus his mind became involuntarily tainted with infidelity. As his judgment grew more matured, he discovered of himself the fallacy of his own reasonings, he became convinced of the importance of religion, and Christianity was the constant subject of his reflections, his reading, and conversation."

On the morning after his decease, an inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of wilful murder against "some person or persons unknown;" on which a bill of indictment was preferred against Mr. Best and his friend, which was ignored by the grand jury.

LORD ROKEBY.

MATTHEW, second Lord Rokeby, was the son of Matthew Robinson, Esq., of Edgerley, co. York, and succeeded, in 1794, to his title by the demise of the Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby, whose heir he was. Among many other singularities, Lord Rokeby suffered his beard to grow for many years, during which time it attained a most patriarchal length. He was very fond of sea-bathing, and built a hut on a beach near Hythe, about three miles from his own house, whither he repaired almost every day. He was generally accompanied in these excursions by a carriage, and a favourite servant; but his lordship always went on foot, with his hat under his arm. If it happened to rain, he would make the attendants get into the carriage, observing, that as they were gaudily dressed, and not inured to wet, the rain would spoil their clothes, and give them cold. So fond was his lordship of bathing, that he lived a considerable portion of his time in water, tempered by the rays of the sun. For this purpose, he had a bathing-house of considerable extent, glazed in front, to a south-eastern aspect, and thatched at the top. It was so large, that he could run round it and dry himself, and the floor was boarded and matted.

Lord Rokeby had a great abhorrence of fires in his rooms; and even in winter, generally sat with his

windows open. In his diet he was singular and abstemious; his principal food was beef-tea, which was always ready for him on the sideboard; he drank no wine, and had a great aversion to everything that was exotic, it being his maxim that this island produced sufficient food for the nourishment of man.

In his park he kept no deer, but had it plentifully stocked with black cattle, which had full liberty to range over the domain uninterruptedly. Though no infidel, he never went to church, the path to which, from his house, was grown over, and his pew left to the same decay as his family coach, which he never entered. This circumstance once occasioned him some embarrassment.

The Archbishop of Armagh, who was cousin to Lord Rokeby, paid him a visit a short time before his death, at his seat, Mount Morris, in Kent. The archbishop gave him notice on the Saturday, that he would dine with him on the following Saturday. "I gave orders," says his lordship, in relating this anecdote, "for dinner and so forth, for my cousin, the archbishop, but I never thought, till he came, that the next day was Sunday. What was I to do? Here was my cousin, the archbishop, and he must go to church, and there was no way to it; the chancel-door, too, had been locked up these thirty years, and my pew was certainly not fit for his grace. I sent off immediately to Hythe, for the carpenters, and the joiners, and the drapers; and into the village for the labourers, the mowers, and the gravel carters. All went to work; the path was mowed; the gravel was thrown on and rolled; a gate made for the church-yard; a new pew set up, well lined and cushioned; and the next day I walked by the side of my cousin, the archbishop, to church, who found everything right and proper."

In early life Lord Rokeby represented Canterbury in Parliament. His neighbourhood to that city had naturally introduced him to some of the higher classes there; but he had no idea of a slight acquaintance with a few only of his constituents; he would know and be known to them all. His visits to Canterbury gratified himself and them. They were visits to his constituents, whom he called on at their shops and their looms, walked within their market-places, spent the evening with them at their clubs. He could do this from one of his principles, which he had studied with the greatest attention, and maintained with the utmost firmness—the natural equality of man. Hence, perhaps, there never was a representative more respected and beloved by his constituents, and his attention to the duties of Parliament entitled him to their veneration. Independent of all parties, he uttered the sentiments of his heart; he weighed the propriety of every measure, and gave his vote according to the preponderance of argument. The natural consequence of such conduct was, in the first Parliament, a disgust with the manners of the house; and he would have resigned his seat at the general election, if his father had not particularly desired him to make one more trial, and presented him, at the same time, with a purse, not such as has lately been thought necessary for the party, to pay his election expenses. Mr. Robinson was re-elected, but he conceived that a member of Parliament should carry into the House a sincere love of his country, sound knowledge, attention to business, and firm independence; that the greatest traitors, with which a country could be cursed, were such persons as would enter Parliament with a determination to support the minister or his opponents, according to his expectation or actual enjoyment of a place, pension, or emolument derived from the Administration. Even in his time he

thought he saw too great confidence placed in the heads of party ; too little reliance on private judgment, and too little attention to Parliamentary duties. The uniform success of every ministerial measure did not accord with his ideas of a deliberative body, and he determined to quit a place in which he thought himself incapable of promoting the public good. To the great regret of his constituents, he declined the offer of representing them at the next election.

In the year 1794, Mr. Robinson became, by the death of the Archbishop of Armagh, Lord Rokeby ; and it is natural to ask what difference the title made in his manners ? Precisely none. He was now addressed by the title of Lord, instead of Sir : but, as he used to say, they are both the same in Latin. Yet the accession to his title gave him rights in Ireland, and his letter to Lord Castlereagh showed that he was not unworthy of them, and that if age and infirmities had presented no obstacles, the Irish House of Lords would have been dignified by the presence of a man who assumed for his motto, on this occasion, what he really possessed in his heart—"Independence." Very fantastical notions accompany, in some persons' minds, the titles of the peerage. They think of fine dress, splendid carriages, haughty demeanour, something differing from the many. Such persons were much embarrassed by the sight of Lord Rokeby. A venerable man, with a long beard, sallow complexion, furrows on his head, the traces of deep thinking, fore part of the head bald, from the hinder flowing long and lank locks of white hair, a white or blue flannel coat and waistcoat, and breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes tied with black strings. The ruffles at his wrist, and the frill sewed to his waistcoat, were the only linen about him. His body was rather bent, but, till he was near his end, his pace was firm, and he was seen walking

in this manner from his house to Hythe or back, or, which was more gratifying to his friends, when they first caught a view of the house, walking up and down the pavement before his door.

At one period Lord Rokeby formed the opinion, or began to express it with an unusual degree of confidence, that the Bank of England would break during his life-time. He was so firmly convinced of it in his own mind, that it became a pretty constant topic with him ; and, when he met with opponents, he defended it with such strength of argument as could not easily be resisted. One day the conversation on this subject ended in a singular wager, which was taken down in writing, purporting that the heirs and executors of Mr. Robinson should pay to the other party, an alderman of Canterbury, the sum of ten pounds, if the bank did not break during the life-time of the former ; and, on the other hand, that the alderman should be similarly bound to pay the sum of ten pounds if the Bank did break in Mr. Robinson's lifetime. The proof was to depend on a bank-note of ten pounds being offered at the Bank, and not producing in return ten pounds in specie.

From the time of his accession to the title to the day of his death, Lord Rokeby seldom went farther from home than Hythe ; but he would have thought that he had forfeited all regard to his principles if he had not gone to Maidstone to vote for his friend, Filmer Honeywood, the stanch advocate of the independence of the county ; and thus a contested election for the city of Canterbury drew him again from his retirement. This election took place just after the famous stoppage of the Bank ; and, after a visit to his friends at the hall, and shouts of congratulation from all the freemen, he walked to the alderman's house, with whom the wager had been laid, proffered some notes for cash, presented the written

agreement on the wager, and demanded of the alderman the sum of ten pounds.

A gentleman who happened to be in the neighbourhood of Mount Morris, resolved to procure a sight of this extraordinary character, after he had succeeded to the title of Lord Rokeby. "On my way," says he, "at the summit of the hill above Hythe, which affords a most delightful prospect, I perceived a fountain of pure water over-running a bason which had been placed for it by his lordship. I was informed that there were many such on the same road, and that he was accustomed to bestow a few half-crown pieces, plenty of which he always kept loose in a side-pocket, on any water-drinkers he might happen to find partaking of his favourite beverage, which he never failed to recommend with peculiar force and persuasion. On my approach I stopped some time to examine the mansion. It is a good plain gentleman's seat; the grounds were abundantly stocked with black cattle, and I could perceive a horse or two on the steps of the principal entrance. After the necessary inquiries I was conducted by a servant to a little grove, on entering which, a building with a glass covering, that at first sight appeared to be a greenhouse, presented itself. The man who accompanied me opened a little wicket, and on looking in, I perceived, immediately under the glass, a bath with a current of water, supplied from a pond behind. On approaching the door, two handsome spaniels, with long ears, apparently of King Charles's breed, advanced, and, like faithful guardians, denied us access, till soothed by the well-known accents of the domestic. We then proceeded, and gently passing along a wooden floor, saw his lordship stretched on his face at the farther end. He had just come out of the water, and was dressed in an old blue woollen coat, and pantaloons of the same colour. The upper part of his head

was bald, but the hair of his chin, which could not be concealed even by the posture he had assumed, made its appearance between his arms on each side. I immediately retired, and waited at a little distance until he awoke; when rising, he opened the door, darted through the thicket, accompanied by his dogs, and made directly for the house, while some workmen employed in cutting timber, and whose tongues only I had heard before, now made the woods resound again with their axes."

This truly patriotic nobleman expired at his seat in Kent, in the month of December, 1800, in the 88th year of his age. With all his eccentricities, he was a good landlord, a kind friend, and an amiable and hospitable man.

JOHN CLAVELL, GENTLEMAN, POET, AND HIGHWAYMAN.

IN the early part of the reign of King Charles the First, John Clavell was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and, with his associates, convicted and condemned, but experienced the royal clemency through the special intercession of the Queen.

Clavell was a gentleman by birth, of ancient family, and liberal education. His uncle, Sir William Clavell, of Smedmore, in the county of Dorset, had a command in Ireland during the troubles there at the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and was created a Knight Banneret for his services. Sir William was a great but unfortunate projector; his projects, and the prosecutions that attended them, being estimated at full twenty thousand pounds. He was in consequence obliged to sell and mortgage a great portion of his estate—the remainder he vested in trustees for their continuance in his name and blood, that they might descend to his kinsman, Robert Clavell, of Winfrith, and his heirs. Sir William died without issue in 1644.

It does not appear that John Clavell was bred up to any profession, nor does it appear through what course of seduction he was led into his evil ways, but it does appear that his subsequent life, after receiving the royal pardon, was exemplary, and that his conduct was such as to re-establish his character. Clavell, who was no mean

poet for the times in which he lived, addressed the following lines to the King prior to his trial—and those that follow, in gratitude for his pardon, to the Queen :

I, that hath robbed so oft, am now bid stand,
 Death and the law assault me, and demand
 My life and means ! I never used men so,
 But having ta'en their money, let them go ;
 Yet must I die ! And is there no relief ?
 The King of kings took mercy on a thief !
 So may my gracious king, in mercy, save me,
 Although grim death and law do thus outbrave me.
 God is his precedent, and men shall see
 His mercy is beyond severity.

*To her never-to-be-equalled Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain,
 &c. &c.*

Honour's store-house, virtue's story,
 Fame's best trophy, nature's glory !
 Oh, may with moss, the muses' flood
 Be overgrown, dammed up with mud ;
 All their holy hills polluted,
 And their oracles confuted,
 If that they strain not all they may,
 Now their best vows to you to pay ;
 And hoarse as ravens may they sing,
 Who dare neglect their offering ;
 Or find a subject for a verse,
 That any meaner works rehearse !
 Yet the true story are, and all
 That's rich, fair, sweet, majestic ;
 The fullest wonder of our time,
 For chronicles in prose or rhyme ;
 And, like the rosy morn, do bless
 Our drooping land with cheerfulness ;
 Throwing your bounties everywhere,
 As fresh and fragrant as the air ;
 The woodbines, and the violet,
 The season of the year forget,
 And to attend your sweetness, do
 Grow everywhere you tread, or go.
 I, in the autumn of my life,
 When guilt and justice were at strife,

Was by your royal breath (strange thing) !
 Unwither'd, turn'd into my spring.
 Accept this sacrifice, great Queen,
 In which no merit can be seen,
 But what your royal name do bless
 My muse in her unworthiness.
 And though no lustre crown my art,
 Holy fire inspires my heart.
 Obedience, duty, zeal, attend
 The faithful tribute that I send.
 So the gods accept of, still,
 Not the offering, but the will.

Celuy qui plus Honor vos Vertus,
 et admire vostre Bonte, et clemence,
 et qui est le plus oblige a vostre
 Majeste,

JEHAN CLAVELL.

Clavell, remained, however, a considerable time in prison; during which, he addressed a second copy of verses to the King, praying for his liberty, stating his resolution thus, should he receive it—

I do intend,
 Whilst these your wars endure, even there to spend,
 My time, in that brave service.

After he had received his liberty, he presented the following lines to “ His honourable friend, his ever dear and well approved good uncle, Sir William Clavell, Knight Banneret:”

Your hidden purposes, grave sir, that rest
 Within the secret closet of your breast,
 Have like predomination with my fate ;
 I shall be happy, or unfortunate,
 As they assign me : you may justly take,
 And utterly renounce me ; but behold,
 My God above (whose secrets are untold ;
 All things on earth, as he thinks best decreeing,
 What will my future actions be foreseeing,)
 Hath lent me life and mercy, by my king,
 Who is his substitute in every thing.

Since, then, their doom is past, oh, let not me
 Be now arraigned by your severity!
 Forget my foul offences one and all,
 Until some brave and noble action shall
 Bring you anew acquainted. If again
 I ever take a course that shall be vain,
 Or, if any ill I faulty be,
 O, then, for ever disinherit me.

“ Your right sorrowful nephew,

“ JOHN CLAVELL.”

These, with many other addresses, in prose and verse, to the king, nobility, judges, magistrates, &c., are prefixed to a poem of considerable length, written by Clavell during his confinement, under the following title :—

“ The Re-cantation of an ill-led life : Or, a Discovery of the Highway-law, with vehement Dissuasions to all (in that kind) Offenders. As also, many cautelious Admonitions, and full instructions how to know, shune, and apprehend a Thiefe. Most necessary for all honest Travellers to peruse, observe, and practise.”

The preface to which is dated, “ from my lonely, sad, and unfrequented chamber in the King’s Bench, October, 1627.” The Epistle from “ The stationer to the buyer,” prefixed to the third edition, 4to, 1634, concludes thus :

“ The late and general false report of his (Clavell’s) relapse, and untoward death, made me most willing again to publish this work of his, to let you know, he not only lives, but hath also made good all these his promises and strict resolutions, insomuch that it is become very disputable amongst wise men, whether they should more admire his former ill ways, or his now most singular reformation, whereat no man outjoys his friend and yours,

“ RICHARD MEIGHEN.”

THE EARLS OF CAITHNESS AND BREADALBANE.

ABOUT the period of the Restoration, the Earl of Caithness had been reduced to great straits and pecuniary difficulties. His debts were so heavy, that he was obliged to execute a disposition of his estate in favour of Sir John Campbell, of Glenorchy, who purchased the greater part of his debts, and thus became the principal creditor; and in consequence of his indisposition, a charter was passed in 1673, investing Glenorchy with the estate of Caithness. The earl died in 1676, and in 1678 his widow, a daughter of the Marquis of Argyle, married Sir John Campbell, who took possession of the estate, and assumed the title of the Earl of Caithness, as being territorial and attached to, and inalienable from the possession of the land. He accordingly got a patent of the earldom from the Crown, and was created Earl of Caithness. This, however, was an assumption of right to which the Sinclairs would not submit, and in the true spirit of clansmen, they determined to support the distressed, to preserve the sinking family of their chief, and to assert the claims of his legitimate heir. These were not mere words; and the arm of the law being neither so long nor so strong in those days as in later times, the new Earl of Caithness was obliged to take the sword to gain possession of his acquisitions; and instead of repairing to Edinburgh to employ lawyers to

fight for and maintain his claims, he followed the Highland fashion, and collecting 1100 Breadalbane men, including the followers of the immediate descendants of his family—Glenlyon, Glenfalloch, Lochdochart, Achallader, &c., and those of his neighbour and brother-in-law, the Laird of Macnab, marched with this army to Caithness, and in a pitched battle with the Sinclairs (who rose to oppose him) fought for his title, and having gained the victory, quartered his men in the country for three years, levying rents and taxes as if in a conquered country.

But though the Sinclairs were forced to yield in the first instance, they so harassed the invaders, and showed such hostility and determined resolution to oppose the claims of Glenorchy, that he at last yielded; and after a long negotiation, and on a reference to the king in council, by whom it was found the title was inalienable from the male heirs, the Sinclairs got possession of their chief's estate.

The king created Sir John Campbell Earl of Breadalbane, on a new patent, and the ancient Earldom of Caithness went to the legitimate heir, George Sinclair of Keiss.

THE HOSPITALITIES OF THOMASTOWN.

MR. MATHEW inherited a large estate at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, producing a clear rental of eight thousand pounds a-year. As he delighted in a country life, and possessed in an eminent degree that spirit of hospitality for which his countrymen have ever been distinguished, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of visitors, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular and improved plan, according to the then newly adopted mode of English gardening, which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste introduced by King William, and which Mr. Mathew was the first to adopt in Ireland.

As this design was formed in early life, in order to accomplish his point without incurring debt, he retired to the continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds per annum, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned.

It was towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign when Mr. Mathew returned from his long residence abroad. At that time party disputes ran very high, but nowhere did they rage with such violence as in the Irish metropolis, so that daily duels were the consequence. There happened to be at that time in London two gen-

tllemen who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one was Pack, and the other Creed; the former being a Major, and the latter a Captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight errants, to go over to Ireland in quest of adventures. On inquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoicing to find an antagonist worthy of himself, resolved to pick a quarrel with him the first opportunity; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, he jostled the fore-chairman. Mr. Mathew, supposing this to be accidental, took no notice of the circumstance; but Major Pack afterwards boasted of it in a public coffee-house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it.

A particular friend of Mr. Mathew's, of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland, happened to be present. He immediately took up the quarrel, observing, he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront to be intentional, otherwise he would have chastised the offender on the spot; adding, that if the Major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on Mr. Mathew's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town. The Major said, that he should be at the tavern opposite, where he and his companion would wait their commands.

Immediately on his arrival, Mr. Mathew, being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two officers were, after securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something

to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, that in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword.

The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists.

Upon this occasion, Mr. Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" "Yes," replied Mathew, with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life, either before or after, to have aimed at a pun.

The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion—"Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time, their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see

company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured.

Mr. Mathew spent some time in Dublin, and during his residence there, he availed himself of the opportunity to renew old and cultivate new acquaintance. From his personal accomplishments and large fortune, he found no difficulty in obtaining access to all whose character or talents rendered their friendship desirable. Out of these he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass their leisure time at his seat at Thomastown, to which he retired to spend the remainder of his days.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations for their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, the hospitable owner showed him his apartment, saying: "This is your castle; here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house. You may breakfast, dine, and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests as may be most agreeable to you." He then showed them the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society, adding: "But from this moment you are never to know me as the master of the house, and only consider me as one of the guests." In order to avoid all ceremony at meals, he took his place at random at the table, and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated

themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality.

There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here such as chose breakfasted at their own hour. It was provided with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, and all other conveniences that are to be found in a city coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called the 'Tavern.' As Mr. Mathew was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine consumed in the common room was very moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to indulge such of his guests as had habituated themselves to that custom, he had recourse to this contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober part of the company to themselves. Here they were attended by a waiter in a blue apron, as was then the fashion, and all things in the room was so contrived as to favour the illusion. Every one called for what liquor he pleased, with as little restraint as if he had been in a public-house, and was to pay the reckoning. Here, too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated with the same noisy mirth as in his city temples, but without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family.

Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling, and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard-tables, and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for

those who delighted in field sports, with fishing tackle of all sorts, a variety of guns, with proper ammunition, a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers; and twenty choice hunters were kept in the stables, for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chase.

The reader may, perhaps, be ready to imagine that Mr. Mathew's income, considerable as it was, could not be adequate to the support of so extensive an establishment; but when he considers that the value of money was at that time more than double what it is at the present day; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil in Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except wine, liquors, and grocery, he may suppose it to be sufficient if under the regulation of strict economy, of which no man was a greater master than Mr. Mathew. . . .

His plan was so well formed, and he had such check upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar, could have been purloined without immediate detection. This was accomplished partly by the choice of faithful stewards, and clerks of approved integrity, but chiefly by his own superintendence of the whole, as not a day passed without his having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising; and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests.

With a stranger, indeed, he might easily have passed for a visitor, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, or pay him any civilities on that score.

This he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and stayed away several days, while things went on as usual at home ; and on his return, he would not allow any congratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been absent during that time.

The arrangements of every kind were so prudently made, that no number of guests, or of their domestics, ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family. There was one point which at first it seemed rather difficult to accomplish—namely, the establishing of certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose, a great hall was appropriated to the use of the servants, where they were always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall, bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it, so that, when any of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes on the bell, and to see what servant was called.

Mr. Mathew was the first that put an end to the inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages ; at the same time assuring them, that if they took any afterwards, they should be discharged with disgrace ; and to prevent the temptation, the guests were informed, that he would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made.

The following particulars of a visit of the celebrated Dean Swift to Thomastown will enable the reader to form a more precise idea of the interior economy of that establishment.

Swift had heard much of the place from his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had often been a welcome guest

there, both on account of his convivial qualities, and as being the preceptor of the nephew of Mr. Mathew. He at length became desirous of ascertaining with his own eyes the truth of a report which he could not forbear considering as greatly exaggerated. On receiving an intimation of this from Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the Dean, requesting the honour of a visit in company with the doctor, at his next school vacation. The two doctors accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation to Mr. Mathew. They had scarcely reached the inn where they intended to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when they were surprised by the arrival of a coach and six horses, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomastown, and, at the same time, bringing a supply of the choicest viands, wine, and other liquors, for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention, and the coach proved particularly acceptable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey.

When they came within sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magnitude, cried out—

“What, in the name of God, can be the use of such a vast building?”

“Why, Mr. Dean,” replied his fellow-traveller, “there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them, probably, occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us.”

Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. “Well,” said he, immediately afterwards, “there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life.”

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon

marks of respect ; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made his usual speech, acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after, the cook appeared with the bill of fare to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors.

“ And is all this really so ? ” said Swift. “ And may I command here as in my own house ? ”

His companion assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint.

“ Well, then, ” said Swift, “ I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall scarcely be tempted to mix with the mob below. ”

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne and viewing the various improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew or any of the guests ; nor were the company below much concerned at the Dean’s absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid that his presence would put an end to the ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in a strain of the highest compliment, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist and the taste of a connoisseur. Such an address from a man of Swift’s character could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was, at the same time, the planner of these improvements ; and so fine a eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more largely in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained

against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech by saying : “ And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably.”

In a short time all restraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all the little schemes for promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. In short, never were such joyous scenes known at Thomastown before. When the time came which obliged Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the Dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer, and Mr. Mathew himself, for once, broke his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest. Swift found himself so happy, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and, instead of a fortnight, passed four months there, much to his own satisfaction and that of all those who visited the place during the time.

Mr. Mathew continued long to enjoy the pleasure arising from this establishment, as much the offspring of a genuine spirit of hospitality as of an eccentric disposition. His method of spending a fortune was assuredly much better calculated to afford happiness and rational enjoyment, than that pursued by many who have thrown away theirs on the turf or at the gaming-table ! and it was productive of infinitely greater advantage to the community in general, than if, like others, he had locked up the receipts of his estates in his coffers, for the sole purpose of feasting his eyes on his accumulated hoards.

He married twice :—1st, Catherine, daughter of Sir John Shelley, Bart. ; and, 2ndly, Anne, Dowager Countess of Tyrone ; but died without surviving issue. His cousin and heir, George Mathew, Esq., of Thomastown,

also died *sine prole*, when the estates devolved on the representative of a junior branch of the family, Thomas Mathew, Esq. of Thurles, father of Francis Mathew, 1st Earl of Llandaff.

A SINGULAR WAGER.

A CURIOUS document, dated in 1689, lies before us. It is the original manuscript of a wager laid between two gentlemen in Ireland, with regard to the reduction of the town they lived in, by the arms of the Prince of Orange. Trifles such as these are valuable to the historian, as indicative of the state of public feeling at the time of their occurrence. They are the unconstrained revealings of the hopes or fears of those who acted in them, and in this way set forth more pointedly the real circumstances of the age than could the most laboured dissertation. How utterly must the unfortunate James II. have been ruined, when, nearly a twelvemonth previous to the Battle of the Boyne, men could thus coolly anticipate his downfall! The reader will remark, that neither party, in the following document, questions the success of the Prince of Orange—the matter in debate is merely the time. The wager assumes the form of a promissory note, and runs thus:

“ I doe hereby acknowledge to have rec^d. of M^r. Francis Baker the sum of Twenty Shill^{ds}. ster., and in consideration thereof doe oblige myselfe, my heirs, Exec^{trs}. &c. to pay to the said Baker [his heirs and assigns] (*interlined*) the sum of Four guineas, provided

the town of Youghall, in the kingdom of Ireland, be not reduced to y^e obedience of this present gov^rm^t in England, sometime 'twixt this day and the first of May, w^{ch} shall be in the year Sixteen Hundred Ninety. Which if it be so reduc'd, that then this present obligation to be void, oth^rwise to be in full force and power of law. As witness my hand seale, this tenth day of October, Sixteen Hundred Eighty nine. 1689.

“JOHN HAYMAN.” (Seal.)

Being present, and when the	}	JNO. SILVER.
words (his heirs and assigns)		THOMAS COSENS.
were interlin'd		ED. NICHOLAS.

On the 2nd of August, 1690, Youghall surrendered to King William, upon fifty dragoons of Colonel Levison's regiment, who were conducting the garrison that marched from Waterford, appearing before it—(vide “Annals of Youghal,” p. 33 ;) consequently, Mr. Hayman lost his wager.

A LADY OF FASHION IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

ELIZABETH SPENCER, wife of William, Lord Compton, (afterwards Earl of Northampton,) was the greatest heiress of her time. Her father, Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London in 1593, left a fortune variously estimated at three, five, and eight hundred thousand pounds. His opulence was so noted, that one of the pirates of Dunkirk, who, during the reigns of James and Charles I., exercised their outrages with impunity on the English coasts, had laid a plot for carrying the rich London citizen off to France, to extort a ransom ; but the design failed. At Sir John's funeral, about a thousand persons followed in mourning cloaks and gowns. The amount of the inheritance seems to have exceeded all the expectations of Lord Compton ; insomuch, that on the first news, " either through the vehement apprehension of joy for such a plentiful succession, or of carefulness how to take it up and dispose of it," he became distracted, and so continued for a considerable length of time. It must probably have been soon after his lordship's recovery, that his wife addressed to him the following letter, which may be regarded as the most perfect exposition we possess of the wants and wishes of a lady of quality in the time of James I :

" MY SWEET LIFE,—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it

were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works: and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chamber-maids, nor theirs with wash-maids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me,

either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. My desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.*, and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.” *

* Harleian MSS., No. 7003, fol. 105.

THE TRAGEDY OF LAWFORD HALL.

Just sixty years have elapsed since the death of Sir Theodosius Boughton at Lawford Hall, and yet the deepest interest still attaches to the melancholy story. The guilt of the unhappy man, who suffered for the supposed murder, remains to this day veiled in mystery, and the subject is more frequently canvassed than almost any other conviction upon record. Donellan may or may not have been innocent, but, most certainly, the feeling that must arise in every impartial mind, from a patient perusal of the trial is, that the conviction was not justified by the evidence adduced. The judge, who presided, had evidently imbibed a bias against the accused, and Lady Boughton, the mother of Sir Theodosius being strongly prejudiced in the same direction, seems to have allowed her testimony to be seriously affected by her prejudices. In those times, the prisoner's counsel was not permitted to address the jury, and thus the strong points of defence were not urged with proper force or skill. Had the learned advocate, Mr. Newnham, who so ably cross-examined the witnesses, been allowed to complete his task by a commentary on the evidence, he would, doubtless, have impressed on the jury these three important facts:—first, that there was not sufficient proof that Sir Theodosius died by poison at all; secondly, that, if he did die by

poison, there was no proof that it was laurel water ; and, thirdly, that if he did die by poison, and that poison laurel water, there was not sufficient evidence to show that Captain Donellan administered it, either directly or indirectly.

In addition to the doubts created by this view of the case, we have the last words of the prisoner before his execution :—"As I am now going," exclaimed the dying man, "to appear before God, to whom all deceit is known, I solemnly declare that I am innocent of the crime for which I suffer. I have drawn up a vindication of myself,* which I hope the world will believe, for it is of more consequence to me to speak truth than falsehood, and I have no doubt that time will reveal the many mysteries that have arisen at the trial."

John Donellan was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donellan, and was born about the year 1737. At the early age of twelve he entered the royal regiment of artillery, with part of which corps he went to the East Indies in 1754. On his arrival there he changed into the 39th foot, but on that regiment being ordered home, he, with many others of its officers, had his Majesty's leave to remain in the service of the East-India Company, without prejudice to their rank in the army. He there obtained a company, and is said to have distinguished himself as a soldier, and to have been particularly instrumental in the taking of Mazulapatam. However, being appointed one of the four agents for prize money, he condescended to receive presents from some black merchants, to whom part of their effects had been ordered to be restored. For this he was tried by a court-

* From papers left behind him for the purpose, a very elaborate and well-written defence was composed and published almost immediately after his death : it produced a great sensation at the time.

martial and cashiered, and with this sentence Captain Donellan's military character expired. Disgraced, however, as he was, he made one effort to retrieve his reputation, and, on Colonel Forde's return from Golconda to Bengal, offered his services as a volunteer. This offer was not accepted, and the Captain embarked for England. On Captain Donellan's retirement from active service, he became a man of fashion in London, and his address recommended him to the office of Master of the Ceremonies at the Pantheon, an employment which he filled with credit and profit. His first acquaintance with the Boughton family arose at Bath, in the following manner: Lady Boughton and her daughter, arriving on a visit to that city, found every bed in every Inn preoccupied; and it was signified by the landlord of the hotel at which they stopped, that they had no alternative but to sleep on the chairs of their sitting-room. This fact coming to the knowledge of Donellan, who had for some days occupied a chamber in the house, he requested the landlord to introduce him to the ladies, and he made them an offer of his bed in so polite a manner, that it was accepted. In return, the ladies invited the gallant Captain to breakfast with them in the morning, which the enterprising Donellan improved into such an acquaintance, that soon after, in 1777, he married Miss Boughton, a sister of Sir Theodosius, the brother and sister being the only surviving children of Sir Edward Boughton, Bart., of Lawford Hall, in the county of Warwick.

At the time of his sister's marriage, Sir Theodosius Boughton was just entering into his seventeenth year, and was a student at Eton, where Mr. and Mrs. Donellan paid him their nuptial visit, and, soon after, took up their residence at Bath. Although Captain Donellan possessed little or no fortune of his own, and the match

was, at first, disapproved of by the friends of the lady, a reconciliation was effected by Donellan's agreeing, not only to settle the whole of his wife's actual fortune upon herself, but also everything which she might afterwards become entitled to, either by inheritance or legacy. Such was the apparently happy commencement of an alliance which ended so disastrously. The arrival of Captain and Mrs. Donellan at Lawford Hall occurred in June, 1778, about a year after their marriage; and it appears they continued resident and domesticated there from that time until the sudden death of Sir Theodosius, in 1780.

At Lawford Hall, the influence of the Captain was very great. He was in the maturity of active life—that is, in his seven or eight and thirtieth year, while Lady Boughton was aged, and the Baronet scarcely twenty; his ascendancy will therefore not appear surprising. Other circumstances tended to give him this weight; Lady Boughton was not a very intellectual woman, and her ill-fated son appears to have been occupied entirely by his pleasures. The first visit Donellan paid to the youth was at Eton; he had then just completed his sixteenth year, and was under the care of a medical gentleman, for a complaint. From Eton he was removed to Northampton, and placed under the private tuition of a Mr. Jones; and it is proved that he was also medically attended there. It further appears, that he indulged in the dangerous habit of prescribing for himself, and that he was continually taking physic; and, lastly, he was again in ill health at the time of his death.

Such, with the addition of the unhappy Mrs. Donellan, was the family circle at Lawford Hall; and if to the foregoing particulars it be added, that the latter was heir-at-law to the larger part of her brother's fortune, if he died without legitimate issue, and that the ostensible

views of Captain Donellan were to take orders to enable him to enjoy the two livings in the gift of Sir Theodosius—the reader will be furnished with a tolerably faithful outline of the relative situation of this family, when the fatal circumstance occurred, which threw it into so much confusion, and which is now to be described from the testimony of Lady Boughton, as delivered before the coroner. This particular deposition it will be proper to give somewhat at length, as it was the deponent's first account of the melancholy transaction; and because in the subsequent trial she materially varied in her explanation of the identical fact which decided the fate of the accused.

Anna Maria Lady Boughton deposed, that the deceased was her son; that for a considerable time before his death, he took various medicines which were sent to him from a Mr. Powell, a surgeon in Rugby, which sometimes occasioned the deceased to keep his room; that on the thirtieth of August last, she went into his room to give him part of the medicine sent for him from the said Mr. Powell; and that about seven o'clock in the morning of the same day, she, by the directions of the deceased, gave him the medicine contained in one of the phial bottles then standing upon the mantel-piece of the deceased; that she perceived, upon pouring it out into the bason to give to the deceased, a large quantity of powder or sediment at the bottom of the phial; that it had a very offensive and nauseous smell; that the deceased complained very much of the nauseousness of the medicine, and that he thought he should not be able to keep it upon his stomach; that there was a label upon the bottle in which the medicine was contained, expressing the medicine to be the purging potion for Sir Theodosius Boughton; that she could not tell whether there were any other bottles in the deceased's

room containing the same medicine; that John Donellan, Esq., her son-in-law, *being informed by her of the situation the deceased was in, came up stairs to her*; and after being informed by her of the medicine she had given him, desired her to give him the bottle; and that he then *put water into the bottle, and poured it and the settling of the bottle out together; put his finger into it, and informed this examinant it had a nauseous taste*: that the deceased, immediately after taking the medicine, seemed as if he was going into convulsions for a considerable time; but after that appearance had subsided, the deceased seemed as if he was going to sleep; upon which she left the room, and returned back in the space of about five minutes, when she found the deceased with his eyes fixed, his teeth set, and the froth running out of his mouth; and that he expired in a few minutes afterwards; that the composition of the mixture contained in the bottle given by her to the deceased, was *something in colour similar to that produced and shown to her by Mr. Powell*, at this the time of her examination, but to the smell very different, to the best of her information and belief.

One of the strongest circumstances attendant upon a death so alarming was the subsequent conduct of Lady Boughton: it would seem from her further deposition on the succeeding day, and on the trial, that the rinsing of the bottles by Captain Donellan struck her as exceedingly suspicious and improper, yet neither these suspicions, nor the suddenness of her son's death upon the swallowing of a medicine, induced her to take the arrangement of the funeral out of his hands, or even to interest herself to have any surgical or legal inspection of the body. In so calm a way, indeed, did this calamity pass over, that on the Saturday following the

Wednesday on which it took place, the deceased was absolutely soldered up in his coffin.

Public attention, however, was excited; and poison being generally suspected, the report of these suspicions at length reached the ears of the guardian, Sir William Wheler, who wrote a polite note to Captain Donellan, informing him of the nature of the prevalent rumour, and of the necessity there was to do it away by a professional examination of the body. The reply of Captain Donellan was prompt and acquiescent; and he also expressed a wish that Sir William Wheler himself would attend. The three practitioners, with an assistant, however, arrived by themselves, and were informed by the Captain that they were called upon to open the body of the deceased—"for the satisfaction of us all;" but he did not mention the suspicion of poison. It is remarkable that, upon this intimation, the gentlemen, finding that, owing to the putridity of the body, the operation would be attended with danger to themselves, declined it, on the ground that, in its then state, it would not determine the cause of the death; and Captain Donellan was blamed for not inducing them to operate, at all hazards, by resting on the suspicion of poison; or, in other words, on the suspicion that he was himself the murderer of his brother-in-law. Afterwards, in giving Sir William Wheler an epistolary account of this visit, he left it ambiguous whether the body had been opened or not; but then, on the other hand, he requested one of the medical gentlemen himself to call on the Baronet, who promised to do so, but did not.

On the next morning, Mr. Bucknill, a surgeon of Rugby, having heard that the former gentlemen had declined operating, called at Lawford Hall, and offered to take out the stomach at his own risk; but the Cap-

tain declined, on the ground of unfairness to the other professional gentlemen, unless directly authorized by Sir W. Wheler ; and, in consequence, Mr. Bucknill went away. Of this visit Sir William heard, and wrote again, requesting that Mr. Bucknill, and his own apothecary, Mr. Snow, might do what it was so desirable should be done ; but, owing to their professional engagements, the two gentlemen missed each other—Mr. Bucknill, who came first, was called away to a dying patient, and when he returned, Mr. Snow had arrived, and, from a sense of danger, having declined opening the body, had departed. Captain Donellan, therefore, upon this, proceeded with the funeral, which took place the same day, between three and four o'clock.

In all these transactions, it is very remarkable that, although the suspicion of poison could, and did, attach to Captain Donellan only, yet he was strangely permitted to arrange every proceeding which was to produce satisfaction, and that by the mother of the deceased, who was very early alarmed at his equivocal conduct.

But, although the interment was effected, when it became generally known that the body had not been opened, the minds of all orders of people were excited, and it was laudably insisted upon by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, that the deceased should be taken up, the coroner be called, and a surgical examination take place by course of law. This was done accordingly, and the depositions on the first day of examination were in substance as follow :

That of Lady Boughton has already been given.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary who supplied the draught, the taking of which was followed by the death of Sir Theodosius, deposed, that it was a mixture, consisting of jalap, rhubarb, spirits of lavender, simple syrup, and nutmeg-water.

Sarah Steane, who laid out the deceased, simply stated that, to the time of the body being placed in the coffin, it appeared the same, in every respect, as any other corpse.

William and Samuel Frost, servants, deposed that, the evening and morning preceding his death, the deceased appeared to them to be in good health and spirits.

Mr. Wilmer, a surgeon, one of the professional gentlemen who declined opening the body in the first instance, because its putridity rendered satisfaction from the operation hopeless, deposed, that such had been his expressed opinion; and the conclusion to be drawn from the medical evidence he now gave was, that the mixture furnished by Mr. Powell could not at any time occasion the death of the deceased; and that, for the reasons before suggested by him, he was induced to believe that it was "*then impossible to tell what occasioned the deceased's death.*"

Dr. Rattray corroborated the whole of the above; but added, that he believed, from the deposition of Lady Boughton, that the medicine administered by her caused the death of her son.

Mr. Snow, a surgeon, merely confirmed the depositions of Mr. Wilmer and Dr. Rattray generally.

Mr. Bucknill deposed to the same purpose, with the additional confirmation of Dr. Rattray's opinion, as to the draught administered by Lady Boughton being the immediate cause of her son's death.

Lady Boughton declared, that when Captain Donellan was told of the effect of the medicine upon the deceased, he asked where the bottle was that had contained it; and upon it being pointed out to him, he "swilled the bottle out with water, and threw the water and the medicine which was left at the bottom of the bottle *upon the ground.*" That upon her expressing her surprise

that he should do so, he said that it was in order to taste it; but that he did not taste it, but proceeded to empty a second bottle, which stood upon the deceased's mantel-piece, but what was contained therein she knew not. That, after throwing away the contents of the second bottle, Captain Donellan ordered Sarah Blundell, who was then in the room, to take the same away: but that examinant objected to such removal, and desired the servant to leave them where they were; that Captain Donellan, however, still persisted in his orders, and she believed they were removed accordingly. Lady Boughton further observed, that upon her return home from the last examination, Captain Donellan, who had heard it taken, had expressed surprise and displeasure at her then deposing that he had rinsed the bottles, and told her that she was only obliged to answer such questions as should be asked. That she had heard Captain Donellan advise her son to keep his medicines in his first room, and not in an inner room, which he kept locked; whereas any part of the family might have access to the former. Finally, she deposed that the circumstance of the said Captain Donellan's swilling the bottles led her to suppose "*that some unfair dealings had been carried on respecting her son, and that he had died by the medicine she had given him.*"

The Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Captain Donellan, and he was immediately committed for trial.

In consequence of the assizes having been recently concluded, Captain Donellan's trial did not come on until seven months after the alleged offence, during which interval, his case became the constant subject of public discussion.

The trial took place at Warwick, on the 30th March,

1781: the judge presiding was that great lawyer, Sir Francis Buller, a man as able as severe.

Mr. Powell, the apothecary, the first witness, proved, as before, the nature of the draughts sent by him to Sir Theodosius Boughton; and described him to have been at the time slightly indisposed, not seriously, as Captain Donellan would often infer, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation. That when he reached Lawford Hall, in consequence of an express informing him of the dangerous state of Sir Theodosius, the latter had been dead an hour; that he met Captain Donellan in the court-yard, who went with him to see the corpse, in which he observed nothing particular; that upon asking how the deceased died, the Captain replied in convulsions, but put no questions to him in return; and that the general intent of the prisoner seemed to be, to promote an idea that Sir Theodosius, who had returned in the afternoon from fishing, had taken cold.

Mr. Powell, after proving the innocence of his own prescription, asserted that the disorder of Sir Theodosius was slight, and that he gave him nothing but cooling physic and an embrocation.

This gentleman, though his answers in court seemed to confine his prescriptions to cooling physic and an embrocation, had administered boluses of calomel.

The evidence of Lady Boughton, on the trial, varied materially from both her depositions before the coroner. The general substance of her evidence, as affecting the prisoner at the bar, may be reduced to the following points:

That Mrs. Donellan would inherit 1200*l.* per annum by the death of Sir Theodosius.

That when Lady Boughton once talked of quitting

Lawford Hall, the prisoner advised her not to do so, as her son was in a bad state of health, and she knew not what might happen, perhaps he might never reach his majority—a prediction which her ladyship then understood to allude to the danger incurred by Sir Theodosius *in hunting*.

That her son was about to receive a week's visit from a Mr. Fonnereau, and to depart with him on a visit in return.

That one day Captain Donellan, in her hearing, advised Sir Theodosius to keep his medicines in his chamber, which was always open, rather than in an inner room, which was usually locked.

That Captain Donellan was absent from his wife and Lady Boughton on the evening when the medicines arrived, and accounted for his absence by saying, he had been to see Sir Theodosius fishing, and that he would have persuaded him to come in, lest he should take cold, but he could not.

That upon Captain Donellan's coming into the room, and asking in what manner Sir Theodosius was taken ill, he was shown the two draughts sent by Mr. Powell, the last of which had proved so fatal; that he took up one of them, and said, "Is this it?" and upon being answered "Yes," poured some water out of a water-bottle into the phial, shook it, and then emptied it out *into some dirty water, which was in a wash-hand bason*. That her ladyship observed to him, that he ought not to do so, but that he immediately snatched the other bottle, poured water into it, and shook it, and then put his finger to it and tasted it, saying, when remonstrated with upon the impropriety of meddling with the bottles, that he did it to taste the contents, but that he did not taste the rinsings of the first phial at all.

That the prisoner desired Sarah Blundell to take away

the bason, the dirty things, and the bottles, and that he put the bottles into her hands; that her ladyship directed the servant to let the things alone, and took them from her; but that the prisoner, while her back was turned, gave the bottles to her again, as the said servant, who is since dead, informed her; that previous to this second order, he had also directed that the room might be cleaned, and the clothes thrown into an inner room.

That, during the whole of the foregoing scene, Sir Theodosius was not entirely dead.

That, some time afterwards, when her ladyship went into the parlour, Captain Donellan observed to his wife, in her presence, that her mother had been pleased to take notice of his washing the bottles out, and that he did not know what he should have done, if he had not thought of saying he put the water into it to put his finger to it to taste it. That her ladyship turned away to the window without reply, upon which he repeated the foregoing observation, and rang for the coachman to prove the time of his going out that morning.

That, upon returning from the first examination before the coroner, Captain Donellan said to his wife, before her ladyship, that she (Lady Boughton) had no occasion to have mentioned his washing the bottle; and that she should only have answered the questions put to her.

Mary Lynes, the housekeeper, proved, that Captain Donellan frequently amused himself with distilling roses; and Francis Amos gardener, that he was with Sir Theodosius the whole time he was fishing, the evening before he died, and that Captain Donellan did not come near them. This witness also proved that Captain Donellan had brought him a still, with wet lime in it, to clean, a few days after the young baronet's death.

William Croft, one of the coroner's jury, swore, that he saw the prisoner pull Lady Boughton by the

sleeve when she first deposed that he had rinsed the phial.

Sir William Wheler proved the tenour of his correspondence with Captain Donellan, relative to opening the body.

The three professional gentlemen who first attended to open the body, deposed, that they would have done so, at all events, had they been informed that poison was suspected; they also described the poisonous nature of laurel water, and proved that its effects upon animal life were similar to those of the draughts given to Sir Theodosius. They also gave a positive opinion that the deceased died by a poisonous draught administered by Lady Boughton, and that the appearance of the body was such as might follow the swallowing of a strong vegetable poison.

Doctors Ashe and Parsons, celebrated physicians, corroborated the opinions of the foregoing witnesses.

Mr. Bucknill, the surgeon who volunteered to operate in the first instance, related his first and second visit to Lawford Hall, to open the body, as already detailed.

Such was the tenour of the evidence for the prosecution, with the addition of the following remarkable testimony.

John Darbyshire deposed that he had been a prisoner in Warwick gaol for debt; that Mr. Donellan and he had a bed in the same room for a month or five weeks. He remembered to have had a conversation with him about Sir Theodosius being poisoned. On his asking him whether the body was poisoned or not, he said, "There was no doubt of it." The witness said, "For God's sake, Captain, who could do it?" He answered, "It was among themselves, he had no hand in it." The witness asked, "whom he meant by themselves?" He said, "Sir Theodosius himself, Lady Boughton, the

footman, and the apothecary." The witness replied, "Sure, Sir Theodosius could not do it himself!" He said "he did not think he did." The witness answered, "The apothecary could hardly do it; he would lose a good patient; the footman could have not the least interest in it; and it was unnatural to suppose that Lady Boughton would do it." He then said, how covetous Lady Boughton was; she had received an anonymous letter, the day after Sir Theodosius' death, charging her plump with poisoning him; that she called him and read it to him, and she trembled; she desired he would not let his wife know of that letter, and asked him if he would give up his right to the personal estate, and to some estates of about 200*l.* a-year belonging to the family. The conversation was about a month after the Captain came into the gaol. At other times he said, "that he was innocent; it was impossible he could do a thing that never was in his power."

In his defence, the prisoner presented a written paper, which was read by the clerk of the court, and went in substance to state:—That many false and injurious reports had been circulated concerning him in various newspapers in town and country, equally injurious to his honour, and dangerous to his safety; and that he had most undeservedly laboured under a load of prejudice, which no man, he believed, before him had ever sustained, or had at least been tried under. He hoped, however, continued the statement, that the integrity and justice of the judge and jury would interpose to relieve him from the effects of the unprovoked aspersions, and that he should receive from their hands that justification, which he was conscious he had the most indisputable right to. When he first married into the family of Boughton, he did it on the most liberal principles, and in the most generous manner in the world; for he

bound himself under restrictions to his wife, that he should never receive even a life enjoyment in any estate of hers, either actual or in expectancy. What inducement, therefore, could he have for the perpetration of so cruel and horrid a deed? He had always lived in the most perfect harmony with Sir Theodosius Boughton, and had given many proofs of it, by having interfered to reconcile his differences, and keep him out of danger. This was not the conduct of a person who wished to deprive another of life. The prisoner proceeded to state some instances of his amicable interposition ; and afterwards went into a description of his conduct with respect to his supposed unwillingness to suffer the dissection of the body. As to the principal fact deposed to by Lady Boughton,—the rinsing of the phials, the prisoner accounted for it by saying, that when informed by Lady Boughton of what had happened, he asked her what she had given to her son, and where the bottle was ; and, upon its being pointed out to him, took it and held it up to the light, and finding it apparently clean and dry, put a tea-spoonful of water into it, rinsed it well, and poured it into a small white bason then on the table, in order to taste it with his finger, which he did several times, and declared it very nauseous. That he also tasted several more medicines, which stood on the mantel-piece, on which there were many phials and gallipots which smelt very offensively ; and, observing Lady Boughton begin to put the room in order, he told Sarah Blundell to help her ladyship, and particularly to remove a chamber-pan ; when she began to take away the phials, he very innocently handed some to her. He concluded with a firm denial of guilt, and the expression of a sanguine hope, that his character would be shown in its proper light by the decision of that day,

and would prove his innocence to the world, prejudiced as it undoubtedly was against him.

Witnesses were then called in his behalf, the principal of whom was John Hunter. The evidence of this celebrated surgeon was clear and decided. He stated positively, as his opinion, that Sir Theodosius, from the symptoms stated, might have died from epilepsy or apoplexy, and that "the whole appearances, upon the dissection, explained nothing but putrefaction." To the question—"Are those appearances you have heard described such, in your judgment, as are the results of putrefaction in dead subjects?" Hunter replied—"Entirely."

The examination then proceeded thus:—

Counsel.—"Are the symptoms that appeared after the medicine was given, such as necessarily conclude that the person had taken poison?"

Hunter.—"Certainly not."

Counsel.—"If an apoplexy had come on, would not the symptoms have been nearly or somewhat similar?"

Hunter.—"Very much the same."

Again, on his cross-examination, this great surgeon admitted, that death following the taking of a draught was suspicious, but he wholly denied that it was necessarily caused by it; and asserted, that any symptom and appearance on opening the body of the deceased, or as described by Lady Boughton, might be furnished by epilepsy or apoplexy. As the father of Sir Theodosius died of the latter disorder, he was asked if it were likely to attack a thin young man, under a course of cooling physic; he answered, certainly not so likely; but that he had known two instances of delicate young women dying of apoplexy.

Judge Buller summed up, with his mind evidently

impressed with a belief that the prisoner was guilty; and it is but fair to state, that this experienced and sagacious lawyer ever afterwards remained of the same opinion, that Donellan committed the crime.

The principal features of the summing up were as follows: his lordship stated that there were two questions for the decision of the jury. 1st. Whether the deceased died of poison? 2ndly. Whether that poison was administered by the defendant? As to the first question, whether the deceased died of poison, they had the evidence of four or five gentlemen of the faculty, that the deceased *did* die of poison; on the other side, they had but the *doubt* of another. As to the second question, whether that poison was administered by the defendant, a great deal of evidence had been laid before them, naturally of a circumstantial nature, as no man would be weak enough to commit the act in the presence of other persons, or to suffer them to see what he did at the time; and therefore it could only be made out by circumstances, either before the committing of the act,—at the time when it was committed,—or subsequent to it. And a presumption, which necessarily arose from circumstances, was very often more convincing and more satisfactory than any other kind of evidence, because it was not within the reach and compass of human abilities to invent a train of circumstances which should be so connected together as to amount to a proof of guilt, without affording opportunities of contradicting a great part, if not all of those circumstances. The circumstantial evidence in the present case which tended to prove the guilt of the defendant, was, 1st, the prisoner's doubts, for some weeks prior to Sir Theodosius's death, that he would not attain his majority, as sworn to by Lady Boughton; and, 2ndly, the prisoner's falsehood, on the night prior to the baronet's death, when he stated to Lady Boughton and

his wife, that he had advised Sir Theodosius not to continue fishing, lest he should catch cold, as sworn to by a servant, who stated that the Captain had not been near Sir Theodosius, and therefore could not have given him that advice ; 3rd, his washing the bottles, and sending them out of the room, in direct opposition to the wishes of Lady Boughton ; 4th, his extraordinary conduct towards the gentlemen of the faculty ; 5th, his frequent assertions as to the bad health of the deceased, an assertion which had been frequently contradicted by Mr. Powell, the family surgeon, and others, during the investigation of the case ; 6th, his making use of a still, for a long time before the death of the baronet, and, immediately after the baronet's death, it being found wet, and filled with lime ; 7th, the prisoner's conduct before the coroner.

The jury withdrew after the charge was finished, and having retired for about six minutes, found the prisoner guilty, whereupon he received judgment of death.

In passing sentence, the learned judge observed, that the offence of which the prisoner stood convicted, next to those which immediately affected the state, the government, and the constitution of the country, was of the blackest dye that man could commit. For of all felonies, murder was the most horrible ; and of all murders, poisoning was the most detestable. Poisoning was a secret act against which there were no means of preserving or defending a man's life, and in the case of the defendant, it was more, if possible, aggravated. The manner and the place in which the dark deed had been transacted, and the person on whom it had been committed, enhanced greatly the guilt. It had been committed in a place where suspicion, at the instant, must have slept ; where the murderer had access as a bosom friend and brother ; where he saw the rising representa-

tive of an ancient family reside in affluence ; but where ambition led him proudly but vainly to imagine that he might live in splendour and in happiness if his victim were removed. That the greatness of the offence had been caused by the greatness of the fortune, was his, the Judge's, full and firm conviction. So that avarice was the motive, and hypocrisy at once the instrument and the veil. That a doubt as to the prisoner's guilt could not for a moment exist even in the minds of the most scrupulous, or of those of the meanest capacity. The traces of murder were ever pointed out by the hands of Providence, therefore all the care and the foresight of the most cunning and the coolest offenders could not guard against some token, some unthought of circumstance, which should open a door to discovery, that the assassin had conceived to have been effectually barred. In the case of the prisoner, his misrepresentations to Sir William Wheler, his endeavours to prevent a full inquiry and discovery of the truth of the case ; the strange conversations which he had held at different times ; and, above all, the circumstance of rinsing out the bottle, left his guilt beyond the shadow of a doubt. This crime, which in the lowliest serf would be truly horrible, was in the prisoner's case, in his situation in society, and from the education he had received, rendered of a much deeper cast, and was one that called for deep contrition—sound, unfeigned, and substantial repentance. After invoking the Almighty Being to grant him that contrition and repentance of mind, the learned Judge concluded, by sentencing the prisoner to undergo the extreme penalty of the law.

Donellan suffered, pursuant to his doom, on the 1st of April, 1781, at Warwick ; and he died with perfect resignation.

By the decease of Sir Theodosius, the baronetcy re-

verted to his cousin and male heir, Edward Boughton, Esq., who pulled down the mansion of Lawford Hall, the scene of the fearful event to which the trial refers, and sold the estates in the counties of Warwick and Leicester. He never married, and was succeeded in the title by his brother, Sir Charles William Boughton-Rouse, of Rouse Lench, co. Worcester, whose son and heir is the present Sir William Edward Rouse Boughton, Bart., of Downton Hall, co. Salop.

Mrs. Donellan, who inherited a portion of her brother, Sir Theodosius's property, married for her second husband, Sir Egerton Leigh, Bart., and by him was mother of an only daughter, Theodosia de Malmsburgh, married in 1811 to John Ward, Esq., who in consequence assumed the additional surnames of Boughton and Leigh. Lady Leigh's third husband was the celebrated Barry O'Meara, author of a "Voice from St. Helena."

THE APPARITION OF SIR GEORGE VILLIERS.

THE death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is stated to have been announced to a dependent of the family, by the apparition of Sir George Villiers, his Grace's father. The story runs as follows :

“ There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more.

“ This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke, lived, and had been much cherished and obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw.

“ About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him.

“ The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked a second time, whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed

to be habited, he answered him, ‘ That he thought him to be that person ;’ he replied, ‘ He was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him, which was—that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.’

“ After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

“ The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him, ‘ Whether he had done as he had required of him ?’ and perceiving he had not, gave him very severe reprehensions, and told him he expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind ; but should always be pursued by him : upon which, he promised to obey. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed, and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the Duke, that he knew not how to find out any admission to his presence, much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say ; so with great trouble and unquietness he spent some time in thinking what he should do ; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

“ The same person appeared to him the third time, with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching

him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the Duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he should obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed by his own, or the malice of other men to abuse the Duke; and so he should sure to be undone.

“ The person replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he should perform what he had required, and therefore it were better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living but to the Duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them but he should believe all the rest he should say; and so, repeating his threats, he left him.

“ In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was; he was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the Duke, and was himself well received by him: to him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him: he desired that by his means he might be brought to the Duke in such a place

and in such a manner as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing.

“ Sir Ralph promised that he would speak first with the Duke of him; and then he should understand his pleasure; and, accordingly, the first opportunity he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and all he knew of the matter.

“ The Duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth Bridge, where he should land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

“ Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the Duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour; none but his own servants being at that hour in that place; and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the Duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great commotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the Duke, having procured the conference upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary.

“ The man told him, in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars which were to gain him credit, (the substance whereof, he said, he durst not impart unto him,) the Duke's colour changed, and he swore he could come at that knowledge only by the devil, for that those particulars were only known to

himself and to one person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

“ The Duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon ; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother’s lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours ; the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next room. And when the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger ; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had profound reverence ; and the Countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the Duke’s leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

“ Whatever there was of all this, it is notorious truth, that when the news of the Duke’s murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it ; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother for the loss of such a son.”

LA BELLE JENYNS AND SOAME JENYNS.

THE family of Jenyns, lately represented by the Rev. George Leonard Jenyns, of Bottisham Hall, Cambridgeshire, has been rich in distinguished names: Sir John Jenyns, made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles, Prince of Wales, served as High Sheriff of Herts' in 1626, and sat in Parliament for St. Alban's. Of his grand-daughters, Sarah became the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, and her sister Frances, "La Belle Jenyns," Duchess of Tyrconnel. Of the latter, we have the following account: "The fair, the elegant, the fascinating Frances Jenyns moved through the glittering court in unblenched majesty, robbed the men of their hearts, the women of their lovers, and never lost herself. As to hearts and such things, to bring them to Charles's court was mere work of supererogation; it was like trading to the South Sea Islands with diamonds and ingots of gold, where glass beads and tinfoil bear just the same value, and answered just as well. Her form was that of a young Aurora, newly descended to the earth; she never moved without discovering some new charm, or developing some new grace. To her external attractions, Miss Jenyns added what was rarely met with in the court of Charles—all the witchery of mind, and all the dignity of virtue."

After the death of Tyrconnel, the Duchess was permitted to erect a house (still standing) in King-street, Dublin, as a nunnery for poor Clares; and in this obscure retirement, burying all the attractions and graces which once so adorned the court of England, she died at the age of ninety-two, and was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, 9th of March, 1790. The granduncle of this incomparable beauty, Thomas Jenyns, Esq., of Hayes, was great-grandfather of the celebrated wit, SOAME JENYNS, whose character and habits are thus described:—

“ He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself, to do your party honour, in all the colours of the jay; his lace, indeed, had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets, with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts. As nature cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them: because he had a protuberant wen just under his pole, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of them and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty: yet this good man was heard very innocently to remark, when Gibbon published his history, ‘ that he wondered any body so ugly could write a book.’ ”

Such was the exterior of a man who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into. His pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself! it harmonized with everything: it was like the bread

to your dinner ; you did not perhaps make it the whole or principal part of the meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to the other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of your attention, and was not angry with those that did. His thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them. He wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil ; yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician, and a worse dancer.

ANCIENT FAMILIES.

CURIOSITY, says Saussure, led me to pay a visit to the blacksmith Macnab, to see the manuscript, of the Poems of Ossian, which, according to report, were long possessed by his family. I saw the old man, but not the manuscripts ; they had long ago been sent to Edinburgh, for the use of the members of the Highland Society. He showed me the ancient armour of his ancestors, for he glorièd in a long succession of them, all blacksmiths like himself. This family inhabited the same house upwards of four hundred years. In the ages of feudalism they handled successively the hammer and the sword. One of the ancestors of Macnab had been employed in building the Castle of Kilchurn, and many of them, no doubt, contributed to defend it against the attacks of the enemy's clans. What appalling vicissitudes in human affairs ! The castle of that powerful lord, of that once formidable chief, is now deserted and

in ruins ; whilst the hut of the humble vassal still exists, and has never changed its masters. This long succession, from father to son, who have followed without interruption the same profession, and in the same place, is considered as a high mark of respectability. If they cannot boast, as other men in a more exalted sphere, of famous names, and of illustrious warriors among their ancestors, it is to be presumed that integrity, irreproachable conduct, and hereditary adherence to the virtues and duties of an obscure state, have insured to subsequent generations the protection of their chiefs and the laws. These examples of ancient families in an inferior rank of life are by no means rare among the Highlanders. Whilst I was walking in the park of Inverary, I met a Highlander, who, with the natural curiosity of these people, came to ask me what country I belonged to, and whither I was going ? After satisfying him, he replied, “ I am going to that cottage which you see there between those trees, high above, on the hill ; we have lived in it during the three hundred years that we have been vassals of the Duke of Argyle.”

THE HOWARDS, RUSSELLS, CAVENDISHES, AND BENTINCKS.

THE illustrious house of Norfolk derives, in the male line, from William Howard, “a learned and reverend judge,” of the reign of Edward I.; and with him the authentic pedigree commences. Dugdale sought in vain, amid the mists of remoter ages, for a clue to the family’s earlier origin. The alliance of the judge’s descendant, Sir Robert Howard, Knight, with Margaret, elder daughter of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk—was the source whence flowed to after-generations,

All the blood of all the Howards.

Margaret de Mowbray, was great grand-daughter and heiress of Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed de Brotherton, eldest son of King Edward I., by Margaret, his second wife, daughter of Philip the Hardy of France. This great alliance may be regarded as the foundation-stone on which was erected the subsequent grandeur of the house of Norfolk; but the brilliant halo which encircles the coronet of the Howards, owes its splendour to the heroic achievements of the successive chiefs, on whom its honours devolved. John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, fell at Bosworth, manfully adhering to Richard III.; his son, the Earl of Surrey, was the hero of Flodden,

and the latter's grandson is ever memorable as the first poet of his age.

The gentle Surrey loved his lyre,
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ?
His was the hero's soul of fire
And his the Bard's immortal name.

In more recent times the hereditary gallantry of the race continued to shine conspicuously forth ; and to a Howard was reserved the honour of overthrowing the mighty power of Spain, and crushing the "invincible" Armada. In point of mere antiquity, there are several nobles who far exceed the Howards ; but what other family pervades all our national annals with such frequent mention, and often involved in circumstances of such intense interest ? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, state victims to tyranny, and feudal chiefs, they have been constantly before us for four centuries. In the drama of life, they have exhibited every variety of character, good and bad ; and the tale of their vices, as well as of their virtues, is full of instruction and anxious sympathy or indignant censure. No story of romance, or tragic drama, can exhibit more incidents to enhance attention or move the heart, than would a comprehensive account of this house, written with eloquence and pathos.

JOHN RUSSELL, a plain Dorsetshire Squire, residing near Bridport, obtained a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably re-

ceived by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas apprised the Court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, invited his cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the Prince. Mr. Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the Archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the king, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr. Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being, subsequently, a companion of the Prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favour, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cheyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favourite the abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto; and in the succeeding reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, granted to him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles the Second's time, William, the fifth Earl, was made Duke of Bedford.

The noble family of CAVENDISH, of which, in the last century, two branches attained Dukedoms, laid the foundations of its greatness on the share of abbey lands, obtained at the dissolution of the monasteries, by Sir William Cavendish, who had been gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and died in 1557; but its vast wealth may be ascribed to the abilities and the good fortune of Elizabeth, Lady Cavendish, Sir William's widow, who re-married George, Earl of Shrewsbury, and died in 1607, aged eighty-seven. Of this lady, the celebrated "Bess of Hardwick," the notable dabbler in archi-

itecture, intrigue, and money-craft, Bishop Kennet thus speaks :

“ The Lady Cavendish continued in her widowhood some time, rejecting many offers, and then accepted of Sir William St. Loe, of Tormarton, in Gloucestershire, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth, and Grand Butler of England, and possessor of divers fair lordships in Gloucestershire, which, in articles of marriage, she took care should be settled on her and her own heirs, in default of issue by him ; and, accordingly, having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, excluding his former daughters and his brothers.

“ In this third widowhood, she had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to terms of the greatest honour and advantage to herself and children ; for he not only yielded to a considerable jointure, but to an union of families, by taking Mary, her youngest daughter, to wife of Gilbert, his son, and afterwards his heir ; and giving the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter, to Henry her eldest son. On November 18, 1590, she was a fourth time left, and to death continued a widow. A change of conditions that perhaps never fell to any one woman, to be four times a creditable and happy wife ; to rise by every husband into greater wealth and higher honours ; to have an unanimous issue by one husband only ; to have all those children live, and all, by her advice, be honourably and creditably disposed of in her lifetime ; and, after all, to live seventeen years a widow, in absolute power and plenty.

“ She built three of the most elegant seats that were ever raised by one hand within the same county, beyond example—Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes, all trans-

mitted entire to the first Duke of Devonshire. At Hardwick, she left the ancient seat of her family standing, and at a small distance, still adjoining to her new fabric, as if she had a mind to preserve her cradle, and set it by her bed of state: which old house has one room in it of such exact proportion, and such convenient lights, that it has been thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance of a room in the late Duke of Marlborough's noble house at Blenheim. It must not be forgotten, that this lady had the honour to be Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots, committed prisoner to George, Earl of Shrewsbury, for seventeen years. Her chamber and rooms of state, with her arms and other ensigns, are still remaining at Hardwick: her bed was taken away for plunder in the civil wars. At Chatsworth, the new lodgings, that answer the old, are called the Queen of Scots' apartment, and an island plot at the top of a square tower, built in a large pool, is still called the Queen of Scots' garden; and some of her own royal work is still preserved among the treasures of this family: a carpet embroidered with her needle, and particularly a suite of hangings now remaining in a chamber at Hardwick, wherein all the virtues are represented in symbolical figures and allusive mottoes—an ornament and a lecture. The Earl's own epitaph betrays that he was suspected of familiarity with his royal prisoner, *quod licet a malevolis propter suspectam cum captiva Regina familiaritatem sæpius male audivit*, which is not to be imagined true; however, the rumour of it was, no doubt, an exercise of temper and virtue to the Countess, who carried herself to the Queen, and the Earl, her husband, with all becoming respect and duty.

“ Yet it was reported of her, that coming to Court, and Queen Elizabeth demanding how the Queen of Scots

did, she said, "Madam, she cannot do ill while she is with my husband, and I begin to grow jealous, they are so great together." Whereupon, the Queen was ordered into the custody of Sir Amias Paulet, and others. It is probable it was this that induced Camden to tax her with ill conduct, in the character he gives of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"She endowed a noble hospital at Derby, for the subsistence of twelve poor people, who have each of them an allowance of near 10*l.* per annum ; and departing this life in the eighty-seventh year of her age, on Feb. 13, 1607, was buried in the south aisle of All-Hallows church, in Derby, under a stately monument, which she took care to erect in her own lifetime. Her statue, in full proportion, curiously cut in marble, lies at length, and above it is a Latin inscription, setting forth her marriages and issue."

THE ducal house of PORTLAND was founded by William Bentinck, a Dutch noble, who enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of King William III., and was created, by his Majesty, Earl of Portland in 1689. His lordship had the command of the Dutch regiment of Horse Guards, and took a distinguished part, as lieutenant-general, at the Battle of the Boyne. He was subsequently invested with the Order of the Garter, and at length died in 1709, leaving a large family: the eldest son, Henry, second Earl, obtained in 1716 the highest grade in the peerage, being elevated to the dukedom of Portland, and marquesate of Tichfield. His Grace died in Jamaica, of which he was Captain-General and Governor, 4th July, 1726, leaving, with other issue, a son and successor, WILLIAM, second

Duke, K.G., who added considerably to his fortune and influence, by marrying the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heir of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, by Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, his wife, only daughter and heir of John, first Duke of Newcastle. The paternal grandfather of this richly portioned heiress, Robert Harley, was the illustrious minister of the reign of Queen Anne, and her maternal grandfather, the Duke of Newcastle, had the reputation of being one of the richest subjects in the kingdom. From him has descended to the present Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey, Notts, together with the valuable property of Cavendish Square, Holles Street, and its neighbourhood, so productive at the present day.

A LETTER

From WINIFRED HERBERT, Countess of Nithsdale, to her Sister, the Lady LUCY HERBERT, Abbess of the English Augustine Nuns at Bruges, containing a circumstantial account of the escape of her husband, WILLIAM MAXWELL, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, from the Tower of London, on Friday, the 23rd of February, 1716.

DEAR SISTER,—My lord's escape is now such an old story, that I have almost forgotten it; but since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recal it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for I owe you too many obligations to refuse you anything that lies in my power to do. I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles, which never could be surmounted but by the most particular interposition of Divine Providence. I confided in Almighty God, and trusted that He would not abandon me even when all human succours failed me.

I first came to London upon hearing that my lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see

me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I came. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there the snow was so deep that the stage could not set out for London. The season was so severe, and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopped. However, I took horses and rode to London, though the snow was generally above the horses' girths, and arrived safe without any accident. On my arrival I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes, but they all to the contrary assured me that, although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer than that they would not flatter me. But I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland who headed a very considerable party—a man whose family had signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland—would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Caerlaverock to the last extremity, and surrendered it up only at the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands. Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intention to nobody but my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me, unless I would remain confined with him in the

Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason for my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my designs; however, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned. After that, for the last week we were allowed to see and take our leave of them. By the assistance of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. However, I at length succeeded, by the help of Almighty God. On the 22nd of February, which fell on a Thursday, our general petition was presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was to interest the lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed—the day before the petition was to be presented, the Duke of St. Alban's, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word. However, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent on him to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition, but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by one or the other. I then went in company with most of the ladies of quality then in town to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the house. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly the Earl of Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet he promised to employ his interest in my favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the king had the power to pardon those

who had been condemned by Parliament ; and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it was carried in the affirmative. However, one of the lords stood up, and said that the House could only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes ; for I was assured that it was aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to ; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on those terms. As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw from it some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told the guards I passed by that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling ; for I thought if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good will and services for the next day, which was the eve of execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things upon my hands to put in readiness ; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and that this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately,

as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent to Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolutions to her. She was of a very tall slender make, so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent, without even thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan, (for I was only allowed to take in one at a time;) she brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and, in going, I begged her to send me my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I dispatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as is natural for a woman to do when she is going to take her last farewell of a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do so, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, my lord's were very dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with; I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers;

and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly out with my companion, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been, and the more so, that they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her; I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, "My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she cannot certainly reflect how late it is! I am to present my petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late; hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes." Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened me the door. When I had seen her safe out, I returned to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted, and the more so, because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats except one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined

me by her delay. Then said I, "My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you; you know my lodging, and if you ever made dispatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment." The guards opened the door, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such a consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it. In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize in my distress. When I was in the room, I talked as if he had been really present; I answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it; I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough

thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night, and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles ; that I saw no other remedy but to go in person ; that if the Tower was still open, when I had finished my business, I would return that night ; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring more favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened in the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by (who was ignorant of the whole transaction) that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand, and drove home to my own lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I supposed, but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precaution against all events. I asked if she was at home, and they answered me that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as

she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all ; however, that I would never be unmindful of my particular obligation to her grace, and which I should return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being desirous to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted, so there was no remedy. She came to me, and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance. As she entered the room I ran up to her, in the transport of my joy ; she appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened, and has since confessed to me that she apprehended my troubles had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to return, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair, for I always discharged them immediately, that I might not be pursued. Her grace said she would go to Court, and

see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king he flew into an excessive passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not be done without a confederacy. He instantly dispatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame on me, some upon another. The Duchess was the only one at Court that knew it. When I left the duchess I went to a house that Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that when she had seen him secure she went in search of Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment, that he had returned to his house, where she found him, and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite the guard-house. She had but one small room, up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves on the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pockets the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mr. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency, but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover; where Mr. Michel (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflec-

tion, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Michel might have easily returned, without suspicion of having been concerned in my lord's escape ; but my lord seemed inclined to have him with him, which he did, and he has at present a good place under our young master.

This is an exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of memory, and you may rely upon the truth of it. For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the Continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleuch (every body thought till then that I was gone off with my lord), to tell her I understood I was suspected of having contrived my lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose ; that if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me, but that a bare suspicion, without proof, would never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be a motive sufficient for me to provide a place of security ; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me if possible. After several debates, Mr. Solicitor-General, who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say, that since I showed such respect to Government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me. Upon which it was decided that no further search should be made, if I remained concealed ; but that if I appeared either in England or in Scotland, I should be secured. But this was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to see my son exposed to beggary. My lord sent for me up

to town in such haste, that I had not time to settle anything before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers, and dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning, consequently they were far from being secure there. In this distress I had the precaution to bury them in the ground, and nobody but myself and the gardener knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved that I had acted prudently, for after my departure they searched the house, and God only knows what might have transpired from those papers! All these circumstances rendered my presence absolutely necessary, otherwise they might have been lost, for though they retained the highest preservation after one very severe winter, for when I took them up they were as dry as if they came from the fireside, yet, they could not possibly have remained so much longer without prejudice. In short, as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son. I had never travelled on horseback but from York to London, as I told you, but the difficulties did not arise now from the severity of the season, but the fear of being discovered and arrested. To avoid this, I bought three saddle horses, and set off with my dear Evans, and a very trusty servant, whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the smallest inns on the road that could take in a few horses, and where I thought I was not known, for I was thoroughly known at all the considerable inns on the northern road. Thus I arrived safe at Traquhair, where I thought myself secure, for the Lieutenant of the County being a friend of my lord's, would not permit any search to be made after me without sending me previous notice to abscond. Here I had the assurance to rest myself for two whole

days, pretending that I was going to my own house with leave from Government. I sent no notice to my house, that the magistrates of Dumfries might not make too narrow inquiries about me. So they were ignorant of my arrival in the country till I was at home, where I still feigned to have permission to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I sent to all my neighbours and invited them to come to my house. I took up my papers at night and sent them off to Traquhair. It was a particular stroke of Providence that I made the dispatch I did, for they soon suspected me, and by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist on seeing my leave from Government. This was bruited about, and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they should be so backward in coming to pay their respects; but, said I, "better late than never—be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come." This was after dinner, but I lost no time to put everything in readiness with all possible secrecy; and the next morning, before day-break, I set off again for London with the same attendants, and as before put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe once more.

On my arrival, the report was still fresh of my journey into Scotland, in defiance of their prohibition.

A lady informed me, that the king was extremely incensed at the news. That he had issued orders to have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased, in despite of all his designs, and that I had given him more trouble and anxiety than any other woman in Europe. For which reason, I kept myself as closely concealed as possible, till the heat of these reports had abated. In the meanwhile, I took the opinion of a very famous lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity.

He advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching after me. I followed his advice, and, about a fortnight after, escaped without any accident whatever. The reason he alleged for his opinion was this—that although, in other circumstances, a wife cannot be prosecuted for saving her husband, yet, in cases of high treason, according to the rigour of the law, the head of the wife is responsible for that of the husband; and, as the king was so highly incensed, there could be no answering for the consequences, and he therefore entreated me to leave the kingdom. The king's resentment was greatly increased by the petition which I presented, contrary to his express orders. But my lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would be at least serviceable to me. I was, in my own mind, convinced that it would be to no purpose; but, as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up, and I undertook to make it come to the king's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So, the first day that I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I was in mourning. I sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower), because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She stood by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me, and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room; so that he was obliged to go through it, and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him, in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But perceiving that he

wanted to go off, without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirts of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me from the middle of the room to the door of the drawing-room. At last one of the blue-ribands, who attended his Majesty, took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting took the petition, and as I knew that it ought to have been given to the lord of the bed-chamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his Majesty.

Fortunately for me it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room and presented him a letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the Prince, but as soon as the game was over, he read it ; and behaved, as I afterwards learnt, with the greatest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the ante-chamber and wanted to speak to me, but I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance should thwart my designs. But it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening, and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad—not much to the honour of the King. Many people reflected that they had themselves presented petitions, and that he had never rejected any, even from the most indigent objects. But this behaviour to a person of quality was a strong instance of brutality. These reflexions, which circulated about, raised the King to the

highest pitch of hatred and indignation against my person, as he has since allowed; for when the ladies, whose husbands had been concerned in this affair, presented their petitions for dower, mine was presented among the rest, but the King said, I was not entitled to the same privilege, and in fact I was excluded; and it is remarkable, that he would never suffer my name to be mentioned. For these reasons everybody judged it prudent for me to leave the kingdom; for so long as this hatred of the King subsisted I could not be safe, and as it was not probable that I could escape falling into his hands, I accordingly went.

This is the full narrative of what you desired, and of all the transactions which passed relative to this affair. Nobody besides yourself could have obtained it from me; but the obligations I owe you throw me under the necessity of refusing you nothing that is in my power to do. As this is for yourself alone, your indulgence will excuse all the faults which must occur in this long recital. The truth you may, however, depend upon; attend to that, and overlook all deficiencies. My lord desires you to be assured of his sincere friendship.

I am, with strongest attachment,

My dear sister,

Yours most affectionately,

WINIFRED NITHSDALE.

THE ESCAPE OF LAVALETTE.

Who does not feel the truth of Mungo Park's testimony to the innate benevolence, the innate excellence of the female character. Amid all his misery and suffering in the savage and inhospitable region he explored, Park assures us, that in no one instance did he seek food or drink from woman, and was refused; though man seemed everywhere his foe, the female breast, open to pity and commiseration, responded to his supplication. But it is not alone in the gentler virtues of charity that woman has gained pre-eminence. In the devotion of self to the preservation of others, where affection was the guiding motive, how many heroic instances are there not on record! We have just given Lady Nithsdale's beautiful description of her husband's deliverance, and we are now about to add a similar proof of woman's love and woman's devotion, in the memorable escape of General Lavalette, aided, as it was, by the noble exertions of a distinguished member of the British aristocracy, the present Earl of Donoughmore, and of a gallant officer of the British army, Sir Robert Wilson.

In 1815, M. Lavalette had been condemned, for his adherence to the cause of Bonaparte, to suffer death. The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had already arrived; and all hope of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman alone.

Madame Lavalette's health had been very seriously impaired by her previous sufferings; and for several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a sedan chair. About half-past three, on the afternoon of the 23rd, she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated, as usual, in this chair, and clothed in a furred riding-coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady of about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to M. Lavalette's service, of the name of Dutoit. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate.

At five o'clock, Jacques Eberle, one of the wicket keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavalette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit, partook.

After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavalette's apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for.

Towards seven o'clock, the bell rang. Roquette, the gaoler, was at that moment near the fire-place of the hall, with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavalette's chamber. Roquette heard Eberle open the door which led to that chamber, and immediately after, he saw three persons, dressed in female attire, advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavalette, was attired in a dress exactly the same as she was, in every particular; and, to all outward appearance, no one could have imagined but that they saw that lady herself passing before them. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily, while Mademoiselle Lavalette, who walked by

the side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Everything presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper, melted and deceived by the disguise and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the group; and instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person, (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavalette,) whom he conducted, along with the two other persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavalette's chair. It came instantly; the feigned Madame Lavalette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavalette, and the widow Dutoit. When they had reached the Quay des Orfevres, they stopped; Lavalette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared.

Soon after, the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavalette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind the screen, which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavalette, and withdrew without speaking. After a few minutes, he returned a second time, and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there saw Madame Lavalette. "*Il est parti!*" she tremulously ejaculated. "Ah, madame!" exclaimed Roquette, "you have deceived me." He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame L. caught hold of him by the coat-sleeve. "Stay, Monsieur Roquette—stay!" "No, Madame!—this is not to be borne." A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn; but Roquette at last forced himself away, and gave the alarm.

Lavalette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie, was still far from being out of danger. He had to get

out of Paris—out of France, and a more difficult achievement it is difficult to conceive; for, the moment his escape was discovered, nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of government. Bills, describing his person with the greatest exactness, were quickly distributed all over France; and there was not a post-master, postilion, or gens-d'arme, on any of the roads, who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavalette sought the means of escape, not amongst those of his countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted, nor even to those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family, but among those strangers, whose presence, as conquerors, on his native soil, he had so much cause to lament. He had heard, that to a truly British heart, the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain, and he was now to make the experiment, in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2nd or 3rd of January, he sent a person with an unsigned letter to Mr. Michael Bruce, an English gentleman resident at Paris; in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said, he was induced, by the confidence which he inspired, to disclose to him a great secret—that Lavalette was still in Paris; adding that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr. Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on this subject to two other countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson; and the result was, that the whole three joined in a determination to afford the unfortunate fugitive every assistance in their power to complete his escape. The scheme which they devised for the purpose resulted in perfect success. Lavalette was conveyed in safety into a neutral territory, where he

lived in quiet obscurity, until the fury of the party persecution which exiled him having exhausted itself, he was restored, by a free pardon, to his country, his family, and his friends.

Shortly after Lavalette's escape from the French soil, Sir Robert Wilson, in a letter written to the late Earl Grey, recounted the full details, explaining the part himself, Mr. Bruce, and Captain J. Hely Hutchinson, had taken; but this communication, being intercepted by the police, occasioned the arrest of the three gentlemen.

Sir Charles Stuart, the British Ambassador, being informed of this circumstance, wrote a note on the same day, January 18th, to the Duke de Richelieu, intimating that as he had repeatedly manifested his determination to extend his protection to no person whose conduct endangered the safety of that government, he should have been flattered by a communication of the motives for such a proceeding against the individuals in question. The duke, on the same day, not as an answer, wrote a note to Sir Charles Stuart, enclosing a letter from the minister of police, which stated that Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and another person, were accused of having favoured the escape of Lavalette; adding, that their trial was about to commence, but that they would fully enjoy all the facilities afforded by the French laws for their justification.

On that and four subsequent days Sir Robert Wilson was submitted to interrogatories from commissioners of the police, which he refused to answer, and on the 17th he was removed to the prison of La Force. Several questions were also put to Messrs. Bruce and Hutchinson, who were removed to the same prison. In the subsequent examinations the share taken by these gentlemen in the escape of Lavalette from France was freely admitted, as indeed it was rendered undeniable by Sir

Robert Wilson's intercepted letter to Lord Grey; but the charge of conspiring against the French government, which was deduced from expressions in this letter and other seized papers, was strenuously disavowed and refuted.

The Assize Court sat on April 22nd, when the trial of the three English prisoners, which attracted a very numerous auditory, commenced at eleven o'clock. The president was M. Romain de Seze, and M. Hua, advocate-general, acted as public prosecutor. The advocate for the prisoners was M. Dupin.

Sir Robert Wilson appeared in grand uniform, decorated with seven or eight orders of different European states, one of which was the cordon of the Russian order of St. Anne. Captain Hutchinson wore the uniform of his military rank. When the accused were called upon to give their names and qualities, Mr. Bruce said with energy, I am an English citizen. The president observed, that though relying on their correct knowledge of the French language, they did not ask for an interpreter, yet the law of France willed that the accused should not be deprived of any means of facilitating their justification, even when unclaimed; M. Robert was accordingly named and sworn to that office.

Mr. Bruce, speaking in French, said, that although he and his countrymen had submitted to the law of France, they had not lost the privilege of invoking the law of nations. Its principle was reciprocity; and as in England French culprits enjoyed the right of demanding a jury composed of half foreigners, it appeared to them that the same right or favour could not be refused to them in France. The decision of several eminent lawyers of their own nation had strengthened them in this opinion; but the justice which had been rendered them by the Chamber of Accusation, in

acquitting them of one charge, had determined them to renounce this right, and they abandoned themselves without reserve to a jury entirely composed of Frenchmen. That, however, no precedent might be drawn from their case against such of their countrymen who might hereafter be in the same situation, they had made special declaration of the purpose of their renunciation."

M. Dupin moving the court that this declaration might be entered on the record, the Advocate-general expressed his astonishment at a claim in France, for an offence committed in France, of the privileges of a foreign legislature; and opposed entering the declaration. After some argument on the subject, the court pronounced the following decision:—"Because every offence committed in a territory is an object of jurisdiction, and because the exception demanded by the prisoners is not allowed by any construction of the criminal code of France, the court declares that there is no ground for recording, at the request of the English prisoners, the declaration now made by them; the court, therefore, orders the trial to proceed."

The arrêt of the act of accusation, drawn up by the Procureur-general, was then read, which took up more than two hours. The Advocate-general briefly recapitulated the facts in the indictment, distinguishing them as they applied to the different prisoners; and remarked, that the chamber had remitted to the three Englishmen the charge of having conspired against the legitimate government of France. After the interrogatories of some of the other prisoners, the president addressed himself to Mr. Bruce. To the question whether it was not to him that the first overture was made of the plan of transporting Lavalette out of France, he replied, "If possible I would have effected his escape alone; for I could not repulse a man who had put his life into my

hands. I, however, obtained his consent to confide his secret to one of my friends. I spoke to one friend, who gave me a charge to another. I will not name these friends; they will name themselves."

Captain Hutchinson declared it was himself who received Lavalette at his house previously to his escape, and escorted him on horseback; and Sir R. Wilson took upon himself the whole measures adopted for his escape, and acknowledged all the facts related in the act of accusation.

This open confession rendered superfluous, with respect to them, the testimony of any witnesses; the appearance of Madame Lavalette was, however, too interesting to be passed over. At her entrance a general murmur of feeling or curiosity was heard, and the three gentlemen saluted her with a profound bow. Overpowered by her emotions, she was scarcely able to articulate; at length, being told by the president that she was summoned only on account of some of the accused, who had invoked her testimony, she said, "I declare that the persons who have called me contributed in no respect to the escape of M. Lavalette (meaning from prison); no one was in my confidence; I alone did the whole." Being desired to say whether she had ever seen or known the English gentlemen, she looked at them for a moment, and declared that she had never known nor before seen them.

On a subsequent audience, April 24th, M. Dupin opened his defence, and, coming to the principal legal point of the case, he reduced it to the two propositions:—

1. There was no act of complicity between the accused persons and the principal culprit.
2. The fact imputed to them cannot be considered as a crime, nor as an offence.

As the arguments employed to support them were little more than legal sophisms, it is unnecessary to recite them. The pleading concluded with a particular recommendation of the accused to the court, as foreigners and Englishmen.

The proceedings having closed, Sir Robert Wilson rose, and with dignified confidence delivered a speech. Having acknowledged that he had been interested in the fate of Lavalette, on political grounds, he declared that such considerations had a very inferior influence on his determination. "The appeal," said he, "made to our humanity, to our personal character, and to our national generosity—the responsibility thrown upon us of instantly deciding on the life or death of an unfortunate man; and, above all, of an unfortunate foreigner—this appeal was imperative, and did not permit us to calculate his other claims to our good-will. At its voice we should have done as much for an obscure unknown individual, or even for an enemy who had fallen into misfortune. Perhaps we were imprudent; but we would rather incur that reproach than the one we should have merited by basely abandoning him, who, full of confidence, threw himself into our arms; and these very men who have calumniated us, without knowing either the motives or the details of our conduct—these very men, I say, would have been the first to stigmatize us as heartless cowards, if, by our refusal to save M. Lavalette, we had abandoned him to certain death. We resign ourselves with security to the decision of the jury; and if you should condemn us for having contravened your positive laws, we shall not, at least, have to reproach ourselves for having violated the eternal laws of morality and humanity."

Mr. Bruce delivered a speech of the same general tenour in animated language, and with a firm and manly

tone. "Gentlemen," he concluded, "I have confessed to you, with all frankness and honour, the whole truth with regard to the part which I took in the escape of M. Lavalette; and notwithstanding the respect I entertain for the majesty of the laws, notwithstanding the respect I owe to this tribunal, I cannot be wanting in the respect I owe to myself, so far as to affirm that I feel not the least compunction for what I have done. I leave you, gentlemen, to decide upon my fate, and I implore nothing but justice."

The president concisely summed up the evidence, and gave a charge with great impartiality, and with the eloquence commonly studied at the French bar. The jury retired to deliberate, and in about two hours returned with a verdict of "Guilty" against Messrs. Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson.

The president then read the article of the penal code applicable to the convicts, in which the punishment prescribed was imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years, nor less than three months; and without hesitation he pronounced for the shortest allowable term.

Sir Robert Wilson was afterwards struck off the British army list, but indemnified by a public subscription, amounting to several thousand pounds.

Subsequently, too, he regained his position in the army, and has recently held the important office of Governor of Gibraltar. Captain Hutchinson succeeded, some years since, to his family honours, and is now well known as Earl of Donoughmore.

THE THELLUSSON WILL CASE.

PETER THELLUSSON, son of Isaac de Thellusson, Ambassador from Geneva to the Court of Louis XV., fixed his abode in London, about the middle of the eighteenth century, and accumulated, as a merchant there, a very considerable fortune, the devise of which led to much litigation and learned discussion, and gave rise to a special Act of Parliament, to interdict in future similar dispositions of property.

By his will, Mr. Thellusson bequeathed to his three sons some small pecuniary legacies ; but the rest of his property, consisting of lands of the annual value of 4500*l.* and 600,000*l.* in personal property, he gave to trustees, in trust, that they should receive the rents, interest, and profits, and dispose of them for the purpose of accumulation, during the lives of his said three sons, and the lives of all their sons, who should be living at the time of his death, or who should be born within due time afterwards, and during the lives and life of the survivors or survivor of them ; and then he directed that after the decease of such survivor, the accumulated fund should be divided into three shares, and that one share should be conveyed to the eldest male lineal descendant of each of his three sons ; and upon the failure of such a descendant, that share to go to the descendants of the other sons ; and upon failure of all such male de-

scendants, he gave all the accumulated property to the use of the Sinking Fund. After a long argument, the Judges, before whom the question came, determined that the period of accumulation was within the prescribed limit of executory devises, as the several lives were wearing out together, like so many candles burning at once, and therefore they decided in favour of the validity of the will—a decision, subsequently, affirmed in the House of Lords.

The date of the testator's death was the 21st of July, 1797. At that period, his three sons, Peter-Isaac, George-Woodford, and Charles were all living; the eldest, who was created Lord Rendlesham, being the father of four sons, also alive, or born within the prescribed limit; and the youngest, having a son, Charles, born to him on the 31st January, 1797. The second son of the testator, George-Woodford, had daughters only. We thus find, that the period of accumulation became limited to the lives of the first Lord Rendlesham and his four sons, and to the lives of Mr. Charles Thellusson and his son, Charles. Of these, the present survivors, are the last of the four mentioned sons of the first peer—viz. Frederick, present Lord Rendlesham; and Charles Thellusson, Esq., the son just named of Mr. Charles Thellusson; the former being nearly fifty-one years of age, and the latter nearly fifty-two. At their decease, the vast accumulated fund, which is estimated at a prodigious amount, will be divided, we apprehend, between Frederick-William-Brook, Lord Rendlesham's only son, and Charles-Sabine-Augustus, Mr. Charles Thellusson's eldest son, premising, of course, that those two persons be then alive.

THE EARL OF TRAQUAIR'S LAWSUIT.

IN the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William Armstrong, called for distinction's sake, Christie's Will, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person, with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized, and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh.

The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing Christie's Will, inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two tethers (halters); but on being more closely interrogated, acknowledged that there were two delicate colts at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Christie's Will from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit, of importance to Lord Traquair, was to be decided in the Court of Session; and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the president was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be

tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Christie's Will, who at once offered his service to kidnap the president. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback, on the sands of Leith, without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Christie's Will, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the president, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing, that he decoyed the president into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Frigate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, which he had provided, and rode off, with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths known only to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham.

The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea ; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor president spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary ; receiving his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of Batty, and when a female domestic called upon Maudge, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits ; for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer.

At length, after three months had elapsed, the lawsuit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair ; and Will was directed to set the president at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the president, muffled him once more in the cloak, without speaking a single word ; and, using the same mode of

transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court, to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of Maudge and Batty—the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but, in those disorderly times, it was only laughed at, as a fair *ruse de guerre*.

Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge, upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the Reports, well known in the Scottish law under the title of Durie's Decisions. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July, 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July 1646. Betwixt these periods this whimsical adventure must have happened—a date which corresponds with that of the tradition.

“We may frame,” says Forbes, “a rational conjecture of his great learning and parts, not only from his collection of the decisions of the session, from July, 1621, till July, 1642, but also from the following circumstances — 1. In a tract of more than twenty years, he was frequently chosen vice-president, and no other lord in that time. 2. 'Tis commonly reported, that some party, in a considerable action before the session, finding that the Lord Durie could not be persuaded to think his plea good, fell upon a stratagem to prevent the influence and

weight which his lordship might have to his prejudice, by causing some strong masked men to kidnap him in the Links of Leith, at his diversion on a Saturday afternoon, and transport him to some blind and obscure room in the country, where he was detained captive, without the benefit of daylight, a matter of three months (though otherwise civilly and well entertained) ; during which time his lady and children went in mourning for him as dead. But, after the cause aforesaid was decided, the Lord Durie was carried back by incognitos, and dropped in the same place where he had been taken up."

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

OF the romantic heroines of history, one of the most interesting is the Lady Katherine Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, and niece of King James II. of Scotland. On the arrival at the Scottish court of the famous Perkin Warbeck, at the head of a gallant train of foreigners, and of a retinue of full fifteen hundred men, the northern monarch at once acknowledged his pretensions, and prepared, with all his chivalry, to maintain the cause of him whom he deemed the son of King Edward IV., and the rightful heir of the English throne. To the youthful adventurer, encouraging and joyful as was this reception, the exquisite beauty of Katherine Gordon was more attractive than even the regal diadem which glittered in the distance. He soon won the heart of the Scottish maiden, and soon, with the King's consent, led her to the altar. Brief, however, was the term of happiness that waited on the nuptials. All the efforts of the Scotch proved ineffectual ; and Warbeck himself, abandoned by his allies, was captured, and executed.

Through his manifold misfortunes, his wife attended him with devoted love, and unshaken fortitude ; and, after his miserable end, her loveliness, modesty, and distress, so affected Henry VII., before whom she was brought, that he evinced the greatest tenderness towards her, en-

trusted her to the Queen's protection, and assigned a pension for her support. Thenceforward the widowed lady was known at the court of England as "the White Rose,"—a name which had been given to her husband in consideration of his supposed birth, as heir of the house of York, and continued to her on account of her innocence and beauty.

Subsequently she entered on a second marriage, wedding Sir Matthew Cradock, Knt., of Swansea, in Wales, and had by him an only daughter and heiress, Margaret, who became the wife of Sir Richard Herbert, of Ewyas, ancestor of the Earls of Pembroke.

In the Herbert aisle in Swansea church, the tomb of "the White Rose" is still to be seen.

THE AUTHOR OF "SANDFORD AND MERTON."

MISS SEWARD, in her "Memoirs of Dr. Darwin," has supplied us with the materials from which we have compiled the following narrative of the extraordinary life of "The Author of Sandford and Merton," a gentleman of fortune and genius, much mixed up with the literary society of his time.

Thomas Day was born in London, in 1748. He received the rudiments of his education at the Charter-House, and from that institution was removed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. His father died during his infancy, leaving him an estate of twelve hundred pounds per annum. Soon after that event, Mrs. Day married a gentleman of the name of Philips, one of those ordinary characters who seek to supply an inherent want of consequence by an officious interference in circumstances with which they have no real concern. Mrs. Philips, with a jointure of three hundred pounds a year, out of her son's estate, had been left his guardian, in conjunction with another person, whom she influenced. Being herself under the control of her husband, the domestic situation of her son, a youth of high spirit and no common genius, was often rendered extremely uncomfortable. It may easily be supposed, that he impatiently brooked the troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim

upon his obedience, though he considered it his duty to treat the husband of his mother with some exterior deference and respect. She often repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still more frequently expressed her anxiety lest Mr. Philips, who had no fortune of his own, should, by losing her, be deprived, in the decline of life, of a comfortable subsistence. No sooner had Mr. Day come of age, and entered into the possession of his estate, than he augmented his mother's income to four hundred pounds, and settled it on Mr. Philips during his life. Such bounty to one who had needlessly embittered so many years of his infancy and youth, affords incontestible evidence of a noble and elevated mind.

Mr. Day was a phenomenon rarely seen in these latter times, especially among persons of his rank in society. Even at that period 'when youth, elate and gay, steps into life,' he looked demure as a philosopher. Powder and elegant clothes were then the appendages of gentlemen, but Mr. Day wore neither. In person he was tall, and stooped in the shoulders; full made, but not corpulent; and in his pensive and melancholy air were blended awkwardness and dignity. Though his features bore the traces of a severe small-pox, yet they were interesting and agreeable. A kind of weight hung upon the lids of his large hazel eyes, but when he declaimed

Of good and evil,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,

the expression that flashed from them was highly energetic.

His moral character was moulded after the antique model of the most virtuous citizens of Greece and Rome. He proudly imposed on himself rigid abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor

would he allow any action to be virtuous that was performed from the hope of a reward here or hereafter. This severity of principle had the effect of rendering him rather sceptical towards the doctrines of revealed religion. Strict integrity, active friendship, open-handed bounty, and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced the tincture of misanthropic gloom, and proud contempt of common-life society, which marked his character. For such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections, Mr. Day had no sympathy; but he evinced genuine compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the pleasure of relieving these he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the gratifications of luxury. For polished society he expressed supreme contempt, and cherished a particular aversion for the modern plans of female education, ascribing to their influence the disappointment he experienced from the fickleness of a young lady to whom he had paid his addresses. He, nevertheless, thought it his duty to marry. He indulged systematic ideas of the powers of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and took great delight in moulding the mind of infancy and youth.

The distinctions of birth and the advantages of wealth were ever regarded by Mr. Day with contempt. He resolved that the woman whom he should choose for his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. She would thus be a fit companion in that retirement to which he had destined himself, and might assist in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He likewise resolved, that in her dress, her diet, and her manners, she should be as simple as a mountain girl, fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines. The most romantic philosopher could not

expect to find such a creature ready made to his hands, and Mr. Day was soon convinced of the necessity of moulding some infant into the being his fancy had pictured.

To the accomplishment of this plan he proceeded in the following manner. When he came of age, he procured credentials of his moral probity, and with these he travelled to Shrewsbury, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister in considerable practice, to explore the hospital for foundling girls in that town. From among the little inmates of this institution, Mr. Day, in the presence of his friend, selected two of twelve years. They were both beautiful; the one, fair, with flaxen locks and light eyes, he called Lucretia; the other, a clear auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina. The written conditions on which he obtained these girls were to this effect: that, within a year he should place one of them with some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice, and maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married or began business for herself, in either of which cases he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of keeping and educating the other, with a view to make her his wife; solemnly engaging never to violate her innocence, and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her in some creditable family till she married, when he promised to give five hundred pounds as her wedding portion. For the performance of this contract Mr. Bicknel was guarantee.

With these girls, Mr. Day immediately went to France, and that they might imbibe no ideas but such as he chose to communicate, he took with him in this excursion not a single English servant. Notwithstanding all his philosophy, his young companions harassed

and perplexed him not a little ; they were perpetually quarrelling, and at length, falling sick of the small-pox, they chained him to their bedside, by crying if they were left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in their native language. Their protector was, therefore, not only obliged to sit up with them many nights, but also to perform for them the lowest offices that are required of a nurse or a domestic. Health returned, and with it all their former beauty. Soon after the recovery of his wards, Mr. Day was crossing the Rhone with them, on a tempestuous day, when the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer, he saved them both, though not without considerable difficulty and danger to himself.

After a tour of eight months, during which his patience and perseverance had been abundantly exercised, Mr. Day returned to England, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina having become the favourite, he placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner ; she behaved well, and afterwards married a respectable linendraper in London. He committed Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, Bear Hill, in Berkshire, from which filial tenderness would not permit him to remove his mother.

About this time, the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents induced Mr. Day to visit Lichfield. Thither, in the spring of 1770, he conducted the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and took for twelve months a pleasant mansion in the little green valley of Stowe. Here he resumed his endeavours to implant in the mind of his charge the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia ; but his experiments were not attended with the desired success. He found it impos-

sible to fortify her mind against the dread of pain and the sense of danger: when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, she did not endure it without flinching, and when he fired at her pistols which she believed to be charged with balls, she could not forbear starting, and expressing her apprehensions by violent screams. More than once, when he tried her fidelity in keeping pretended secrets, he discovered that she had communicated them to the servants, and to her playfellows. She manifested an aversion to study and books, which afforded little promise of ability that should one day be responsible for the education of youths who were to emulate the Gracchi.

In these experiments Mr. Day persisted, to his uniform disappointment, during the year he spent in the neighbourhood of Lichfield. The difficulty consisted in giving Sabrina a motive for exertion, heroism, and self-denial. His plan rejected the usual incitements—pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, and vanity. His vigilance had kept her in total ignorance of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and the love of dress. The only inducement which she could have to subdue the natural preference of ease and sport to pain and the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector; and in this desire, fear had a much larger share than affection. At length, discouraged by so many fruitless trials, he renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being he had so fondly imaged, and, relinquishing his intention of making her his wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Warwickshire.

His confidence in the power of education began to falter, and his aversion to modern elegance subsided. During his residence in the vale of Stowe, he had

enjoyed daily opportunities of conversing with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd,* of Lichfield, the object of the inextinguishable passion of the gallant and unfortunate Major André. The mental and personal accomplishments of this lady made such a deep impression on the heart of Mr. Day, that he made her an offer of his hand. She admired his talents, respected his virtues, but found it impossible to love him, and candidly told him so. He now transferred his heart to her sister Elizabeth,* a very engaging young lady, and she, with equal candour, acknowledged that she could have loved him, had he acquired the ordinary manners and habits of society, instead of those austere singularities for which he was so remarkable.

To these our philosopher now began to ascribe all the disappointments he had experienced in love. He told Elizabeth that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices against external refinements, and endeavour to acquire them; for which purpose he would go to Paris, and place himself for a year under the tuition of dancing and fencing-masters. This he actually did; but, notwithstanding the many painful restraints to which he submitted, and the incessant assiduity with which he studied to acquire, in his air, manners, and address, the graceful ease and polished exterior of a man of the world, he was unable entirely to conquer habits to which time had given such strength.

He returned to England, but only to endure fresh disappointments. The attempts he made, with visible effort, to assume the polish of fashionable life, and the

* Both these young ladies married, in the sequel, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq. The elder, Honora, was Mr. Edgeworth's second wife, and Elizabeth, his third. By his first marriage, Mr. Edgeworth was father of MARIA EDGEWORTH, the pre-eminently gifted and distinguished novelist.

showy dress in which he presented himself to Miss Sneyd, appeared infinitely more ungraceful and unbecoming than his natural simplicity of manners and of garb. The young lady confessed that Thomas Day, blackguard, as he jestingly styled himself, was much less displeasing to her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

After such sacrifices and such efforts, it is easy to conceive what must now have been his mortification. Relinquishing his hopeless suit, he resumed his accustomed plainness of attire, and neglect of his person. He again visited the Continent, where he passed another year, and returned to England in 1773. From that period, Mr. Day resided chiefly in London, where, amid the select circle to which he confined himself, he often met Miss Esther Mills, of Derbyshire. Brought up amid the luxuries, and possessing the accomplishments suited to her large fortune, this lady had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. She soon discovered his talents and his merit, and in her eyes the unpolished stoic possessed irresistible charms. Her regard for him manifested itself in the most unequivocal manner; but repeated disappointment had caused Mr. Day to look with distrust on all female attentions, however flattering. It was not till after years of modest, yet tender devotion, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills if, for his sake, she could renounce all the pleasures, all the luxuries, all the ostentation of the world; if, after procuring the ordinary comforts of life, she could resolve to employ the surplus of her fortune in clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; if she could bury herself with him in the country, and shun, through the rest of her life, the infectious taint of society.

Had not the heart of Miss Mills been influenced by

the most devoted attachment, she could scarcely have assented to such proposals. They were, however, gladly accepted; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted that her whole fortune should be settled upon herself, totally out of his control, that if ever she grew tired of such a system of life, she might return at any moment to that to which she had been accustomed.

Having, upon these conditions, made Miss Mills his wife, Mr. Day retired with her into the country about the year 1780. Mrs. Day had no carriage, no servant of her own, no luxury of any kind. Music, to which she was strongly attached, was deemed trivial, and she accordingly banished her harpsichord and music-books. Mr. Day made frequent experiments on her temper and her affection; and never did the most dependent wife make such absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband as did this lady, who was in secure possession of an affluent independence, and of whom nothing was required as a duty.

It was not long after his marriage that Mr. Day began to compose the "History of Sandford and Merton," a work on which it is unnecessary to pass any eulogium here. He was likewise the author of two fine poems, which appeared previously to "Sandford and Merton." These were, "The Devoted Legions," and "The Dying Negro." The third edition of the latter he dedicated to Rousseau, in language replete with energy and every grace of eloquence.

The useful life of Mr. Day was cut short in its meridian. He fell a victim, in the year 1789, to one of his uncommon theories. He thought so highly of the gratitude and sensibility of horses, that whenever they were vicious or unruly, he conceived it to be owing to previous ill-usage. Having reared a favourite foal, he

resolved to accustom him to the bit and the burden himself, without the assistance of a horse-breaker. He accordingly mounted the animal, which, disliking this new kind of treatment, plunged, threw his master, who was not a good horseman, and, with his heels, struck him a blow on the head, which instantly proved fatal.

Most deeply was Mrs. Day affected by her loss, and the mode she adopted of testifying her devotion to his memory, was characteristic of as eccentric a turn of mind as her departed husband's; it is said she never afterwards saw the sun; but confining herself to her bed, within the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, she rose only at night, and wandered alone in her garden, amid the gloom that was congenial to her sorrows. She survived her adored husband two years, and expired of a broken heart. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no issue.

The reader will not be displeased to find a few farther particulars relative to the fortune of Sabrina, subjoined to this account of her patron. He left her at school at Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire. There Sabrina remained three years, grew elegant and amiable, and gained the esteem of her instructress. On her leaving school, Mr. Day allowed her an annuity of fifty pounds. She resided some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport in Shropshire, securing herself friends by her virtues and the strict propriety of her conduct. In her twenty-sixth year, two years after Mr. Day's marriage, his friend Mr. Bicknel offered his hand to Sabrina. She accepted his addresses, rather from motives of prudence than of passion, but became one of the best and most affectionate of wives. On her asking Mr. Day's consent to this match, his reply was: 'I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember, you have not asked my advice.' Faithful

to his promise, he gave her on this occasion a portion of five hundred pounds.

The issue of this marriage was two boys, the eldest of whom was five years old when Mr. Bicknel was removed from his family by the hand of death. As he had no patrimonial fortune, and had always lived up to his income, his widow was left without any provision for herself and her infants. In this situation, Mr. Day allowed her thirty pounds a year, in aid, as he said, of the efforts he expected her to make for the maintenance of her children. A subscription was raised among the gentlemen of the bar, and the sum of 800*l.* obtained for the use of Mrs. Bicknell and her sons. Mrs. Day continued the allowance made by her husband to Mrs. Bicknell, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune during the life of the latter.

THE LADY BARBARA FITZROY.

JAMES, Earl of Arran, who succeeded his father as fourth Duke of Hamilton, having, after the death of his first wife, Anne Spencer, in 1690, seduced, under a promise of marriage, Lady Barbara Fitzroy, youngest daughter of King Charles II., by the Duchess of Cleveland, she bore a son to him at Cleveland House, St. James's, 30th March, 1691, during his incarceration in the Tower, where he was thrown by the warrant of Mary II. That Queen, and the Earl's mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, were so incensed at the discovery of the intrigue, as to make the banishment to the Continent of the unfortunate girl, then but in her eighteenth year, the only condition of Arran's release. Lady Barbara was accordingly forced to abandon her infant, and retire to the convent of Pontoise, in France, where she afterwards died.

In commenting on this mournful passage in the "Romance of Real Life," Miss Strickland justly remarks, that "it would have been more in consistency with the angelic characteristics attributed to Queen Mary, if she had used her power for the purpose of inducing the Earl of Arran to repair his wrongs, in some measure, by a legal marriage with his victim, the daughter of her uncle Charles, than to drive her into a foreign land, and a conventual prison."

Her ladyship's son was brought up at Chiswick, under the care of her grandmother, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, and afterwards entered the service of James II. He wrote a book, called "Transactions of the reign of Queen Anne," which contains much curious information.

His father, the Duke of Hamilton, was slain in the memorable duel with Lord Mohun, which we have narrated in a preceding page.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

OF Sir John Bolle, of Thorpe Hall, in Lincolnshire, who distinguished himself at Cadiz, in 1596, tradition records a romantic story.

Among the prisoners taken at that memorable siege, one fair captive of great beauty, high rank, and immense wealth, was the peculiar charge of our gallant knight, and, as customary in such interesting situations, became deeply enamoured of her chivalrous captor, so much so, that she proposed accompanying him to England as his page. Faithful, however, to his conjugal vows, Sir John rejected the lady's suit, who in consequence retired to a convent, having previously transmitted to her unconscious rival in England her jewels, and other ornaments of value, including her own portrait drawn in green—a circumstance which obtained for the original, in the neighbourhood of Thorpe Hall, the designation of the "Green Lady"—and still, according to the superstition of successive generations, that seat is deemed haunted by the lady in green, "who is wont," says the credulous historian, "nightly to take her station beneath a particular tree close to the mansion." It is also stated, that during the life of Sir John's son, Sir Charles Bolle, a knife and fork were laid for her especial use, should she feel disposed to take her place at the festive board. The attachment of the Green Lady gave rise to a

curious ballad, written about this period, entitled, "The Spanish Lady's Love for an Englishman," a beautiful edition of which has recently been illustrated by Lady Dalmeny.

The following version is taken from Dr. Percy's "Relics of Ancient English Poetry :"—

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she wooed an English man?
 Garments gay and rich as may be,
 Deck'd with jewels she had on.
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lye;
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster
 By the liking of an eye.
 In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
 For to set the ladies free,
 With their jewell still adorned,
 None to do them injury.
 Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;
 O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant Captain, show some pity
 To a ladye in distresse;
 Leave me not within this city,
 For to dye in heavinesse:
 Thou hast this present day my body free,
 But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
 Whom thou knowest thy country's foe?
 Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:
 Serpents lie where flowers grow."
 "All the harme I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
 God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

"Blessed be the time and season
That you came to Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one,
Then to your country bear away that is your owne."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a plenteous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind."

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest,
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence,
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise;
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife :
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O, how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend !
Many happy days God send her !—
Of my suit I make an end.
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

Commend me to thy lovely lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold ;
And these bracelets for a token ;
Grieving that I was so bold ;
All my jewells in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defye ;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any companie :
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gallant Captain !
Farewell, too, my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee :"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

THE PRINCELY CHANDOS.

How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

WERE you ever, gentle reader, at the roadside village of Edgware? It is a pretty rural spot, not more than eight miles from London, closely adjoining rich Hertfordshire, with its green and shady lanes, its sunny meads, and its luxuriant homes. In that favoured vicinage, on a plain now verdant, and “smiling in scorn,”

There stood a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring *Canons* took its name :

a palace of such gorgeous magnificence, that it seemed suited rather to the prince than the subject. All that wealth, taste, and pride could collect together were here assembled; the most eminent architects had been employed in its construction; artists came from Italy to adorn its walls; and costly marble formed the pillars and the ornaments. Such was the abode of James Brydges, Duke of Chandos—a nobleman whose unbounded magnificence, lavish expenditure, and overweening vanity, obtained for him the designation of “princely.” He was the representative of the old

baronial family of Brydges of Sudeley, and succeeded to a considerable patrimonial estate. He inherited, besides, a large fortune from his maternal grandfather, Sir Henry Bernard, an eminent Turkey merchant, and accumulated, himself, considerable sums of money while Paymaster of the Forces, during Queen Anne's wars. Thus amply provided, he determined on building two magnificent mansions, and on adopting a style of costly parade, which even the more ancient ducal nobility did not deem essential to the support of their dignity. He fixed the site of his London residence in Cavendish-square, and commenced its erection with much grandeur of preparation. The plan, however, was never completed; his country palace engrossed all his thoughts, and was the favourite object of his attention. At Canons, near Edgware, this sumptuous edifice arose*—the wonder of its own age for its splendour, and of the succeeding, for its abrupt declension and premature ruin. Poets, whose strains were as short-lived as their theme, extolled the mansion's

* In 1604, Sir Thomas Lake purchased from Sir Hugh Losse the manor of Canons, and here his descendants continued long to reside, until their eventual heiress, Mary, only daughter of Sir Thomas Lake, marrying James Brydges, afterwards Duke of Chandos, conveyed the property to her husband.

The magnificent mansion built on the estate, about the year 1712, by Mr. Brydges, stood at the end of a spacious avenue, being placed diagonally, so as to show two sides of the building, which at a distance gave the appearance of a front of prodigious extent. Vertue describes it "as a noble square pile, all of stone, the four sides almost alike, with statues on the front. Within was a small square of brick, not handsome; the out-offices of brick and stone, very convenient and well disposed. The hall is richly adorned with marble statues, busts, &c.; the ceiling of the staircase, by Thornhill, and the grand apartment are finely ornamented with paintings, sculpture, and furniture."

The plastering and gilding were done by the famous Italian,

beauty ; but a bard, whose verse will outlive both stone and marble, has, in a brilliant satire, left an imperishable record of Canons and its lord. In a poem on Taste, published in 1731, and dedicated to the Earl of Burlington, Pope held up the gardens and buildings of the Duke of Chandos to peculiar ridicule : the name of Timon less concealed the satire than added to the offence. The poet thus writes :—

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air;
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught,
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought:
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!

The libel on the Duke, whose generous and amiable disposition, as well as his very foibles, commanded the people's admiration, raised an universal outcry of popular indignation. Dr. Johnson says: "From the

Pargotti; and the great *salon* by Paolucci. The avenue was spacious and majestic; and the building appeared to be designed for posterity, as the walls were "twelve feet thick below and nine feet above."

The columns which supported the building were all of marble, as was the great staircase, each step of which was made of an entire block, above twenty feet in length. The whole expense of the building and furniture is said to have amounted to 200,000*l.* James, of Greenwich, was the architect. Dr. Alexander Blackwell, author of a treatise on agriculture, was employed to superintend the works without doors; and it is probable that he laid out the gardens and pleasure grounds, which abounded with vistas, lakes, canals, and statues, in the taste then prevalent.

The Duke also rebuilt the parish church, dedicated it to St. Laurence, and there constructed a magnificent tomb, wherein now repose his mortal remains.

reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, Pope tried all means of escaping. He was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavoured to make that disbelieved, which he never had the confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions." There is a print of Hogarth's, in which Pope is represented whitewashing the Earl of Burlington's house, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's carriage as it passes by. Admitting (what there is little doubt of) the poet's intended application of the satire to Canons, his concluding lines are singularly prophetic :—

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre ;
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

When the Duke died, this magnificent mansion, being deemed too expensive for the income of his successor, was, after fruitless attempts to dispose of it entire, pulled down, and the materials sold by auction. The grand staircase, each step of which was made of an entire block of marble, above twenty feet in length, is now at Lord Chesterfield's house in May Fair. The equestrian statue of George I., which stood in the Park, was placed in the centre of Leicester-square ; and, in fact, the whole splendid fabric, and its varied contents, were scattered piecemeal amongst numerous purchasers. The site of the mansion, with a considerable portion of the park and demesne lands, became the property of Mr. William Hallet, a London cabinet-maker, who built a pretty villa residence. His grandson sold the estate to

Denis O'Kelly, Esq., the well-known sportsman—the possessor of the famous race-horse Eclipse, whose bones lie buried in the park ; and, finally, the property passed into the hands of the Plummer family.

How painfully similar is the fate of this proud mansion of Canons to that which has awaited, in our own times, Stowe's ill-fated halls—the splendid residence of the present Duke of Buckingham, the great-great-grandson of the princely Chandos !

It was not to architectural grandeur alone that the Duke of Chandos confined his views : his style of living corresponded with the magnificence of his mansion, and fell little short of the state of a sovereign prince. In all his movements, he emulated royalty. He dined in public—flourishes of music announced each change of dishes—and, when he repaired to chapel, he was attended by a military guard. The Divine Service he had performed with all the aid that could be derived from vocal and instrumental music. To this end, he retained some of the most celebrated performers of the day, and engaged the greatest masters to compose the anthems. Handel, who acted as *Maestro di Capella*, produced, while at Canons, his famous oratorio of “ Esther ;” and the eminent musician Pepusch, also employed by the Duke, composed there some of his finest works. But how fleeting is all earthly magnificence ! The fortune of “ the Grand Duke” experienced injury from speculation. His lavish disbursements, too, added to his embarrassment—and at length the South Sea Bubble came, to still further decrease his means of enjoyment. He continued, however, to reside at Canons—though, it would appear, with diminished splendour—till his death, in 1744. After that event, as we have already related, the stately structure—to which he had devoted so much energy of his mind, and on which

he had lavished enormous sums of money—was doomed to destruction. And now, all that remains of the “Princely Chandos”—noble and generous though he was—is the memory of his vanity and his pride—unkindly immortalized in the undying verses of Pope.

THE COUNTESS OF AIRTH.

AT the back of the palace of Holyrood House, within a lane called Croftangry, is an old house which two hundred years ago was the residence of the Earl of Airth, a clever but unfortunate nobleman, who was deprived by Charles I. of his previous title of Earl of Menteith, along with the presidency of the Privy Council, and other high offices, for having used the expression, "that he had the reddest blood in Scotland;" in which he alluded to his descent from a son of Robert II., then suspected (erroneously) to have been older than the son from whom his Majesty was descended.

This nobleman, like many both better and worse men, was afflicted with a bad wife;* respecting whom he has left a most amusing paper, from which we shall make the following apposite extract, being the third grand grievance in the list:—

"This *woefull wyse wife of myne* made propositione to me that she conceived it not honourabill for me to pay rent for ane house, as I did then for a little house I duelled in, besyde the church-yaird, pertaining to one Ridderfoord, who had it in heretage; bot that I should rather buy ane house heretablie; which foolish desyre of *that wicked woman's* I refused, and toulde her that I knew not how long I should stay at Edinburch, and would not give my money to buy ane hous thair. Bot

* Agnes, daughter of Patrick Lord Gray.

she replied, that it would serve for ane house for my lands of Kinpoint; which foolish answer of *that wicked woman's* showed her vanitie, and the great desyre she had to stay still in Edinburch; for the like was never heard, that the house standeth seven myles from the lands, Kinpoint being seven myles from Edinburch. Alway. there being some things between the Earl of Linlithgow and me, he did offer to sell to me his hous, which he hade at the back of the Abbay of Halliroad-hous, which sumtyme [formerly] belonged to the Lord Elphinstoune. The E. of Linlithgow and I, for the pryce of the hous, yairds, and grass yairds, at the pryce of eight thousand fyve hundreth merks, did agrie, and he disposed of them to me. And it was no ill pennie-worth; for it was worth the money, hade my goode wyfe conteined herself so; bot shee thocht the house too little for my familie, though it was large aneugh. It is to be remarked also, that so soone as I removed from the little hous I dwelt in besyde the church-yaird, and came to remain in the hous I bocht from the E. of Linlithgow, at the back of the Abbay, that fals knave Traquair did instant come to reside in the litle house wherein I duelt befor, pretending that it wes to be neire the counsell of staite, which did sitt in the Abbay; bot it wes for ane uther end, that the villaine micht wirk his ends against me. And, presentlie efter this, I wente up to London; and I wes no sooner gone, but my wyfe sett to werke all sorte of tradesmen, such as quarriers, maissons, sklaitters, vrights, smiths, glasiars, painters, and plaisterers; and I may say treulie, that the money which she bestowed upon hir re-edifieing of that hous and gardens, wes twyse so much as I gave for the buying of them from the Earle of Linlithgow. So that in truth, that hous, and the gardens and orchards, and uther things which *my wyse wyfe* bestowed upon it, stode me

in above 25,000 merks Scott money, bot I will only set doun heir 20,000. But after all this, when I wes to remove from Edinburch, I disponed to my son James, heretablie, that hous, gardens, and orchards, and grass yairds ; and, within two years efter, or therby, that house took fyre accedintallie (as I conceive), and wes totallie burned, as it standeth now ; *and so became of everie thing that the unhappie woman, my wyfe, laid hir hand to.* Bot this is nothing to that which will follow heirefter," and so forth.

" To quote another of ' My wyf and hir wyse actes,' namely, the second in the roll :—

" I, being ane other tyme in London, the Earle of Galloway made ane proposition to *my prudent wyfe*, of ane marriage to his eldest son, the Lord Garlies, to my second daughter, Margaret ; which shee presentlie did give ear unto, without farther advysment, and contracted and married them before I returned from London. . . . Now, I pray, consider how unfitting ane match this wes for me. First, my father and the Earl of Galloway were cousin-germans ; and then our estate lying at so great ane distance the one from the uther ; and I am sure *I might have married thrie of my daughters to thrie barouns lying besyd me, with that portion I gave to Galloway*, any one of which would have been more usfull to me than the Earl of Galloway. They had children, bot they all died ; *so that money was as much lost to me as if I had castin it in the sea.*"

It appears that the unfortunate Earl afterwards disposed of his house at the Abbey to his majesty, but never received the payment. He died in great embarrassment, and was succeeded by his grandson, who also died in impoverished circumstances (1694), and was the last inheritor of the titles Airth and Menteith. The last earl, being at one time obliged to retire to the

sanctuary of Holyrood for protection against his creditors, applied to his kinsman and vassal, Malise Graham, at Glaschoil, on the southern shore of Loch Katrine, for such a supply of money, or such security, as might relieve him. "Faithful to the call of his liege lord, Melise instantly quitted his home, dressed like a plain Highlander of those days, travelling alone, and on foot. Arriving at the Earl's lodgings, he knocked for admittance, when a well-dressed person opening the door, and commiserating his apparent poverty, tendered him a small piece of money. Malise was in the act of thankfully receiving it, when his master advancing, perceived him, and chid him for doing a thing which, done by his pecuniary friend, might tend to shake his credit more than ever. The Highlander, making his appropriate obeisance, but with the utmost *nonchalance*, took from his bosom a purse, and handing it to his lordship, addressed him in the following words in Gaelic :—

"Here, my lord, see and clear your way with that. As for the gentleman who had the generosity to hand me the halfpenny, I would have had no objection to accept of every halfpenny he had."

The story declares, that his lordship's necessity was completely relieved, and that he instantly returned with his faithful vassal to his castle in the Loch of Menteith."

LADY RUSSELL.

RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY, afterwards Lady Russell, the noblest Heroine of the Peerage, was the second daughter of the celebrated Earl of Southampton,* by his first wife, likewise named Rachel, daughter of Henry de Massey, Baron of Rovigny. She was born in 1636; but we have no account of the circumstances of her early years. Biography is equally silent as to the time of her marriage to Francis Lord Vaughan; upon whose death, about the year 1669, she wedded a second husband, in the person of William Lord Russell, eldest son of William second Earl of Bedford, by Anne, daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset.

There appears some colour for the supposition that Lady Russell had hitherto not been quite satisfied with the state of wedlock. Whatever were the merits of her deceased lord, therefore, she readily gave her affection to his successor. "When marriages are so very early," she observes in one of her letters, perhaps not without some remembrance of her former match, "it is accepting, rather than choosing, on either side."

* Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was not only an eminent statesman, but also a patron of genius; for he presented Shakspeare with 1000*l.* to assist the poet in completing some purchase he had in hand; and he was supposed, not without reason, to have been connected with him in some of his finest writings. This nobleman died May 16, 1667.

United in this instance with the object of her affection, and as tenderly beloved by him, Lady Russell, for fourteen years, enjoyed the full meed of earthly happiness, while she became the mother of children who promised to console her declining life, and extend the fame of their illustrious ancestry. "I can thankfully reflect," says Lady Russell, many years after this, "I have felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments, as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment, certainly, to be put in balance with it." Afterwards she adds, "I should do better than I can yet attain to do, if I could with a more composed mind reflect on the good and bad days of a long life, and be thankful for so kind a Providence as the freedom I have had from bodily pains, which so many better than I suffer; at this age I have attained (in her seventy-ninth year) there are few more exempted."

Such was the felicity possessed by Lady Russell at this time. Everything seemed to assure its continuance; and no shadow threatened to overcloud the prospect. But

"How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!"

We need not here enter on the political proceedings which resulted in the death of her ladyship's beloved lord. Suffice it to say, that after a trial, in which severity and injustice strongly marked the conduct of the prosecution, and in which Lady Russell assisted her husband as secretary, the popular nobleman was found guilty and received sentence of death.

Burnet calls him "that great, but innocent, victim,

that was sacrificed to the rage of a party ; who was condemned for treasonable words said in his hearing."

Applications were immediately made to the King, beseeching him to pardon the convicted lord ; while 100,000*l.* was offered, for the same purpose, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, by the Earl of Bedford. All possible methods were, in fact, resorted to, to save Russell's life. He was, himself, even brought to promise to live beyond sea, in any place the King should name, and to engage to meddle no more with the affairs of England. He afterwards said, however, that he could never have lived from his wife, and children, and his friends. "Russell's consort," says Hume, "a woman of great merit, daughter and heiress of the good Earl of Southampton, also threw herself at the king's feet, and pleaded, with many tears, the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those errors into which honest, however mistaken, principles had seduced her husband." But the King even rejected her petition for a respite of six weeks.* Finding, at length, that her supplications were vain, she not only fortified her own heart against the fatal blow, but endeavoured to strengthen the resolution of him who was dearer to her than existence.

The last parting scene cannot be better given than nearly in the language of one who witnessed it. Tuesday, July the 17th, according to the relation of Dr. Burnet, Lord Russell expressed great joy, after dinner, when his lady left him, at the magnanimity of spirit he discovered in her ; adding, that the parting with her was the greatest thing he had to do, for she would be hardly able to bear it : "and, indeed," observes the

* "Shall I grant that man six weeks," said Charles, "who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours !"

Bishop, "I never saw his heart so near failing him as when he spake of her; sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse." That he might not be shocked at the last, however, she had resolved to part from him without shedding a tear. Friday, at eleven o'clock at night, the trying scene took place: having first taken leave of their three children, and some of his friends, "he kissed her four or five times, when they parted in a solemn grave silence." She had such a command of herself, that, when she was gone, he said, "The bitterness of death is now past!" Esteeming her beyond all that expression can paint, he then "ran out into a long discourse concerning her" excellences, "What a misery it would have been to me," exclaimed her husband, "if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired me to do a base thing for the saving of my life!" Influenced by an habitual piety of heart, he observed, that "there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him; but that her carriage in his extremity was incomparable. He was glad," he said, "that she and his children were to lose nothing by his death; that it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes."

Immediately he was about to be conveyed to the fatal spot, Lord Russell wound up his watch, saying, with a smile, "Now I have done with time, and must henceforth think solely of eternity! The scaffold had been erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in order that the citizens might be galled by the spectacle of their great

leader as conveyed through the city to death ; but every one wept as he passed, thinking that they beheld both liberty and virtue sitting by his side. Burnet and Tillotson accompanied him in the coach ; the former had preached two sermons to him during the preceding day, and the latter had administered the sacrament.

Russell approached the scaffold, and prayed for the king ; but, with a full presentiment of what afterwards came to pass, he added—" that, although a cloud hung over the nation, his death would do more service than his life could have done !" Burnet says, " he laid his head upon the block, without the least change of countenance, which, at two strokes, was severed from his body." Such was the end of this excellent man, who by his personal experience found, as he told Lord Cavendish, how effectual the power of religion was in supporting him during the closing scenes of his life ; which was thus awfully terminated on Saturday the 21st of July, anno 1683.

Resignation to the Supreme will, and a sense of duty to her offspring, were considerations that enabled Lady Russell not to sorrow as one without hope : yet " death had come so near as to fetch a portion from her very heart," and it appears to have been very long before she could support the pangs of recollection. " It was an inestimable treasure I did lose," observes her ladyship, writing to Dr. Fitzwilliam, " and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. I am (April 20, 1684) entertaining some thoughts of going to that *now* desolate place *Straton*, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have *lived in sweet and full content, considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy* : but I must pass no more such days on earth ; however, places are indeed

nothing. *Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me!* The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as perhaps I would just choose; sense has been long enough gratified; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no sort of refreshment but when I can repair to that living fountain, from whence all flows." "Yet," she elsewhere says, "I have a pleasant work to do, dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; amongst whom, my hope is, my loved lord is one; and my often repeated prayer to my God is, that, if I have a reasonable ground for that hope, it may give a refreshment to my poor soul!" Confiding in this "sure and certain hope," she prepared to discharge the duties now devolved on her, till death should remove her to that glorious state into which she believed her deceased lord was thus admitted.

Three years elapsed from the time of Lord Russell's death before his widow could bring herself to mix fairly with the world. "To-morrow (June the 26th) being Sunday," she writes, "I purpose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions; and having given some hours to privacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. 'Tis my first trial; for all these sad years past, I have dispensed with seeing any body, or till late at night. Sometimes I could not avoid that, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection; the day my lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world."

Writing to the same valued friend, July the 21st,

1687, she recollects the last promise she made to her beloved lord, and thus refers to it, with inimitable tenderness, in her correspondence. "I will turn the object of my love, all I can, upon his loved children; and if I may be (but) directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself? 'Tis joy and peace in believing that (which) I covet, having nothing to fear but sin." Desiring that "thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh her labouring, weary mind," she consoles herself with the pleasing duty of exerting those "endeavours to do that part towards them which their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them," subjoins Lady Russell, "how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit—that is, the case that holds it!" Throughout the compass of our literature, is there anything more beautiful and affecting than this passage in her ladyship's letters?

Next to the affection that Lady Russell still preserved for her deceased lord, therefore, the welfare of their children lay always near her heart. Honour and friendship were happily on her side; and hence Lord Cavendish at length consented to join his eldest son in marriage to the Lady Rachel, the eldest daughter of his lamented friend, who was accordingly united to William, Lord Cavendish, afterwards Duke of Devonshire, June the 21st, 1688. "I don't question," writes the Princess of Orange (consort of William the Third) to Lady Russell, from the Hague, "but you have made a very good choice; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I can't but be glad 'tis his son, believing *you will have taught your daughter, after your*

own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish can't choose but be very happy with her."

Reckoning "riches the least" in such an union as this, "though that ingredient is good, if we use it rightly," Lady Russell says, with regard to the marriage, that she hopes God had directed her in forming it; and assures herself with the reflection, "that if departed souls know what we do," her deceased lord "approves of what she had done;" esteeming it "a reward upon his children, for his patience and so entire submission during his sufferings."

Her solicitude for the happiness of her daughter is evident from some letters to her now son-in-law, wherein she counsels him respecting his conduct in the world, as connected with the circumstances in which he was entering it. "Having proved all," she expresses her hope that he "will choose the best: and take under his care the whole compass of virtue and religion. Live virtuously, my lord," she afterwards adds, "and you can't die too soon, nor live too long."

In October, 1690, it appears that Lady Russell was much affected by the decease of her last sister, Elizabeth, Countess of Montagu, whom she ever loved tenderly. "There is something," she remarks here, "in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I can't describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. After," she adds, "above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth." Pursuing these thoughts, her ladyship adds—"My glass runs low: the world does

not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass."

Two years after, we find Lady Russell, for the first time, complaining of "her eyes serving her no longer by candle-light;" she adds, "'tis mortifying, yet I hope I do not repine, but, on the contrary, rejoice in the goodness of my God to me, that when I feared the utter loss of sight, he has let me thus long see the light, and by it given me time to prepare for that day of bodily darkness which perhaps must soon overtake me."

Lady Russell was now advancing to her fifty-eighth year, when she had the satisfaction to settle her second daughter, Catherine, in marriage with John, Lord Ross, afterwards Duke of Rutland. "I hope," observed Lady Russell, "I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness; but, above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the salvation of their souls." Archbishop Tillotson wrote letters of congratulation to her upon both her daughters' marriages.

The good Archbishop's correspondence with her ladyship was at length interrupted on her part during some months, by the disorder in her eyes increasing, till she was compelled to undergo the operation of couching, which was performed on the 27th of June, 1694, with excellent skill. Another and far severer kind of trial yet awaited her, in the loss of her only son, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, who, sickening of the small-pox, departed this life in May, 1711. This bereavement was succeeded by the death of her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, who died in childbed in the November of the very same year. Lady Russell, after seeing this daughter in her coffin, went to the Duchess of Devonshire, from whom it was necessary to conceal the fact, being then also in childbed,

when, assuming an appearance of cheerfulness, she said, in answer to her inquiries as to her sister's state, "I have seen your sister (meaning the Duchess of Rutland) out of bed to-day." Such was the Christian-like temperament of her mind !

Lady Russell's correspondence, which was first communicated to the public in 1748, seems to have terminated at the commencement of the year 1718. She survived the widow of the Earl Essex, whom she frequently condoled with; and she proved the faithful guardian of her husband's fame, whose reliot she remained for upwards of forty years. Having in this exemplary way fulfilled the trust reposed in her, she was discharged from all sublunary cares, and removed to celestial bliss, on the 29th of September, 1723.

There was in this noble lady an union of delicacy with dignity, of feminine softness with manliness of judgment, of affection with fortitude, that has never been surpassed. Every thought of her heart, every occasion that called her to exert herself, are proofs of this union. She excelled in all the circumstances of her life, and was

"The tenderest wife, the noblest heroine, too."

DEATH OF THE TENTH EARL OF EGLINTOUN.

A MEMOIR of the great Scottish House of Montgomery—commencing with Roger de Montgomerie, the kinsman of William, Duke of Normandy, and the commander of the Norman vanguard at the Battle of Hastings, and ending with the present chivalrous Earl of Eglinton, would be a history replete with interest and romantic incident. Almost every generation was productive of some remarkable event, or distinguished person.

The unfortunate nobleman who was the victim in the melancholy affair, we purpose now to relate, was Alexander Montgomerie, tenth Earl of Eglinton, who succeeded to the title in 1729.

Mungo Campbell, who committed the act, was a descendant of the noble family of Argyle, and was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in the year 1721. His father, a merchant of eminence, had been mayor of the town, and a justice of the peace; but, having twenty-four children, and meeting with many losses in his commercial connexions, he found it impossible to make any adequate provision for his family; so that, on his death, the relations took care of the children, and educated them in the liberal manner which is customary in Scotland. Mungo received the protection of an uncle, who gave him a good education; but this friend dying when he was about eighteen years of age, left him sixty pounds,

and earnestly recommended him to the care of his other relations. The young man was a finished scholar; yet seemed averse to make choice of any of the learned professions. His attachment appeared to be to the military life, in which line many of his ancestors had gloriously distinguished themselves. He, accordingly, entered himself as a cadet in the royal regiment of Scots Greys, then commanded by his relation, General Campbell, and served during two campaigns at his own expense, in the hope of gaining military preferment. After the battle of Dettingen, at which he assisted, he had an opportunity of being appointed quarter-master, if he could have raised one hundred pounds; but this place was bestowed on another person, while Campbell was making fruitless applications for the money. Thus disappointed, of what he thought a reasonable expectation, he quitted the army, and went into Scotland, where he arrived at the juncture when the rebels had quitted Scotland, in 1745. Lord Loudon had then the command of the Royal Highlanders, who exerted so much bravery in the suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Campbell being related to his lordship, fought under him with distinguished bravery.

Not long after the decisive battle of Culloden, Lord Loudon procured his kinsman to be appointed an officer of the excise; and prevailed on the commissioners to station him in the shire of Ayr, that he might have the happiness of residing near his friends and relations. In the discharge of this new duty, Mr. Campbell behaved with strict integrity to the Crown, yet with so much civility, as to conciliate the affections of all those with whom he had any transactions. He married when he was somewhat advanced in life; and so unexceptionable was his whole conduct, that all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, the Earl of Eglinton excepted,

gave him permission to kill game on their estates. However, he was very moderate in the use of this indulgence, seldom shooting but with a view to gratify a friend with a present, hardly ever for his own emolument. He had a singular attachment to fishing; and a river in Lord Eglinton's estate affording the finest fish in the country, he would willingly have angled there; but his lordship was as strict with regard to his fish, as his game.

Being one day in search of smugglers, and carrying his gun, he was crossing part of Lord Eglinton's estate, when a hare starting up, he shot her. His lordship hearing the report of a gun, and being informed that Campbell had fired it, sent a servant to command him to come to the house. Campbell obeyed, and was treated very unkindly by his lordship, who even descended to call him by names of contempt. The other apologised for his conduct, which he said arose from the sudden starting of the hare, and declared he had no design of giving offence. A man, named Bartleymore, was among the servants of Lord Eglinton, and was a favourite of his lordship; this man had dealt largely in contraband goods. Mr. Campbell, passing along the sea-shore, met Bartleymore with a cart, containing eighty gallons of rum, which he seized as contraband, and the rum was condemned, but the cart restored, as being the property of Lord Eglinton. Bartleymore was now so incensed against Campbell, that he contrived many tales to his disadvantage, and at length engaged his lordship's passion so far, that he conceived a more unfavourable opinion of him than he had hitherto done; while Campbell, conscious that he had only discharged his duty, paid little or no attention to the reports of his lordship's enmity. About ten in the morning of the 24th of October, 1769, Campbell took his gun, and

went out with another officer, with a view to detect smugglers. The former took with him a licence for shooting, which had been given him by Dr. Hunter, though they had no particular design of killing game. They now passed a small part of Lord Eglinton's estate, to reach the sea-shore, where they intended to walk. When they arrived at this spot it was near noon; and Lord Eglinton came up in his coach, attended by Mr. Wilson, a carpenter, who was working for him, and followed by four servants on horseback. On approaching the coast, his lordship met Bartleymore, who told him that there were some poachers at a distance. Mr. Wilson endeavoured to draw off his lordship's notice from such a business, but Bartleymore saying that Campbell was among the poachers, Lord Eglinton quitted his coach, and, mounting a led horse, rode to the spot, where he saw Campbell and the other officer, whose name was Brown. His lordship said, "Mr. Campbell, I did not expect to have found you so soon again on my grounds, after your promise, when you shot the hare." He then demanded Campbell's gun, which the latter declared he would not part with. Lord Eglinton now rode towards him, while Campbell retreated with his gun presented, desiring him to keep at a distance. Still, however, his lordship advanced, smiling, and said, "Are you going to shoot me?" Campbell replied, "I will, if you do not keep off."

Lord Eglinton now called to his servants to bring him a gun, which one of them took from the coach, and delivered it to another, to carry to their master. In the interim, Lord Eglinton, leading his horse, approached Mr. Campbell, whose gun he demanded; but the latter would not deliver it. The peer then quitted his horse's bridle, and continued advancing, while Campbell still retired, though in an irregular direction

and pointed his gun towards his pursuer. At length, Lord Eglinton came so near him, that Campbell said, "I beg your pardon, my lord, but I will not deliver my gun to any man living, therefore keep off, or I will certainly shoot you." At this instant, Bartleymore advancing, begged Campbell to deliver his gun to Lord Eglinton; but the latter answered, he would not, for he had a right to carry a gun. His lordship did not dispute his general right, but said, that he could not have any to carry it on his estate, without his permission. Campbell again begged pardon, and still continued retreating, but with his gun in his hand, and preparing to fire in his own defence. While he was thus walking backwards, his heel struck against a stone, and he fell, when he was about the distance of three yards from his pursuer. Lord Eglinton observing him fall on his back, stepped forward as if he would have passed by Campbell's feet, which the latter observing, reared himself on his elbow, and lodged the contents of his piece in the left side of his lordship's body. At this critical juncture the servant above-mentioned brought the gun from the coach, and Campbell would have wrested it from his hands, but that Bartleymore came up just at the very moment; and at this moment Lord Eglinton, putting his hand to his wound, said, "I am killed."

A contest now ensued, during which Bartleymore repeatedly struck Campbell, which being observed by Lord Eglinton, he called out, "Do not use him ill." Campbell being secured, was conducted to the wounded man, then lying on the ground, who said, "Mr. Campbell, I would not have shot you;" but Campbell made no answer. Lord Eglinton's seat was about three miles from the place where this accident happened; and his servants put him into the carriage to convey him home. In the meantime, Campbell's hands were tied behind, and he was conducted

to the town of Saltcoats, the place of his former station as an exciseman. The persons who conducted him asked him several questions, the answers to which were afterwards very ungenerously adduced on his trial, as collateral evidence of his guilt. Among other things, he acknowledged that he would rather part with his life than his gun, and that sooner than have it taken from him, he would shoot any peer of the realm.

Lord Eglinton died, after languishing ten hours. Mr. Campbell was, on the following day, committed to the prison of Ayr, and the next month removed to Edinburgh, in preparation for his trial before the High Court of Justiciary; previous to which his case was discussed by counsel, and the following arguments were adduced in his favour:—

“First, that the gun went off by accident, and therefore it could be no more than casual homicide.

“Secondly, That supposing it had been fired with an intention to kill, yet the act was altogether justifiable, because of the violent provocation he had received; and he was doing no more than defending his life and property.

“Thirdly, It could not be murder, because it could not be supposed that Mr. Campbell had any malice against his lordship, and the action itself was too sudden to admit of deliberation.”

The counsel for the prosecution urged in answer—

“First, That malice was implied, in consequence of Campbell’s presenting the gun to his lordship, and telling him, that unless he kept off he would shoot him.

“Secondly, That there was no provocation given by the Earl besides words, and words must not be construed a provocation in law.

“Thirdly, The Earl had a right to seize his gun, in virtue of several acts of Parliament, which are the esta-

blished laws of the land, to which every subject is obliged to be obedient."

After repeated debates between the lawyers of Scotland, a day was at length appointed for the trial, which commenced on the 27th of February, 1770, before the High Court of Justiciary; and the jury having found Mr. Campbell guilty, he was sentenced to death.

The Lord Justice Clerk, before he pronounced the solemn sentence, addressed himself to the convict, advising him to make the most devout preparations for death, as all hopes of pardon would be precluded, from the nature of his offence. Through the whole course of the trial the prisoner's behaviour was remarkable for calmness and serenity; and when it was ended, he bowed to the court with the utmost composure, but said not a single word in extenuation of his crime.

On his return to the prison he was visited by several of his friends, among whom he behaved with apparently decent cheerfulness. After they had drunk several bottles of wine they left him, and he retired to his apartment, begging the favour of another visit from them on the following day; but in the morning, February 28, 1770, he was found dead, hanging to the end of a form, which he had set upright, having fastened a silk handkerchief round his neck.

Mr. Galt makes the sad fate of Lord Eglinton form a portion of the story contained in his "Annals of the Parish."*

* The author has derived great assistance in this as well as in many other episodes from his brother, Mr. Peter Burke's recently published work, "Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy, in the Relations of Private Life."

A CURIOUS TRADITION.

IN a letter from Dr. Brett to Dr. Warren, president of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, dated September 1, 1728, it is said, that about Michaelmas, 1720, the doctor went to pay a visit to Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell-house, where that nobleman showed him an entry in the parish register, which the doctor transcribed immediately into his almanack ; it stood thus :—" 1550, Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22 daye of December." The register did not mention whether he was buried in the church or church-yard, nor could any memorial be retrieved of him, except the tradition preserved in the family, and some remains of his house. The story of this man, as it was related by the Earl of Winchelsea, is thus :—When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell-house, he observed, that when his chief bricklayer left off work, he retired with a book. Sir Thomas had a great curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it, he always putting the book up if any one came towards him. At last, however, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and, looking upon it, found it to be Latin ; hereupon he examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, inquired how he came by his learning ? On which the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a

secret he had never before revealed. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old ; only a gentleman, who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation to him, came once a quarter, and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted for nothing ; and one day this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him to stay there ; then a man finely dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money ; then the forementioned gentleman returned and conducted him back to his school. Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again with a horse, and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They then went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field, and he was carried to Richard the Third's tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. " But, child," said he, " to-morrow I must fight for my crown, and assure yourself if I lose that I lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place), where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory, come to me. I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you ; but if I should be unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him. He followed the king's directions, and when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hastened to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being the son of a

king, and that he might have the means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer, but having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it, and having an inclination to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself. Sir Thomas said, "You are now old, and almost past your labour, and I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die; and if you have any work that I can do for you, I shall be ready to serve you. Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death. This Richard Plantagenet must have lived to the age of 81, for the battle of Bosworth was fought the 22nd of August, 1485, at which time he was between fifteen and sixteen.

THE ANCESTRY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE death of Lieut.-Col. Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford, the last surviving son of the "Author of Waverley," supplied another addition to the roll of illustrious men, of whom no male descendant remains. Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Byron, are obvious instances, and it is not a little remarkable, that the same observation applies to many of the most brilliant ornaments in every department of intellectual greatness. How many pages of biography bear testimony to this striking fact! Without reverting to distant times, we may indicate, besides those to whom we have alluded, Marlborough, Napoleon, Nelson, Washington, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Locke, and Newton, and to this catalogue a whole host of others might easily be added.

How forcibly, too, does the melancholy event which has originated these passing words, tell of the instability of all earthly plans. The ruling passion of the illustrious Minstrel of the North was ancestral pride, and, subordinate to it, the ambition to found, in his person, a separate branch of the eminent house of which he was a scion. Hence may be traced his never-ceasing anxiety to augment his family's position, his acquisition and adornment of Abbotsford, and the thousand consequent embarrassments and cares, which at last wore his life

away. And now, within the brief space of less than twenty years, no one of his name and race remains to succeed to an inheritance acquired at so costly a price. The Baronetcy is extinct, and the estate of Abbotsford passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, only surviving son of the Editor of the Quarterly, and the only grandson of the immortal novelist.

The family of Scott, renowned in border song and border foray, ranks in antiquity and eminence with the most distinguished in North Britain, and has possessed at various times great landed possessions. The senior line now vests, through female descent, in HIS GRACE of BUCCLEUCH, while the male representation has devolved on Henry Francis Hepburne Scott, Lord Polwarth, who derives from the renowned freebooter, Walter Scott of Harden, of whom many interesting anecdotes are told in "the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This ancient Laird, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil which they carried off from England, or from their neighbours, was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the bank of which the old tower of Harden was situated. Thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted, to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs; a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to "drive out Harden's cow." "Harden's cow!" echoed the affronted chief. "Is it come to that

pass? By my faith, they shall sooné say, Harden's *kye* (cows)." Accordingly he sounded his bugle, mounted his horse, set out with his followers, and returned next day *with a bow of kye and a bassened bull*. On his return with this gallant prey, he passed a very large haystack; it occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial—"By my soul, had ye but four feet, you should not stand lang there."

This marauding laird married Mary, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, celebrated in song as "the Flower of Yarrow," and had four sons, of whom we shall speak presently. By the marriage contract, the bride's father, Philip Scott, of Dryhope, engaged to find Harden in horse meat and man's meat, at his tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but so great was the dread of the freebooter's lawless spirit, that five barons pledged themselves that, at the expiry of this fixed period, the son-in-law should depart without attempting to hold possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names! The original still remains, we believe, in the charter-room of Harden. Of the four sons of Walter Scott and the Flower of Yarrow, the eldest was Sir William Scott, fifth Laird of Harden; the second, Walter, who was killed in a fray at a fishing-party, by one of the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh; the third, Hugh, from whom came the Scotts of Gala; and the fourth, Francis, who was ancestor of the Scotts of Synton. The fifth Laird of Harden enjoyed, in an especial degree, the favour of King James VI. Inheriting his father's turbulent character, he appears to

have been much concerned in the feuds of his time, and to have been frequently engaged in hostilities with the neighbouring proprietors. On one occasion, after a bloody conflict, he was made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, and sentenced to lose his head—one means of safety only being allowed, a marriage with a daughter of his captor, known by the descriptive appellation of “Muckle-mouthed Meg.” To the latter alternative he consented, but not before he had ascended the scaffold: he lived, however, long and happily with the lady, and had by her eight children; the second son, Sir Gideon Scott, father of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, husband of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, the greatest heiress of her time in Scotland, was ancestor, by a second marriage, of the present Lord Polwarth; the third son, Walter Scott, became of Raeburn, co. Selkirk; the fourth son, James Scott, founded the family of Thirlestane; and the fifth, John Scott, that of Scott of Woll.

Walter Scott, the first of Raeburn, appears, by acts of the Privy Council, to have been “infected by Quakerism,” and to have suffered, in consequence, imprisonment and persecution. By Ann Isabel, his wife, daughter of William Macdougall, of Makerstoun, he had two sons, William, direct ancestor of the present Laird of Raeburn, and Walter, progenitor of the Scotts of Abbotsford. The younger, who was generally known by the name of “Bearded Watt,” from a vow which he had made to leave his beard unshaven until the restoration of the Stuarts, married Jean, daughter of Campbell of Silvercraigs, and had three sons, of whom the second, Robert Scott, of Sandyknow, realized a considerable fortune by agriculture. His wife was Barbara, daughter of Thomas Haliburton, of New

Mains, and by her he had, besides four daughters, as many sons—all referred to in Scott's correspondence—viz. Walter, Thomas, Robert, and John. Of these, the eldest, Walter Scott, writer to the Signet, married Anne, daughter of John Rutherford, M.D., and had, with other issue, a third son—SIR WALTER SCOTT, of Abbotsford, the illustrious author of "Waverley."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

RICHARD LYSTER, Esq., of Rowton Castle (great-great-granduncle of the present Henry Lyster, Esq., of Rowton Castle), represented the county of Salop for the unusual period of thirty years. The great hospitality and universal popularity of this gentleman are still very freshly remembered; he was a firm supporter of the exiled royal house, and constantly opposed the Whig administration of his day. It is related of him, that his first return to parliament was for the borough of Shrewsbury, for which place, after a strenuous contest, he was elected by a considerable majority. His opponent, however, disputed the return, and endeavoured to destroy the majority by disfranchising an extensive suburb, which till that period had always enjoyed the elective franchise, and as he was a supporter of the government, the whole Whig party joined in the attempt, and succeeded in throwing out the successful candidate. Upon the decision being announced in the Commons, Mr. Lyster,

feeling very keenly the injustice of the proceeding, put on his hat, and, with his back to the Speaker, walked down the house, when his manner being remarked, he was called to order, and pointed out to the chair. Turning abruptly round, he instantly said, "When you learn justice, I will learn manners." This drew down upon him the increased wrath of the house, and probably he would have been compelled to ask pardon on his knees, or to visit the Tower, had not Sir Robert Walpole, who on all occasions knew how to throw the grace of good temper over disputes and arguments, exclaimed, with a smile, "Let him go, we have served him bad enough already." The indignation which this ill-treatment occasioned mainly contributed to securing the representation of his native county for the remainder of his life. In illustration of the manners of his day, we may add, that on his departure from Rowton to take his seat, his tenants annually escorted him the first two stages on his journey, while his London tradespeople, duly apprised of his approach, with the same punctilio advanced two stages from town to bring him into London. He died in 1776, aged 75.

LORD LYTTLETON'S GHOST STORY.

IF the first Lord Lyttleton obtained celebrity by his literary talents, his son, the immediate heir of his name and title, has been quite as frequently in the mouths of men from his connexion with one of the most popular ghost-stories upon record. Doctor Johnson, who, with all the depth and acuteness of his understanding, was a profound believer in such matters, pronounced it one of the most extraordinary occurrences of his day; and in proof of its authenticity, used to declare he had received it from the lips of Lord Westcote himself, the uncle of Lord Lyttleton; adding, at the same time, "I am so glad to have evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it." But, indeed, the main facts of the story have nothing in them exceeding the bounds of probability, nor have they ever been denied by any one competent to form an opinion upon the subject; the only point for dispute is, whether we are to adopt the creed of our forefathers in respect to such topics, and applying it to the present matter, believe that Lord Lyttleton's dream was a vision sent by Heaven itself to warn a profligate of his approaching end, or whether we are to consider it was, like any other dream, the natural result of foregone fancies and events when the dreamer was awake. The philosophy of the present day would,

no doubt, incline to the latter belief, and perhaps wisely, yet still there is a charm even in superstition.

It may be desirable to preface our story with a few words relative to the general character and previous life of Lord Lyttleton, for a tale is never half so interesting as when we know something about the hero of it.

Thomas, Lord Lyttleton, was born in the year 1744, and was the son of George, first Lord Lyttleton, the distinguished poet and historian, who built the mansion of Hagley, in Worcestershire, as it now stands. It cannot be said of him, that he was either a very good or a very great man, and his character was, no doubt, full of startling contradictions, that may well puzzle the common mass of observers, who are apt to jump too hastily to their conclusions, and are much more likely to be struck by open faults, than to trouble themselves with inquiring after hidden merits. By them he has been written down for a mere libertine, and the judgment thus pronounced by the thoughtless or the pharisaical of his own times, has been continued almost without a question up to the present day. No doubt, much of the calumny heaped upon this singular character has arisen from the unfortunate state of dissension existing between himself and his father; for no man, whatever may have been his rank or genius, ever yet set himself in avowed opposition to the established opinions, or even the prejudices of society, but that he has come halting off from the encounter; in the particular case of child and parent, there is always a strong feeling that the latter, like an English monarch, can do no wrong; and if so obvious a truth need example to confirm it, we have the proof close at hand, in the story of Beatrice Cenci, who slew in her own father, the grey-headed and atrocious violator of her maiden honour. Could the infraction of filial duty have found at any time forgiveness with the world, it surely

must have been under so horrible a provocation ; but the voice of all Italy, whether right or wrong, condemned her, and the Pope himself, though from his holy office more disposed, we may believe, to mercy than any secular prince, adjudged the unhappy creature to the scaffold.

Bitter as may be the *odium theologicum*, it is yet mere milk and water compared to the intensity of family hatred where it once unfortunately takes root ; and the first Lord Lyttleton, notwithstanding his talents and professions of Christian principles, had yet his full share of this unchristian spirit. As a trifling, but not less characteristic token of his enmity, he bequeathed the office of editing his works to his nephew, Captain Ayscough—plainly proving by this act that he was much more influenced by hatred of his son, than by any regard for public morals ; even if the worst be true that has been said of Lord Lyttleton, he was yet, in every respect, to be preferred to his cousin-captain, who, though a military man, had suffered himself to be repeatedly and grossly insulted by the same individual, without daring to resent the affront, and had absolutely resigned his commission rather than go out to America to fight the battles of his King and country. Of his morals we may judge by the fact of his having died the victim of the coarsest debauchery, and leaving behind him a diary more disgustingly licentious than the pages of Aratine himself. There can be little doubt, indeed, that Lord Lyttleton speaks with no more than common fairness of the motives which led to this preference, when he thus alludes to the affair in his published letters :—“ The dedication to myself is a wretched business. You wonder why I did not write a better for him myself ; and I would most surely have done it, but among many other excellent qualities which this dedicator possesses, he is a blab of the first delivery,

and I dared not venture to trust him. The testamentary arrangement which appointed him to the honourable labours of an editor, took its rise from three motives :—

1. To mark a degree of parental resentment against an ungracious son. 2. From an opinion, that a gracious nephew's well-timed flattery had created of his own understanding ; and, 3, from a design of bestowing upon this same gracious nephew, a legacy of honour from the publication, and profit from the sale of the volume. He is as proud of the business as a new made knight of his title."

If the suspicions here so boldly stated be true, and there seems little reason to doubt them, it was to the arts of the parasite that Captain Ayscough owed this preference over the legitimate heir to his father's affections. And what, after all, was the real character of Lord Lytton, of whom the world appears to have known so little, while it has talked so much ? Dissolute he undoubtedly was, devoted to women, and over-fond of play ; but it may be questioned whether he was worse in these respects than so many others, both nobles and commoners, who have gone down uncensured to the ground, without leaving behind them any injurious recollections. As to the dangerous yet contemptible passion for play, he at least sinned with honour, and was untainted by the worst feature in the gambler's character—he did not make a trade of cards and dice, nor did he ever attempt to neutralize chance, when against him, by the help of those fraudulent practices, which are so familiar to the black adepts in the art. Even his enemies never accused him of any thing of the kind ; yet, had there been any grounds for such a charge, it would full surely have never been omitted in the catalogue of his imputed offences. It should be remembered, too, in his favour, that many

who had the best opportunities of reading and understanding his character, considered that the fire of youthful passions had well nigh blazed itself out with him, and that if he had been allowed only a very few years more of life—he was only thirty-five when he died—he would have become a wiser and a better man. How far such an opinion was founded on truth, or whether it was only the partial judgment of friendship, we have no longer the means of ascertaining; but thus much, we think, must be evident to any observer of common sagacity and candour—none of that liberality was ever used in judging him which men are generally content to exercise in other cases; and this harshness has manifestly proceeded, not from his acknowledged faults, but from his want of another vice in addition to those he was accused of—he was of too frank and ingenuous a nature to play the decent hypocrite; and they who would readily enough have forgiven his vices, were outraged beyond measure by his open contempt for all appearances. Contrary to the custom of the prudent and worldly-minded, he hid his good qualities under a bushel, where no one would take the trouble of seeking for them, while he rather seemed to court attention to his faults, or at least he was at no pains to conceal them, and they stood out, in all their breadth and depth, naked and glaring, for the observance of the whole world. Thus he was not without a sense of religion, though he seldom allowed it to influence his conduct; he was not without talent, though he either misapplied it or suffered it to lie dormant; and he too often frequented the lowest society, though such was the fascination of his wit and manners, that he was ever welcome in the highest. Solitude was intolerable to him, partly from his love of pleasure and the unfitness for self-amusement which more or less pre-

vails in all who mingle over-much in the bustle of life, and partly from a constitutional disposition to melancholy, which made him glad to fly from loneliness, just as a timid child is always eager to escape from darkness into daylight. Perhaps, too, this dislike to being alone might in some measure be heightened by his superstitious feeling, for his mind had a strong bias that way, and at all events they made him peculiarly liable to those impressions, which so well fit a man to become the subject of a ghost-story.

This sketch, brief and imperfect as it necessarily has been, may supply the reader with a key to much that has a supernatural appearance in the following little narrative, and he will do well to bear it in mind when we come to speak, as we shall do presently, of its probable solution.

Lord Lyttleton, who had not long returned from Ireland, was subject to a sort of suffocating fits, and had been frequently attacked by them in the month preceding his last fatal illness, though they did not altogether prevent him from attending to his senatorial duties in the House of Lords. They no doubt proceeded in some measure from indigestion, itself the result of his excessive indulgence in pleasures of all kinds; yet these were accompanied by other and more dangerous symptoms, severe pains in the region of the stomach, announcing some disease of the heart, which one writer, not very scientifically, explains as "a *polypus* of the heart, described to be a quantity of coagulated blood contained in a cyst or bag."

In the intervals of these attacks the patient made himself such amends as he could for his past pains by indulgence in the pleasures of the table, till a fresh access of the disorder drove him back again to abstinence and medicine. Each paroxysm, however, left his constitution weaker than before, and less able to contend with

the disorder on its next recurrence, just as the rock that has been undermined by the action of the waters becomes weaker and weaker at every fresh rising of the tide, till at length it falls before a force too weak to have torn a splinter from it in its days of strength.

Such was the state of things up to Wednesday, the 24th of November—or, as one account has it, the 14th—but there was no Wednesday of such a date in the month. On the evening of that day he was evidently worse than he had been, and went to bed at an earlier hour than usual. His servant having given him his customary medicine, that was kept in readiness for these occasions, then retired for the night, but he had not been gone long before Lord Lyttleton, who still conceived himself to be awake, was disturbed by a gentle fluttering of wings about the chamber. While he yet listened, he was still more struck by the sound of footsteps in the direction towards his bed. Astonished at these noises, in such a place and hour, he raised himself up in his bed to learn what it all meant, and was surprised beyond measure at the sight of a lovely female, dressed in white, with a small bird perched, falcon-like, upon her hand. Contrary to the usual etiquette maintained by visitants from the other world, who never speak till they are spoken to, this spirit, or apparition, came at once to business, and while he was yet struggling for words, addressed him in an authoritative tone, commanding him to prepare himself, for that he would shortly die. At this intimation, so decisively given, his lordship's tongue was loosened enough to inquire how long he really had to live. The vision then replied, "Not three days, and you'll depart at the hour of twelve," words too distinctly uttered, and too deeply impressed upon the dreamer's memory to be easily forgotten, though in his fevered and restless state of body, it may be supposed that other

images succeeded and occupied the night on the fading away of this first vision. But whether his sleep was disturbed again by other shadows, or passed in a blank calm that saw and heard nothing, the apparition of the lady with her bird, and her ominous prophecy, were fresh upon his mind when he awoke in the morning. So much was this the case that he could not help relieving himself of what he felt to be a burthen, by relating his dream, at the breakfast-table, to Mrs. Flood, a widow-lady, who lived in the house as companion to his cousins, the Miss Amphletts. It was obvious, that he wished to convince them, as well as himself, there was nothing in his late dream more than in any other dream ; and for so much of it as related to the bird, he accounted for it by saying, that when he was in the green-house at Pitt Place, a few days before, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in, his object being to set it free. But the imagination, when once fairly excited, is not so easily to be set at rest again. So much did these gloomy apprehensions grow upon him, even while he most seemed to laugh at them as mere chimeras, that he was fain to call his friends about him, and fill the house with guests and revelry, in the hope of drowning all reflection. To them also he could not help telling the story of the previous night, and they well knowing him to be alike nervous and superstitious, tried to cure him of his fears by ridicule, and tried to make him believe, with themselves, that the dream was like other things of the kind, the mere creation of a brain that did not slumber with the rest of the body. For a time their arguments had the desired effect ; his spirits recovered their usual tone, or at least he so far rallied, in the course of the day, that he actually, when night came, was able to attend to his duties as a senator in the House of Lords, and

made two speeches replete with his customary wit and brilliance. This, however, was an exertion which had better have been avoided : it was too much for his enfeebled state of health, and he returned home much worse than he had been before in consequence.

The third day had now come, and it passed much as the two others had done—in alternations of confidence and despondency, according as his own feelings, or the noisy exhortations of his guests, got the upper hand. At dinner he rallied considerably, seeming to be free from pain, and rising so much in spirits, that, when the cloth was removed, he joyously exclaimed—“ Richard’s himself again.” The same feeling continued to animate him throughout the earlier part of this memorable evening, his manner betraying none of the consciousness of one, who might be literally said to be lying under sentence of death, and feasting, as Damocles of old, with the sword suspended by a silk above his head, and sure to fall at a given moment. On the contrary, it would appear, according to the account of Admiral Wolseley and others, who assisted at this death-banquet, that his wit and convivial qualities never shone out to greater advantage. But, as the night came on, these joyous feelings gradually gave way to his former gloom ; his brow darkened, his manner grew restless, if not agitated ; he became silent, or, when he replied to his friends, who saw, and endeavoured to rouse him from this state, it was in short, abrupt answers, often foreign to the purpose, evidently showing that, though his body was with the company, his mind was elsewhere, and not too pleasantly employed. Yet his friends had used every precaution to hinder him from becoming the victim of what many of them still considered to be a disordered imagination. By the help of his valet, they had considerably put on his own

watch as it lay upon his dressing-table, and the steward, at their request, had done the same with all the other clocks and watches in the house. Nothing, however, availed to free him entirely from his "thick-coming fancies," and at half-past eleven, as he conceived it to be, though in reality it was no more than eleven, he complained of weariness, and retired to his bedroom. Having undressed himself and gone to bed, he desired his valet to draw the curtains at the foot, as if he expected a second appearance of the vision at the same place, and wished, if possible, to shut it out. At any rate, whatever might be the precise tenour of his thoughts, it was evident that his mind was in some way busy with the recent prophecy, that was now on the eve of being accomplished. Instead of taking his medicine at once, as he had been used to do, he still kept the valet in the room, and was observed by him to frequently and anxiously consult his watch. At length, when it was within a minute or two of twelve, by the altered time, he asked to see his servant's watch, and was visibly pleased on finding it pretty nearly corresponded with his own. He then put them one after the other to his ear, to be assured that they both went, and again, by his manner, expressed a lively pleasure at the result.

It was now a quarter past twelve, as he imagined, when he exclaimed to the valet, with no little satisfaction, "This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find. Give me my medicine; I'll wait no longer."

In obedience to this order, the servant went into the adjoining dressing-room to get the physic ready, but he had not been thus employed more than a minute or two, when he thought he heard his master breathing unusually hard. Alarmed by the sound, he instantly ran to him, when he found the prophetic vision had

been a true one, for his lordship was in the agonies of death ; and unable, from terror, to render any assistance—if, indeed, any could have been of service—he hurried at once to the parlour. At his summons, Lord Fortescue, Mrs. Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, immediately flew to the chamber of the dying man ; but they were too late, or, at best, came only in time to witness the painful parting of soul and body. Subsequent inquiries proved that his lordship had died from the bursting of the cyst or bag already mentioned.

The marvels of the story might well be supposed to end here. We have Lord Lyttleton stating, over and over again, not to one, but to many credible witnesses, a dream he has had the night before, and at the end of three days, by evidence equally indisputable, we find this dream fulfilled to the very letter. These facts may, indeed, be variously, and even reasonably accounted for, but they cannot be denied upon any of the grounds usually employed as tests of credibility. The parties who have recorded them are all above suspicion, even if they had a motive for deceit, which, however, they had not—nor was there anything in what they saw or heard that could be set down to illusion. The narration of the dream, and its subsequent fulfilment, were plain matters of fact, which either had or had not occurred ; in this respect, they could neither have deceived themselves, nor have been deceived by any one else. Then, as to Lord Lyttleton, he could scarcely have fancied a dream ; and to what purpose should he have feigned one ? It has, indeed, been said that, for some unknown cause, he poisoned himself ; but this charge has never been substantiated—besides that, if we allowed a thing so improbable under all the circumstances, it would still have been beyond

his power to have foretold the exact hour when it would end him, unless he had taken some very active drug at the predicted moment. This certainly he might have done during the absence of his valet, brief as it was ; but the supposition seems totally inconsistent with the part he had been playing for the three days previous ; the bravest man never yet trifled with death so hardily.

The most surprising part of the story, because the most difficult of explanation, yet remains to be related. On the second day, Miles Peter Andrews, one of the most intimate of his lordship's friends, left the dinner party at an early hour, being called away upon business to Dartford, where he was the owner of certain powder-mills. He had all along professed himself one of the most determined sceptics as to the dream being anything more than an ordinary vision, and therefore soon ceased to think of it. On the third night, however, when he had been in bed about half an hour, and still remained, as he imagined, wide awake, his curtains were suddenly pulled aside, and Lord Lyttleton appeared before him, in his robe-de-chambre and nightcap. Mr. Andrews looked at his visitor for some time in silent wonder, and then began to reproach him for so odd a freak, in coming down to Dartford Mills without any previous notice, as he hardly knew where, on the sudden, to find him the requisite accommodation ; " Nevertheless," added the disturbed host, " I will get up, and see what can be done for you." With this view, he turned to the other side to ring the bell, but on looking round again, he could see no signs of his strange visitor. Soon afterwards, the bell was answered by his servant, and upon his asking what had become of Lord Lyttleton, the man, who was evidently much surprised at the question, replied, that he had seen nothing of

him since they left Pitt Place. "Psha, you fool!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews, "he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant, more astonished than ever, declared that he did not well understand how this could be, since he must have seen him enter; whereupon Mr. Andrews rose, and having dressed himself, proceeded to search the house and grounds, but no Lord Lyttleton was anywhere to be found. Still he could not help believing that his friend, who at all times was much given to practical jests, had played him this trick for his previously expressed scepticism in the matter of the dream. But he was soon brought to view the whole affair in a very different light, and even to question the correctness of his own disbelief, when, about four o'clock of the same day, an express arrived from a friend, with the news of his lordship's death, and the whole manner of it, as related by the valet to those who were in the house at the time, although not actually present at the parting scene.

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